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THE HOLY FAMILY (THE PEARL).

RAPHAEL.

Famous Paintings

As Seen and Described by Famous Writers

EDITED AND TRANSLATED

By ESTHER SINGLETON

AUTHOR OF "TURRETS, TOWERS AND TEMPLES," "GREAT PICTURES," "WONDERS OF NATURE," "ROMANTIC CASTLES AND PALACES," "PARIS," "LONDON," "LOVE IN LITERATURE AND ART," "A GUIDE TO THE OPERA," AND TRANSLATOR OF "THE MUSIC DRAMAS OF RICHARD WAGNER"

With Numerous Illustrations

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1909

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Preface

IN making a second collection of masterpieces of paintings that have given pleasure and afforded inspiration to many generations of mankind, I have endeavoured to represent several great painters who did not appear in my former volume, of which this is, in some measure, a continuation. Crivelli, Luini, Giorgione, Moroni, Landseer, Mantegna and Perugino are among those who were left out of *Great Pictures* for lack of space. Even now, looking at the two volumes together, many favourite pictures will be missed; but it must be remembered how impossible it is to include within the limits of two small books every work that justly holds a firm place in the affections of all who love and reverence great art.

The pictures in this series are not only paintings with great reputations, but each one is a painting of the very first rank. Many of them have peculiar charms of originality; for instance, Carpaccio's *Due Cortigiane Veneziane*, which Ruskin considers one of the best pictures in the world, is unique, and it is perhaps, one of the earliest paintings in which animals and human figures apparently receive the same enthusiastic attention from the artist. Crivelli's *Annunciation*, conceived in the style of the paintings in the illuminated mediæval MSS. is another work that

delights the eye and mind; Luini's *Columbine* is an enchantress, who, like da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*, holds, by the power of her strange smile, all those who study her; and Veronese's *Rape of Europa* belongs also to the list of works that captivate the fancy forever by means of their beauty, sumptuousness and subtle charm.

A great proportion of the pictures in this book are portraits,—and some of them, such as the *Doge Loredano*, *Charles I.*, *Innocent X.*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *La Bella* and Moroni's *Tailor*, are numbered among the most celebrated in the world; there are, also, a great many others in this volume, like Veronese's exquisite *Saint Helena*, Giorgione's *Concert*, Hals's *Banquet of the Arquebusiers*, Reynolds's *Angels' Heads* and Rembrandt's *Syndics* that are really portraits. Perhaps, too, we might include in this class Raphael's Madonnas, of which there are several. I need not apologize for selecting so many of these works which the whole world unites in placing among the greatest productions of any age or country.

It will be interesting to the student to compare them with Murillo's, Correggio's, and Ribera's *Holy Families*. It will also be interesting to consider the different treatment that Raphael and Carpaccio give the ever popular legend of St. George and the Dragon.

I have generally selected authors who are not only competent to speak with authority, but who describe interestingly, the pictures and the artists who made them.

E. S.

New York, *June*, 1902.

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THE HOLY FAMILY (The Pearl)
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

THE history of art had taught us that the palace of the King of Spain contained several pictures by Raphael long before events made us acquainted with them. But, outside the dominions of His Catholic Majesty, it was difficult for one to form an exact idea of the merits of this precious collection. Vasari, who mentions the *Madonna* known as the *Fish*, and the *Bearing of the Cross*, takes no notice either of the *Visitation*, or of the *Holy Family* known as the *Pearl*. The displacement of the five pictures of which France was the depository for some time helped to bring them into great renown. Taken to Paris in the year 1813, towards the close of the war, they were there received with the admiration and welcome due to their rare beauty: we might almost say that there they became the objects of a universal worship.

Restorations recognized as indispensable and carried out with the greatest possible care have done away with the slightest trace of the changes that Time had wrought: and, according to the expression of the reputable judges who were entrusted with the task of examining these pictures before and after the work, these restorations have assured a

new life for them. Finally, the lines are now reproduced by faithful engravers; and by this means the friends of art in all countries may join France and Spain in just homage.

One of these five pictures appears to have been finished by Giulio Romano. The authenticity of the others cannot be contested. On this point, testimony of every kind would contribute to the assistance of criticism, if the hand of the printer here were to be denied. They all date from the period when, enlightened by study of the antique and excited by Michael Angelo's success, Raphael added to the grace and truth that were natural to him, the grandiose rendering of art by his learned rival, and caused us to admire the style known as his third manner.

There is no quality fit to honour this great painter that is not manifested in these masterpieces in a very eminent degree; and there is not one of the chief rules of art that cannot be admired here in its happiest application. If we direct our attention to the choice of forms, we recognize in them the invariable principles of Raphael's style in that love of truth that only aspires to please us by touching our emotions; that noble, purified and delicate taste that gives equal dignity and grace to everything; that sure tact, that appropriates with such perfect propriety the external appearance of the personages to their rank and moral character, as well as to the part they play in the pictorial drama. If we study more minutely the relief of the bodies, we find in them those learned traits, those graceful contours and those forms at once so precise and soft that constitute all the works of this great master such excellent models for

studies. The very truth and richness of the colour, the spirit of the touch, and the diversity of the handling have almost as much right to our admiration as the beauty of the types and the correctness of the drawing. In a word, in every part of the work, we recognize the privileged being, the sublime painter to whom no kind of perfection was foreign so soon as he desired to attain it.

But in these beautiful works, as in all those by Raphael, what most strongly charms the mind, what moves, penetrates, transports and carries away all hearts is that multitude of elevated or simple ideas, vehement or more frequently tender and sweet affections, which while multiplying themselves in the same picture, and sometimes while combining in the expression of the features of the same personage, impress upon us the idea of a superhuman and veritably divine nature.

Anciently owned by the dukes of Mantua, the *Holy Family*, known as the *Pearl*, was included in the numerous collection of pictures that the unfortunate Charles I., King of England, at the beginning of his reign purchased from Charles I. of Gonzaga, who soon afterwards was driven from his dominions. On the death of the King of England,[1] Philip IV., King of Spain, a no less enlightened

[1] In 1649, after the death of that unfortunate prince, Don Alonzo de Cardenas, Spanish ambassador to Cromwell, bought a large number of pictures from the gallery in Whitehall for Philip IV. The *Pearl* was among the number. De los Santos asserts that "a great sum" was paid and that Philip IV. immediately had it placed in the sacristy of the Escurial, where it always remained. Antonio Conca says that nearly £3,000 sterling was paid for it.

amateur and himself a painter, caused it to be purchased with other pictures at the sale of the possessions of that prince.

We are told that when he first saw it, struck with its beauty Philip cried: "That is my pearl!" Thence comes that name that has been handed down to us, and which while serving to designate a precious monument of art, has become its most worthy eulogy.

The phrase by which Philip expressed the impression produced upon him by this smiling picture does indeed give a just idea of the kind of merit that characterizes it and the perfection that distinguishes it. Among all Raphael's works, there is nothing more finished nor more pure. In it we see united all the truth, spirit and delicacy that the brush of this master could express.

The scene is entirely gracious in manner. The little St. John, lifting with both hands the shaggy skin that serves as his vestment, is presenting some fruit to the Infant Jesus in the kind of basket thus formed. About to take it, Jesus, sitting on his mother's knees, turns round towards her, smiling as if to communicate his joy to her. Mary is supporting him with her right hand, while her left reaches out and rests upon St. Anne's shoulder, while at the same time she is looking affectionately at the Forerunner. Anne, on her knees, with one elbow leaning on her daughter's left thigh, gives herself up to meditation as she watches the two children. The cradle stands in front of the Virgin who rests one foot on each side of it. In this interwoven group, Mary, closely united with all she holds most dear,

at the same time expresses her tenderness towards her son, her mother, and her cousin's son. An ingenious, picturesque mechanism has thus become a medium of expression that is so much the more touching in that it appears to be taken direct from nature. Beautiful, gentle and modest, the Virgin already belongs as much to Heaven as to earth. The varied feelings with which she is animated are impressed upon her modest face without any confusion. She loves St. John; but her affection is not that of a mother; ideas of superiority and protection mingle with her tenderness: whilst holding her son with tender solicitude, she seems to say to the Forerunner: "You are not his equal!"

The character which Raphael has generally given to the Infant Jesus is one of the most poetic conceptions of this great master. The type is that of an infant Hercules. The extremities, however, are more delicate and the contours are finer. In the movements as well as in the features of this extraordinary being, we see a superabundance of power accompanied by an inexpressible grace. Such is the Divine Infant in this picture, and his joy seems to add still more to his beauty. I am not ignorant of the fact that a writer who has published a very detailed description of the five pictures by Raphael that belong to the King of Spain, has regarding this one expressed an opinion entirely contrary to that which I have adopted. According to him, St. John is presenting to the Infant Jesus a chestnut in its burr; Jesus has pricked himself with it; and this prick, by awakening the presentiment of the sufferings on the cross, has

cast sadness over the Holy Family. It is impossible for me not to remove such a serious error, for the reader otherwise would have the right to suppose that I was the one to be mistaken. What the writer to whom I refer has taken for the spiky covering of a chestnut is nothing more than a corner of the camel skin that forms the vestment of St. John the Baptist. To raise this sort of tunic, St. John takes it in both hands and one part protrudes between the thumb and index finger of his right hand. It is this piece held between the two fingers which, by its brown tint and the hair with which it is covered, presents the appearance of a chestnut; but a very slight examination will suffice to recognize the real facts. Although the painters have often associated the idea of the death of Jesus Christ with the image of the Holy Family, we must not attribute this idea to them unless it is presented in a very visible manner, since it is opposed to the text of the sacred books, wherein it is never said that the parents of Jesus Christ had any anticipated knowledge of his Passion. In the picture of *La belle Jardinière*, we see the little St. John holding a cross made of reeds: we must suppose that this instrument was only made in childish play. This emblem, although interesting to us, has no significance in the eyes of the Virgin. If the sight of the cross were to seem to afflict her, then the artist's intention would be at variance with Holy Writ. I do not think that Raphael ever fell into this error. Like De la Puente, De los Santos saw nothing in this picture beyond a joyous subject.

The care that Raphael took to endow his design with all

the grandeur and his expression of it with all the energy of the idea which he had conceived is manifested in several changes which our eyes are surprised to notice, but which they nevertheless follow with greedy curiosity, charmed to discover to some degree the secret of the method of the painter's talent. The head was originally in profile; it had been set three quarters full. The hair has been raised above the left temple. It is easy to see that the face has gained in beauty by these alterations. Second thoughts are also to be seen in the Virgin's left hand, and the left thigh of the Infant Jesus.

Notwithstanding the choice lines in St. John's form, he is yet far below the Saviour in beauty. The difference that distinguishes these two children is the same as in every *Holy Family* by Raphael: one of the two always appears as the son of a man and the other as a god.

The Virgin's costume exhibits the elegant simplicity that Raphael never forgets. The tresses of her hair and the veil that falls from her head in waves are adjusted with as much grace as dignity.

The colouring, although slightly darkened by time, still preserves a ravishing vigour, skill and harmony. There are parts in it that the Venetian schools could never have surpassed. The flesh tints of the Infant Jesus are as brilliant as the outlines of his figure are pure, and the movements lively and graceful. The delicacy of the brush here is almost prodigious; and this in a master the elevation of whose ideas so often distracted him from the minute cares of execution. Amid the strongest shadows, all the relief of na-

ture forces our admiration. The landscape, adorned with figures, charms the eye with the precision of its details and the transparency of its distances; and in the depths of the ruined edifice, where St. Joseph is visible, a soft and silvery light plays.

A masterpiece of taste, this picture contains all the kinds of perfection proper to the subject; and the most severe criticism would find difficulty in discovering any negligences in it. The composition, the design, the expression and the colour present an almost perfect merit in every part.

DUE CORTIGIANE VENEZIANE

(*Carpaccio*)

JOHN RUSKIN

TO Carpaccio, whatever he has to represent must be a reality; whether a symbol or not, afterwards, is no matter, the first condition is that it shall be real. A serpent, or a bird, may perhaps mean iniquity or purity; but primarily, they must have real scales and feathers. But with Luini, everything is primarily an idea, and only realized so far as to enable you to understand what is meant. When St. Stephen stands beside Christ at His scourging, and turns to us who look on, asking with unmistakable passion, "Was ever sorrow like this sorrow?" Luini does not mean that St. Stephen really stood there; but only that the thought of the saint who first saw Christ in glory might best lead us to the thought of Christ in pain. But when Carpaccio paints St. Stephen preaching, he means to make us believe that St. Stephen really did preach, and as far as he can, to show us exactly how he did it.

And, lastly, to return to the point at which we left him. His own notion of the way things happened may be a very curious one, and the more so that it cannot be regulated even by himself, but is the result of the singular power he has of seeing things in vision as if they were real. So that

when, as we have seen, he paints Solomon and the Queen of Sheba standing at opposite ends of a wooden bridge over a ditch, we are not to suppose the two persons are less real to him on that account, though absurd to us; but we are to understand that such a vision of them did indeed appear to the boy who had passed all his dawning life among wooden bridges, over ditches; and had the habit besides of spiritualizing, or reading like a vision, whatever he saw with eyes either of the body or mind.

The delight which he had in this faculty of vision, and the industry with which he cultivated it, can only be justly estimated by close examination of the marvellous picture in the Correr Museum, representing two Venetian ladies with their pets.

In the last general statement I have made of the rank of painters, I named two pictures of John Bellini, the Madonna of San Zaccaria, and that in the sacristy of the Frari, as, so far as my knowledge went, the two best pictures in the world. In that estimate of them I of course considered as one chief element, their solemnity of purpose —as another, their unpretending simplicity. Putting aside these higher conditions and looking only to perfection of execution and essentially artistic power of design, I rank this Carpaccio above either of them, and therefore, as in these respects, the best picture in the world. I know no other which unites every nameable quality of painter's art in so intense a degree—breadth with minuteness, brilliancy with quietness, decision with tenderness, colour with light and shade: all that is faithfullest in Holland, fancifullest in

DUE CORTIGIANE VENEZIANE.

CARPACCIO.

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Venice, severest in Florence, naturalest in England. Whatever de Hooghe could do in shade, Van Eyck in detail—Giorgione in mass—Titian in colour—Berwick and Landseer in animal life, is here at once; and I know no other picture in the world which can be compared to it.

It is in tempera, however, not oil: and I must note in passing that many of the qualities which I have been in the habit of praising in Tintoret and Carpaccio, as consummate achievements in oil-painting, are, as I have found lately, either in tempera altogether, or tempera with oil above. And I am disposed to think that ultimately tempera will be found the proper material for the greater number of most delightful subjects.

The subject, in the present instance, is a simple study of animal life in all its phases. I am quite sure that this is the meaning of the picture in Carpaccio's own mind. I suppose him to have been commissioned to paint the portraits of two Venetian ladies—that he did not altogether like his models, but yet felt himself bound to do his best for them, and contrived to do what perfectly satisfied them and himself too. He has painted their pretty faces and pretty shoulders, their pretty dresses and pretty jewels, their pretty ways and their pretty playmates—and what would they have more? —he himself secretly laughing at them all the time, and intending the spectators of the future to laugh for ever.

It may be, however, that I err in supposing the picture a portrait commission. It may be simply a study for practice, gathering together every kind of thing which he could get

to sit to him quietly, persuading the pretty ladies to sit to him in all their finery, and to keep their pets quiet as long as they could, while yet he gave value to this new group of studies in a certain unity of satire against the vices of society in his time.

Of this satirical purpose there cannot be question for a moment, with any one who knows the general tone of the painter's mind, and the traditions among which he had been educated. In all the didactic painting of mediæval Christianity, the faultful luxury of the upper classes was symbolized by the knight with his falcon, and lady with her pet dog, both in splendid dress. This picture is only the elaboration of the well-recognized symbol of the lady with her pets; but there are two ladies—mother and daughter, I think—and six pets, a big dog, a little dog, a parroquet, a peahen, a little boy and a china vase. The younger of the women sits serene in her pride, her erect head pale against the dark sky—the elder is playing with the two dogs; the least, a white terrier, she is teaching to beg, holding him up by his fore-paws, with her left hand; in her right is a slender riding-whip, which the larger dog has the end of in his mouth, and will not let go—his mistress also having dropped a letter,[1] he puts his paw on that and will not let her pick it up, looking out of gentlest eyes in arch watchfulness to see how far it will please her that he should carry the jest. Behind him the green parroquet, red-eyed, lifts its little claw as if disliking the marble pavement; then behind the marble balustrade with gilded capitals, the bird and

[1] The painter's signature is on the supposed letter.

little boy are inlaid with glowing brown and red. Nothing of Hunt or Turner can surpass the plume-painting of the bird; nor can Holbein surpass the precision, while he cannot equal the radiance, of the porcelain and jewelry.

To mark the satirical purpose of the whole, a pair of ladies' shoes are put in the corner, (the high-stilted shoe, being, in fact, a slipper on the top of a column,) which were the grossest and absurdest means of expressing female pride in the Fifteenth and following centuries.

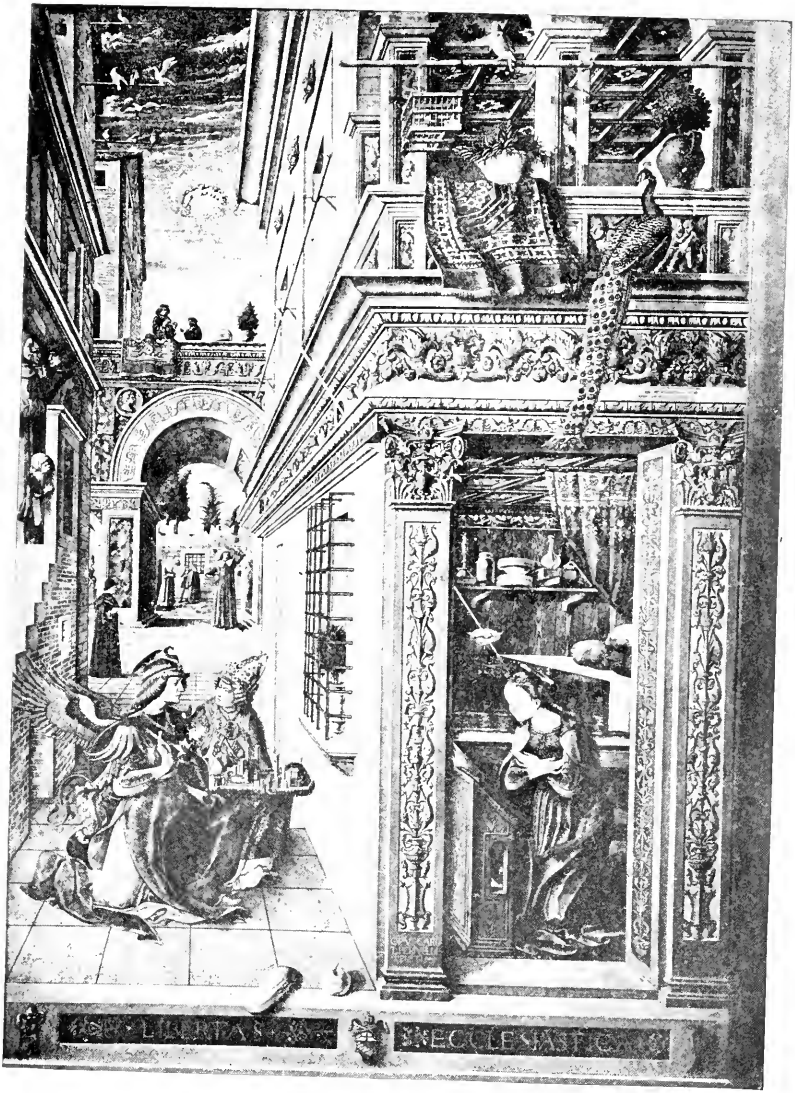
In this picture, then, you may discern at once how Carpaccio learned his business as a painter, and to what consummate point he learned it.

THE ANNUNCIATION
(*Crivelli*)

COSMO MONKHOUSE

CARLO CRIVELLI is another Venetian artist of whom we know little but what can be gathered from pictures. He is supposed to have been born about 1430, and his dated works range from 1468 to 1493. He was a Venetian by birth, and from his mode it would appear certain that he studied under Squarcione at Padua, and probably also under the Vivarini at Venice. But he perfected a style, and one marked by so many peculiarities that despite all affinities which may be traced with other masters, he stands out clear and distinct by himself.

In the first place, he is unique as a colourist. He belongs, indeed, to the old mosaic and illumination school of colour, not to the school of great "schemes," in which the masses are blent into one great harmony. The masses or patches of colour are isolated, and produce a pleasant variegation, without fusion. His colour is thin, also, as of a superficial tinting, not affecting the substance. His flesh is hard and opaque, his flowers leathery, his fruit, though finely drawn and beautifully coloured, of a stony texture; and his draperies everything but soft. It is only in hard, smooth things like pottery and glass, as in *The Madonna in*



THE ANNUNCIATION.

CRIVELLI

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Ecstasy, or of brick and marble, as in *The Annunciation*, that you get the true consistency as well as the true colour. Yet his colour is exquisite of its kind, brilliant and transparent like enamel, and the different tints in themselves are lovely and varied. Such reds and greens, and lilacs and salmon-pinks, and a hundred other combinations of the primaries, are scarcely to be matched in the work of any other artist. Nor has any one been more skilful in the use of gold in connection with colour. Like Antonio Vivarini and Pisanello, he used it in relief, even decorating it with real stones, as we see in the keys, the mitre, and the orphreys of S. Peter, and the ornaments of S. Catherine. This was a remnant of Byzantine practice, and in unskilful hands has an unreal effect; but Crivelli's modelling was so forcible and his colour so carefully adapted, that the passage from paint to relief is scarcely perceptible.

There is scarcely need to call attention to Crivelli's special gift as a designer of decoration. Almost every square inch of his canvas attests the inexhaustible richness of his invention—an invention fed, no doubt, from the rich products of Oriental looms, of which Venice was the emporium. The patterns of his stuffs and dresses in the eight pictures in the National Gallery, are almost enough to set up a modern designer for life; and his sculpturesque ornamental reliefs are extraordinary for elegance, spirit, and audacity. See, for example, his treatment of elephants' heads and trunks in *The Madonna in Ecstasy* (No. 906), and of dolphins in the great altar-piece (No. 788), and the boldness with which he has used the crown of a cherub's

head as a decorative feature on the base of the throne of the same picture. It is to be remarked that the beautiful festoons which decorate the base, though adjusted to resemble carved ornament, are meant for real fruit. They are tied with string and fastened with nails. Such ingenious and abundant fancies, if they do not make the greatest art, are full of interest and charm, and render the work of Crivelli fascinating in no usual degree, if only for its decorative detail.

A higher order of invention is seen in the design of the various *mises en scène*, in which his figures are set. Occasionally, as in *The Beato Ferretti* (No. 668), we have a landscape, but by far the most beautiful at the National Gallery—probably the most beautiful that he ever painted—is that of *The Annunciation* (No. 739), in which he shows the inside of the Virgin's Chamber, the outside of her magnificent house, and a street scene at once realistic and romantic. Although, perhaps, *The Annunciation* is exceeded by *The Madonna*, etc., (No. 724), in brilliant purity of colour, and some of his single figures have more intensity of character, his genius is perhaps more completely represented in this picture than in any other. Here, for once, his lively fancy has had its fullest play, and revels in a gorgeousness and elaboration of detail even beyond his wont. Fortunately for him, his imagination was not trammelled, like that of artists of the present day, by questions of historical accuracy or physical possibilities. To him the presence of S. Emidius by the side of the announcing angel suggested no absurdity, and it never occurred to him that

the neatly finished orifice through which the Holy Dove has entered the Virgin's chamber would present any difficulty to the most realistic mind.

Here, for once, also he gives us not only the incident, but introduces spectators, as was the custom of the Florentine School of the same period. Besides the frankly anachronistic bishop, there are several figures in the street dressed in the Italian costume of Crivelli's time. One noble-looking gentleman, dazzled by the sudden beam of light that strikes across the road, raises his hand to his brow, the better to investigate the extraordinary phenomenon. Still more naïve and delightful is the little child who timidly peeps from a place of vantage at the mysterious occurrence that is taking place over the way.

Thus we have the whole scene idyllically, even dramatically, rendered, as though we were present at an exquisitely mounted play. Although in many respects the work of Crivelli, by the strained formality of the figures, the system of colouration, and the profuse use of gold, still bear traces of remote influences, they seldom fail to remind us that we are past the middle of the Fifteenth Century, that the difficulties of anatomy and perspective have been mastered, that a lively interest in nature and human nature has sprung up, that technical excellence and artistic beauty are sought for their sakes—in a word, that Crivelli was the contemporary of Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Mantegna.

Crivelli wrought only for the Church, and appears to have spent most of his life at Ascoli, but neither restriction of subject and feeling, nor provincial residence, could fetter

his genius. There is, indeed, no artist of more striking individuality than Carlo Crivelli, no one who had more complete mastery over his means of expression, or attained more nearly to his ideal. This ideal was not the "beau-ideal" of later art—that is to say, the perfection of physical beauty—it was an ideal of character, the embodiment of the essential qualities of his subject. When beauty was essential, as in the Virgin Mary, or the royal martyr, S. Catherine of Alexandria, it was sought, but only as one out of many attributes. When not essential, as in S. John the Baptist or S. Peter, the artist's whole imagination was devoted to the creation of a form which should be the exact expression of the spirit within. In this aim he was not indeed original, but he achieved it with singular fervour and completeness. In some of his conceptions, as, for instance, in those of S. John Baptist and S. Catherine, his imagination indulges in the extravagant and touches the grotesque. A refined fantasticism characterizes his work generally, but it is always not only refined but coherent. It may be said that S. Catherine's fingers are preternaturally long, her demeanour affected, her expression a grimace; but if we say this, we must also say that the whole figure, hands and all, is a complete and most dainty conception, and that there is not a degraded line or a vulgar touch throughout.

I have dwelt so long upon Crivelli, not because he is comparable to the greatest artists as a mover of grand emotions, or as a master of the noblest form or colour, but because his really remarkable gifts are apt to be unduly

neglected in comparison with more transcendent powers, and because the National Gallery is the best place in the world to study his rare individuality—I may add also, on account of the engaging personality which seems to breathe through his work. Such sentimental impressions are no doubt often rudely shaken by closer knowledge, but they are pleasant to indulge, and one cannot help regarding Crivelli as a man of knowledge and intellect, of charming manners, refined almost to fastidiousness, delighting in all things dainty and beautiful, a lover of animals and of his kind. If he did not love animals, at least he loved to introduce them into his pictures. See the peacock and the smaller bird in *The Annunciation*, the Swallow in No. 724, and, not least, the ducks in the *Beato Ferretti.*

There are, of course, greater painters and greater men on the roll of artists, but few who have more marked and more varied gifts; many who impress more, but few who amuse so much; many of wider range, but few so complete in themselves.

THE CONCERT
(*Giorgione*)

WALTER PATER

BY no school of painters have the necessary limitations of the art of painting been so unerringly though instinctively apprehended, and the essence of what is pictorial in a picture so justly conceived, as by the school of Venice; and the train of thought suggested in what has been now said is, perhaps, a not unfitting introduction to a few pages about Giorgione, who, though much has been taken by recent criticism from what was reputed to be his work, yet, more entirely than any other painter, sums up, in what we know of himself and his art, the spirit of the Venetian school.

The beginnings of Venetian painting link themselves to the last, stiff, half-barbaric splendours of Byzantine decoration and are but the introduction into the crust of marble and gold on the walls of the *Duomo* of Murano, or of Saint Mark's, of a little more of human expression. And throughout the course of its later development, always subordinate to architectural effect, the work of the Venetian school never escaped from the influence of its beginnings. Unassisted, and therefore unperplexed, by naturalism, relig-

THE CONCERT.

GIORGIONE.

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ious mysticism, philosophical theories, it had no Giotto, no Angelico, no Botticelli. Exempt from the stress of thought or sentiment, which taxed so severely the resources of the generations of Florentine artists, those earlier Venetian painters, down to Carpaccio and the Bellini, seem never for a moment to have been tempted even to lose sight of the scope of their art in its strictness, or to forget that painting must be before all things decorative, a thing for the eye, a space of colour on the wall, only more dexterously blent than the marking of its precious stone or the chance interchange of sun and shade upon it—this, to begin and end with—whatever higher matter of thought, or poetry, or religious reverie might play its part therein, between. At last, with final mastery of all the technical secrets of his art, and with somewhat more than "a spark of the divine fire to his share," comes Giorgione. He is the inventor of *genre*, of those easily movable pictures which serve for uses, neither of devotion, nor of allegorical or historical teaching—little groups of real men and women, amid congruous furniture or landscape—morsels of actual life, conversation or music, or play, refined upon or idealized, till they come to seem like glimpses of life from afar. Those spaces of more cunningly blent colour, obediently filling their places, hitherto, in a mere architectural scheme, Giorgione detaches from the wall; he frames them by the hands of some skilful carver, so that people may move them readily and take with them where they go, like a poem in manuscript, or a musical instrument, to be used, at will, as a means of self-education, stimulus or solace, com-

ing like an animated presence, into one's cabinet, to enrich the air as with some choice aroma, and, like persons, live with us, for a day or a lifetime. Of all art like this, art which has played so large a part in men's culture since that time, Giorgione is the initiator. Yet in him too that old Venetian clearness or justice, in the apprehension of the essential limitations of the pictorial art, is still undisturbed; and, while he interfuses his painted work with a high-strung sort of poetry, caught directly from a singularly rich and high-strung sort of life, yet in his selection of subject, or phase of subject, in the subordination of mere subject to pictorial design, to the main purpose of a picture, he is typical of that aspiration of all the arts towards music, which I have endeavoured to explain,—towards the perfect identification of matter and form.

Born so near to Titian, though a little before him, that these two companion pupils of the aged Giovanni Bellini may almost be called contemporaries, Giorgione stands to Titian in something like the relationship of Sordello to Dante, in Mr. Browning's poem. Titian, when he leaves Bellini, becomes, in turn, the pupil of Giorgione; he lives in constant labour more than sixty years after Giorgione is in his grave; and with such fruit, that hardly one of the greater towns of Europe is without some fragment of it. But the slightly older man, with his so limited actual product (what remains to us of it seeming, when narrowly examined, to reduce itself to almost one picture, like Sordello's one fragment of lovely verse), yet expresses, in elementary motive and principle, that spirit—itself the final

acquisition of all the long endeavours of Venetian art—which Titian spreads over his whole life's activity.

And, as we might expect, something fabulous and illusive has always mingled itself in the brilliancy of Giorgione's fame. The exact relationship to him of many works—drawings, protraits, painted idylls—often fascinating enough, which in various collections went by his name, was from the first uncertain. Still, six or eight famous pictures at Dresden, Florence and the Louvre, were undoubtingly, attributed to him, and in these, if anywhere, something of the splendour of the old Venetian humanity seemed to have been preserved. But of those six or eight famous pictures it is now known that only one is certainly from Giorgione's hand. The accomplished science of the subject has come at last, and, as in other instances, has not made the past more real for us, but assured us that we possess of it less than we seemed to possess. Much of the work on which Giorgione's immediate fame depended, work done for instantaneous effect, in all probability passed away almost within his own age, like the frescoes on the façade of the *fondaco dei Tedeschi* at Venice, some crimson traces of which, however, still give a strange additional touch of splendour to the scene of the *Rialto*. And there is a barrier or borderland, a period about the middle of the Sixteenth Century, in passing through which the tradition miscarries, and the true outlines of Giorgione's work and person become obscured. It became fashionable for wealthy lovers of art, with no critical standard of authenticity, to collect so-called works of Giorgione, and a multitude

of imitations came into circulation. And now, in the "new Vasari,"[1] the great traditional reputation, woven with so profuse demand on men's admiration, has been scrutinized thread by thread; and what remains of the most vivid and stimulating of Venetian masters, a live flame, as it seemed, in those old shadowy times, has been reduced almost to a name by his most recent critics.

Yet enough remains to explain why the legend grew up, above the name, why the name attached itself, in many instances, to the bravest work of other men. The *Concert* in the Pitti Palace, in which a monk, with cowl and tonsure, touches the keys of a harpsichord, while a clerk, placed behind him, grasps the handle of a viol, and a third with cap and plume, seems to wait upon the true interval for beginning to sing, is undoubtedly Giorgione's. The outline of the lifted finger, the trace of the plume, the very threads of the fine linen, which fasten themselves on the memory, in the moment before they are lost altogether in that calm unearthly glow, the skill which has caught the waves of wandering sound, and fixed them for ever on the lips and hands—these are indeed the master's own; and the criticism which, while dismissing so much hitherto believed to be Giorgione's, has established the claims of this one picture, has left it among the most precious things in the world of art.

It is noticeable that the "distinction" of this *Concert*, its sustained evenness of perfection, alike in design, in execution, and in choice of personal type, becomes for the

[1] Crowe and Cavalcaselle: *History of Painting in North Italy.*

"new Vasari" the standard of Giorgione's genuine work. Finding here enough to explain his influence, and the true seal of mastery, its authors assign to Pellegrino da San Daniele the *Holy Family* in the Louvre, for certain points in which it comes short of that standard, but which will hardly diminish the spectator's enjoyment of a singular charm of liquid air, with which the whole picture seems instinct, filling the eyes and lips, the very garments, of its sacred personages, with some wind-searched brightness and energy; of which fine air the blue peak, clearly defined in the distance, is, as it were, the visible pledge. Similarly, another favourite picture in the Louvre, the subject of a sonnet by a poet whose own painted work often comes to mind as one ponders over these precious things—the *Fête Champêtre*, is assigned to an imitator of Sebastian del Piombo; and the *Tempest*, in the Academy at Venice (a slighter loss, perhaps, though not without its pleasant effect of clearing weather, towards the left, its one untouched morsel), to Paris Bordone, or perhaps to "some advanced craftsman of the Sixteenth Century." From the gallery at Dresden, the *Knight embracing a Lady*, where the knight's broken gauntlets seem to mark some well-known pause in a story we would willingly hear the rest of, is conceded to "a Brescian hand," and *Jacob meeting Rachel*[1] to a pupil of Palma; and, whatever their charm, we are called on to give up the *Ordeal* and the *Finding of Moses* with its jewel-like pools of water, perhaps to Bellini.

Nor has the criticism, which thus so freely diminishes the

[1] This picture is included in *Love in Literature and Art.* E. S.

number of his authentic works, added anything important to the well-known outline of the life and personality of the man: only, it has fixed one or two dates, one or two circumstances, a little more exactly. Giorgione was born before the year 1477, and spent his childhood at Castelfranco, where the last crags of the Venetian Alps break down romantically, with something of parklike grace, to the plain. A natural child of the family of the Barbarelli by a peasant-girl of Vedelago, he finds his way early into the circle of notable persons—people of courtesy; and becomes initiated into those differences of personal type, manner, and even of dress, which are best understood there—that "distinction" of the *Concert* of the Pitti Palace. Not far from his home lives Catherine of Cornaro formerly Queen of Cyprus; and up in the towers which still remain, Tuzio Costanzo, the famous *condottiére*—a picturesque remnant of mediæval manners, in a civilization rapidly changing. Giorgione paints their portraits; and when Tuzio's son, Matteo, dies in early youth, adorns in his memory a chapel in the church of Castelfranco, painting on this occasion perhaps, the altar-piece, foremost among his authentic works, still to be seen there, with the figure of the warrior-saint, Liberale, of which the original little study in oil, with the delicately gleaming, silver-grey armour, is one of the greater treasures of the National Gallery, and in which, as in some other knightly personages attributed to him, people have supposed the likeness of his own presumably gracious presence. Thither, at last, he is himself brought home from Venice, early dead, but celebrated. It happened, about

his thirty-fourth year, that in one of those parties at which he entertained his friends with music, he met a certain lady of whom he became greatly enamoured, and "they rejoiced greatly," says Vasari, "the one and the other, in their loves." And two quite different legends concerning it agree in this, that it was through this lady he came by his death: Ridolfi relating that, being robbed of her by one of his pupils, he died of grief at the double treason;—Vasari, that she being secretly stricken of the plague, and he making his visits to her as usual, he took the sickness from her mortally, along with her kisses, and so briefly departed.

But, although the number of Giorgione's extant works has been thus limited by recent criticism, all is not done when the real and the traditional elements in what concerns him have been discriminated; for, in what is connected with a great name, much that is not real is often very stimulating; and, for the æsthetic philosopher, over and above the real Giorgione and his authentic extant works, there remains the *Giorgionesque* also—an influence, a spirit, a type in art, active in men so different as those to whom many of his supposed works are really assignable—a veritable school, which grew together out of all those fascinating works rightly or wrongly attributed to him; out of many copies from, or variations on him, by unknown or uncertain workmen, whose drawings and designs were, for various reasons, prized as his; out of the immediate impression he made upon his contemporaries, and with which he continued in men's minds; out of many traditions of subject and treatment, which really descend from him to our own

time, and by retracing which we fill out the original image; Giorgione thus becoming a sort of impersonation of Venice itself, its projected reflex or ideal, all that was intense or desirable in it thus crystallizing about the memory of this wonderful young man.

And now, finally, let me illustrate some of the characteristics of this *School of Giorgione*, as we may call it, which, for most of us, notwithstanding all that negative criticism of the "new Vasari," will still identify itself with those famous pictures at Florence, Dresden and Paris; in which a certain artistic ideal is defined for us—the conception of a peculiar aim and procedure in art, which we may understand as the Giorgionesque, wherever we find it, whether in Venetian work generally, or in work of our own time—and of which the *Concert*, that undoubted work of Giorgione in the Pitti Palace, is the typical instance, and a pledge authenticating the connexion of the school with the master.

I have spoken of a certain interpenetration of the matter or subject of a work of art with the form of it, a condition realized absolutely only in music, as the condition to which every form of art is perpetually aspiring. In the art of painting, the attainment of this ideal condition, this perfect interpenetration of the subject with colour and design, depends, of course, in great measure, on dexterous choice of that subject, or phase of subject; and such choice is one of the secrets of Giorgione's school. It is the school of *genre*, and employs itself mainly with "painted idylls," but, in the production of this pictorial poetry, exercises a wonderful tact in the selecting of such matter as lends itself

most readily and entirely to pictorial form, to complete expression by drawing and colour. For although its productions are painted poems, they belong to a sort of poetry which tells itself without an articulated story. The master is pre-eminent for the resolution, the ease and quickness, with which he reproduces instantaneous motion—the lacing-on of armour, with the head bent back so stately—the fainting lady—the embrace, rapid as the kiss caught, with death itself, from dying lips—the momentary conjunction of mirrors and polished armour and still water, by which all the sides of a solid image are presented at once, solving that casuistical question whether painting can present an object as completely as sculpture. The sudden act, the rapid transition of thought, the passing expression—this, he arrests with that vivacity which Vasari has attributed to him, *il fuoco* Giorgionesco, as he terms it. Now it is part of the ideality of the highest sort of dramatic poetry, that it presents us with a kind of profoundly significant and animated instants, a mere gesture, a look, a smile, perhaps—some brief and wholly concrete moment—into which, however, all the motives, all the interests and effects of a long history, have condensed themselves, and which seem to absorb past and future in an intense consciousness of the present. Such ideal instants the school of Giorgione selects, with its admirable tact, from that feverish, tumultuously coloured life of the old citizens of Venice—exquisite pauses in time, in which, arrested thus, we seem to be spectators of all the fulness of existence, and which are like some consummate extract or quintessence of life.

It is to the law or condition of music, as I said, that all art like this is really aspiring; and, in the school of Giorgione, the perfect moments of music itself, the making or hearing of music, song or its accompaniment, are themselves prominent as subjects. On that background of the silence of Venice, which the visitor there finds so impressive, the world of Italian music was then forming. In choice of subject, as in all besides, the *Concert* of the Pitti Palace is typical of all that Giorgione, himself an admirable musician, touched with his influence; and in sketch or finished picture, in various collections, we may follow it through many intricate variations—men fainting at music, music heard at the pool-side while people fish, or mingled with the sound of the pitcher in the well, or heard across running water, or among the flocks; the tuning of instruments—people with intent faces, as if listening, like those described by Plato in an ingenious passage, to detect the smallest interval of musical sound, the smallest undulation in the air, or feeling for music in thought on a stringless instrument, ear and finger refining themselves infinitely, in the appetite for sweet sound—a momentary touch of an instrument in the twilight, as one passes through some unfamiliar room, in a chance company.

In such favourite incidents, then, of Giorgione's school, music or music-like intervals in our existence, life itself is conceived as a sort of listening—listening to music, to the reading of Bandello's novels, to the sound of water, to time as it flies. Often such moments are really our moments of play, and we are surprised at the unexpected blessedness of

what may seem our least important part of time; not merely because play is in many instances that to which people really apply their own best powers, but also because at such times, the stress of our servile, everyday attentiveness being relaxed, the happier powers in things without us are permitted free passage, and have their way with us. And so, from music, the school of Giorgione passes often to the play which is like music; to those masques in which men avowedly do but play at real life, like children "dressing-up," disguised in the strange old Italian dresses, particoloured, or fantastic with embroidery and furs, of which the master was so curious a designer, and which, above all the spotless white linen at wrist and throat, he painted so dexterously.

And when people are happy in this thirsty land, water will not be far off; and in the school of Giorgione, the presence of water—the well, or marble-rimmed pool, the drawing or pouring of water, as the woman pours it from a pitcher with her jewelled hands in the *Fête Champêtre*, listening, perhaps, to the cool sound as it falls, blent with the music of the pipes—is as characteristic, and almost as suggestive, as that of music itself. And the landscape feels, and is glad of it also—a landscape full of clearness, of the effects of water, of fresh rain newly passed through the air, and collected into the grassy channels; the air, too, in the school of Giorgione, seeming as vivid as the people who breathe it, and literally empyrean, all impurities being burnt out of it, and no taint, no floating particle of anything but its own proper elements allowed to subsist within it.

Its scenery is such as in England we call "park scenery," with some elusive refinement felt about the rustic buildings, the choice grass, the grouped trees, the undulations deftly economized for graceful effect. Only, in Italy all natural things are, as it were, woven through and through with gold thread, even the cypress revealing it among the folds of its blackness. And it is with gold dust, or gold thread, that these Venetian painters seem to work, spinning in fine filaments, through the solemn human flesh, away into the white plastered walls of the thatched huts. The harsher details of the mountains recede to a harmonious distance, the one peak of rich blue above the horizon remaining but as the visible warrant of that due coolness which is all we need ask here of the Alps, with their dark rains and streams. Yet what real, airy space, as the eye passes from level to level, through the long-drawn valley in which Jacob embraces Rachel among the flocks! Nowhere is there a truer landscape and persons—of the human image and its accessories—already noticed as characteristic of the Venetian school, so that, in it, neither personage nor scenery is ever a mere pretext for the other.

Something like this seems to me to be the *vraie vérité* about Giorgione, if I may adopt a serviceable expression by which the French recognize those more liberal and durable impressions which, in respect of any really considerable person or subject, anything that has at all intricately occupied men's attention, lie beyond, and must supplement, the narrower range of the strictly ascertained facts about it. In this, Giorgione is but an illustration of a valuable gen-

eral caution we may abide by in all criticism. As regards Giorgione himself, we have indeed to take note of all those negations and exceptions, by which, at first sight, a "new Vasari" seems merely to have confused our apprehension of a delightful object, to have explained away out of our inheritance from past time what seemed of high value there. Yet it is not with a full understanding even of those exceptions that one can leave off just at this point. Properly qualified, such exceptions are but a salt of genuineness in our knowledge; and beyond all these strictly ascertained facts, we must take note of that indirect influence by which one like Giorgione, for instance, enlarges his permanent efficacy and really makes himself felt in our culture. In a just impression of that, is the essential truth, the *vraie vérité* concerning him.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

AMONG the principal European galleries, the Louvre is one of those in which Raphael is perhaps best represented from the point of view of the progress of his work. There, it is true, we do not find pictures of such brilliant splendour as the *Sistine Madonna*, the *Virgin with the Fish*, the *Madonna della Sedia* or the *Violin Player;* but there we see a series of paintings of rare beauty, which, extending from 1506 to 1518, embrace the whole active period of that life that was so full and so soon ended. Thus in turn appear before our eyes the *St. George* and the *Little St. Michael* (1506), the *Belle Jardinière* (1507), the *Portrait of a Young Man* (1508 or 1509), the *Virgin with the Blue Diadem* (1512), the *Portrait of Balthazar Castiglione* (1515), the *Large St. Michael*, and the *Large Holy Family* (1518).

St. George.—St. George, on horseback, fights with the legendary dragon. He has already broken his lance against it, and is about to strike it with his sword. This is quite a small picture, but singularly great in its character, thought and style. The saintly warrior, clad in steel armour and wearing a plumed helmet, rises in his stirrups, reins back his charger with his left hand, and raises his right,

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

RAPHAEL.

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armed with a sword, against the monster that is pursuing him, and on which he casts a backward glance of contempt. This figure is one of singular pride and elegance. The face is almost that of a virgin. Minerva would willingly recognize it as her own, and our Joan of Arc could put up with it wonderfully well. Notwithstanding the impetuous speed (the rapidity of which is shown by the drapery of the mantle which is violently agitated), and notwithstanding the imminence of the danger, the Christian hero preserves a regal tranquillity. He carries with him something of the power and majesty of a God. The issue of the combat is not in doubt. The horse on its side is no less eminent in beauty. It recalls the admirable horses of the Panathenæa: it has the same nobility, with something mystical in addition that belongs peculiarly to the Renaissance. What Raphael had already seen of Antiquity made him feel in advance what he did not already know, and even what he was never to know. This white horse with rose harness, galloping across the green meadow, closely pressed by the dragon whose poisonous breath it scents, rearing under the restraint of its rider, raising its head and its eyes to Heaven, in prayer and belief, as one might be tempted to say, so strongly does it seem to be imbued with fervour and poesy, —is it not at once a Classic reminiscence and a personal inspiration? The monster is no less remarkable. It is the winged dragon of Fable, with savage jaws, vampire wings, paws armed with menacing claws and tail with coils like a python. Would not one be inclined to say, so greatly does the painting here assume splendour and solidity, that this

was one of those beautiful enamels of the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, preserved in the cabinets of our Gallery of Apollo? Finally, for the background of this picture, we have a landscape with suave and harmoniously cadenced lines, fresh, springlike, and virginal, in which the verdurous valleys melt into the azure distances of the mountains which themselves fade and are lost in the blue of a pure and luminous sky. There is nothing present that is not of exquisite grace and delicious sentiment, even to the little female figure, robed in rose, and fleeing in the distance. Thus, everything in this picture is of the very first order. Under modest appearances, the forms have a firmness of accentuation which is the work no longer of a student but of a master. As for the colour, limpid, transparent, and of a tempered harmony, it reveals a state of preservation that nearly four centuries have not been able to injure.

It is said that this picture dates from 1504: this is an error. It is added that it is after the manner of Perugino: this is also an error. The date of the *St. George* of the Louvre is 1506. In it we recognize the spirit and the hand of a painter who has already attained full independence.

In 1504, Raphael who had just left Perugino's school, was still confined within the picturesque world fashioned by his master. It is true that he only remained in it out of pure deference, and that he managed to dwell there as if he were in his own home. Witness the *Sposalizio* borrowed almost line for line from Perugino but invested with a new grace and transfigured by a new mind, which set the picture of the pupil on a level high above that of the master. As

for the *St. George*, nothing in it is left that smells of the school; there is no longer any imitation in it; everything in it reveals a new art, like a rising sun. In it Raphael shows himself completely liberated, without any sort of revolt or violence, and possessed of the calm and respect that befit power. Between the *St. George* and the *Sposalizio* there is a whole world. To set the same date to these two pictures appears to us impossible. This, however, is what hitherto has been done by saying that Raphael painted the *St. George* during the very short stay he made at Urbino in the course of the year 1504. Raphael then went to his native town to pay homage to Guidobaldo, whom Julius II. had just nominated Gonfalonier of the Church and reinstated in the duchy of Urbino. The genius of the Renaissance, with its most illustrious representatives, was sitting at the hearth of the noblest of men and the most amiable of women. Although still very young, Raphael had found his place there; but he did not tarry. Furnished with a letter by Elizabeth Gonzaga for Soderini, he hastened towards Florence, there to ripen his talent by contact with the greatest artists whom Italy had yet possessed.

Let us now place ourselves in 1506 and look at our *St. George*. After a two years' abode in Tuscany, Raphael is found again in Urbino surrounded with the rays of his youthful glory. The plague had desolated Umbria, and before going forward in his life, he had come again to see his friends and relatives, and to pay homage to them with the celebrated works that he left behind him.

At the beginning of the year 1506, the Abbot of Glas-

tonbury and Gilbert Talbot, ambassadors from Henry VIII. to Julius II. went to Urbino to invest Guidobaldo with the Order of the Garter. Raphael, being then in his natal town, had at once to paint a *St. George* for the King of England, the Order of the Garter as well as the realm of England being placed under the patronage of the legendary hero. In this picture, the warrior who wears the Garter below his right knee, faces the monster and pierces him with his lance. The little female figure that in our picture is fleeing in the distance, is kneeling in the background of the other. These two paintings, executed with great precision, are exactly in the same spirit and the same style. They are almost identical, and there is no doubt that they were executed almost at the same time. If you put these two *St. Georges* side by side, you will recognize that the more beautiful of the two is not the one that has the Garter, and that ours is more strongly conceived and more broadly painted. Now, when an artist like Raphael repeats one of his pictures, it is always in order to aggrandize its character and never to lessen its expression. Raphael therefore painted our *St. George* after the one he had already painted for the King of England. The date 1506 being certain for the *St. George with the Garter*—nobody disputes this—that date should also be attributed to the *St. George in the Louvre.*

If you have the slightest lingering doubt on this point go to the *Uffize Gallery* and compare the two preliminary sketches for these pictures. They are by the same pen, drawn in the same manner and almost at the same hour. You will find in both the same youthful ardour and the

same sureness of hand; but you will notice a very notable improvement in the sketch for the picture now in the Louvre. It is probable that Guidobaldo, enraptured with the picture that he sent to the King of England, ordered from Raphael a second for himself, and the artist, having more mastery over his subject than at first, designed and painted the *St. George* of our Museum. What became of it after the dispersion of the collections gathered together by the Montefeltri in the Urbino palace? Nobody knows, until the day when it found a place in Mazarin's cabinet, whence it passed into the gallery of Louis XIV. Since then it has belonged to France.

What a beautiful subject for painting is this subject of St. George! Historic and legendary at the same time, born of Christian antiquity, aggrandized by the Middle Ages and almost transfigured into an archangel, to the Renaissance it opens the infinite horizons of the earth and of the sky confounded in one vision! King or governor of Cappadocia, and martyred at Nicomedia under Diocletian, whose armies he had commanded, St. George immediately became the patron of warriors and the great saint of the Greek church. It was particularly in the Orient and during the Crusades that he revealed himself to the Occident. St. George appeared to Robert Guiscard's troops under the walls of Antioch, and fought by the side of Richard Cœur de Lion at Cæsarea, Jaffa and before Ascalon. Thenceforth he became the special patron of England. The national Council of Oxford, in 1222, decided that his festival should be obligatory throughout the realm, and the

Order of the Garter, founded by Edward III. in 1330, was placed under his invocation. After so many apparitions and prodigies, this heroic figure had assumed proportions that surpassed the ordinary measure of saints. Like Michael the Archangel, it was the Devil himself whom it was St. George's mission to fight and to conquer. Thus transported into the supernatural world, on a mettlesome horse, he dashes against the enemy of the human race, against Satan metamorphosed into a dragon; and, a new Perseus, he also has his Andromeda. Following the example of Antiquity, whose anthropomorphism personified cities and provinces, waters and woods, the Renaissance symbolized, by a virgin, Cappadocia torn by St. George from idolatry, that is to say from Hell. We see this virgin, sometimes praying and sometimes fleeing before the monster, become one of the *characteristics* of the saint. We have pointed her out in the *St. George with the Garter* as well as in the *St. George* in the Louvre. It must be repeated that these two pictures are brethren, they have exactly the same age, both belonging to the year 1506.

THE HOLY FAMILY

(*Murillo*)

HENRY JOUIN

THE life of an artist, and a great artist, without romantic experiences, is not this a prodigy? And, above all, that he should be a Spanish master! Such was, however, the life of Murillo. He was born, he worked and he died. He was born at Seville, like Velasquez, who was to be his friend and counsellor. Unconscious of his strength, as well as of his tastes, Murillo, from his youth, illumined canvases of no value which he hurried away to the New World. This obscure labour procured him bread. But his mind worked. Each day brought to the young man some new light. He has a confused revelation of his future. What is it to him to have merely technical skill, when others know how to fix for centuries the radiant visions they see? Without fortune, without help, without guidance, Bartolome Esteban searched vainly for the path that he should follow. One of his own relatives, Juan del Castillo, a good professor, initiated him into the first rudiments of painting; and then, having given these very insufficient lessons, went to Cadiz. Murillo was beginning to be doubtful of the future, when the painter Piedro y Moya passed through Seville.

Moya was returning from London to Grenada. Moya had fallen under Van Dyck's influence in London. He showed one of his canvases to Murillo, spoke to him of his master, told him of all he had learned, and confided his schemes to him. This was a ray of light to the young painter. To see Van Dyck, to listen to him, and to adopt him for his master, was Murillo's dream; and, without any hesitation, he set himself the task of realizing the sum necessary for a voyage to London. Vain project! Van Dyck died in the meantime and Murillo heard the news while he was still in Seville.

Should he despair? London without Van Dyck had no attractions for our painter; but would not Italy furnish him some compensation for the loss of the Flemish master whose disciple he had wished to become? Could not he, when once away, visit Flanders and Holland? And, asking himself these questions, he discovered a double stream in his thought. Subjects of pure imagination charmed him, without any doubt, but he experienced an almost equal attraction for popular scenes which unfolded themselves every day and every hour beneath the careless glance of the pedestrian. What we never see, the painter perceived and remembered. A beggar, a wretch, or a lame man are repulsive to us, and we turn our eyes away from these unfortunate beings; the mother who cares for her ragged child upon the threshold of his house, an ordinary man cannot notice without disgust. The Dutch and Flemish have less disdain for this kind of subject. Murillo felt himself of their race by his pleasure in looking at pictures

THE HOLY FAMILY.

MURILLO.

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of common life and finding them agreeable. It was then settled. Our young man would make a tour of Europe.

Conceived by a greater than he, other great projects have had the fate of castles in the air! But the galleons of America had always a few piastres to pay for the dozens of images which they wanted to sell to not particular populations of Mexico and Peru. Murillo worked for the ship-owners, accumulating piastres upon piastres, and, soon, in possession of a good round sum, he started for Italy.

His first stop was Madrid. It was also the last! This was in 1643. Murillo was twenty-five. Velasquez, considered at this period the first painter of Spain, lived in Madrid on familiar terms with the King. He was, one must remember, a compatriot of Murillo. With extreme kindness, he welcomed the young man who came to him and retained him by those masterpieces with which the Escurial was peopled. The painter of Philip IV. had seen Italy, and Rubens was not a stranger to him. Velasquez was older than Murillo by about twenty years, and in full possession of his strong and distinguished genius. Murillo saw that he had no need to go farther than the Escurial. In this rich palace, Titian, Rubens, Van Dyck and Ribera exhibited their greatest works; and Velasquez gave Murillo his authoritative commentary upon these robust masters. Murillo remained.

Two years passed. In 1645, the painter of Seville reappeared among his fellow-citizens. This time he was equipped; full of enthusiasm, rich in knowledge, and gifted with thought, energy and facility, and for thirty-seven years

without ever leaving his native city, he never ceased producing with a fertility full of ease and distinction.

I am mistaken. Murillo consented to go one day to Cadiz. He was to paint upon the high altar of the convent *de los Capuchinos* an important picture,—the marriage of Saint Catherine. Mounted upon the scaffolding above the altar, in the fervour of his composition, he forgot that the space was restricted, and he fell. Seriously wounded, he returned to Seville where he died on April 3rd, 1682, after cruel sufferings.

"*Heureux qui naît et meurt dans la même maison*".

Such was Murillo's fate. And if we set aside the trials of his last months, we can count nothing but happy days in the painter's life. Fortune smiled upon him from the age of thirty years. In 1648, his reputation enabled him to gain the hand of Dona Beatrix de Calabrera y Sotomayor, a noble and rich lady of the town of Pilas.

Without a rival in his deserved favour, he attacked with equal certainty of touch scenes of *genre*, portraits, religious compositions and even landscapes. Murillo—a rare case—was always growing. His last works are his most perfect. While Ribera never saw anything during the whole of his life but motives for severe, sombre and sometimes mournful pictures, Murillo, not of less faith than Ribera, delighted himself with quiet, radiant, and pleasing ecstasies.

The sweetness and calmness of his visions are what determine his rank and characterize his style.

What serenity is contained in the *Holy Family* in the

Louvre! The Virgin holds, standing upon her knees, the Infant Jesus, who is leaning towards Saint John the Baptist. The latter is presenting the Infant God with a cross of reed. In his left hand he is holding a scroll on which the words *Ecce agnus Dei* are inscribed. A lamb is lying in the foreground. Saint Elizabeth, with a contemplative glance, is on her knees. A dove hovers above the Bambino's head, and, in the sky, God the Father leans towards the group composed of four evangelical personages. I admit that the Virgin's head is a delicate portrait, but it is not merely a portrait. This reservation made, I am ready to pronounce an unbounded eulogy for the harmony of the composition, the happy contrasts of the positions and types, the correctness of the attitudes and the lightness and the transparency of the colouring. Some imponderable cherubins are playing in the ether, but nearer to the spectator is the body of the Infant Jesus, with its clearly marked contours, and without dryness, surpasses by elegance, distinction and gracefulness, the cherubins that are happy to contemplate him.

This canvas, regarding which we have no information, seems to have always belonged to the collection of Louis XVI. It certainly dates from 1670 to 1680, that is to say from the painter's last years. The sight of it recalls a touching story about Murillo.

Towards the end of his life, the master was in the habit of going into the church of the Vera Cruz and remaining for hours in contemplation before Pedro Campana's *Descent from the Cross.* One day, the sacristan, in a hurry to close

the church, came up to the painter and asked him what he was waiting for. "I am waiting," replied Murillo with a smile of ecstasy, "until those reverent servants shall have finished taking the Saviour from the cross."

Several months ago, I found myself in front of the *Holy Family* in the Louvre Gallery, intent upon absorbing its beauties before speaking of it to my readers. Suddenly the solemn "It is time to close!" was heard in the loud voice of the keeper. I never moved, held in a dream before Murillo's canvas. The keeper tapped my elbow: "We are closing, sir, we are closing, what are you waiting for?"

"I am waiting," I answered, "for the Infant Jesus to take that cross of reed which the little Saint John is offering to him with such grace."

The man thought that I was mad; he shrugged his shoulders and went away repeating: "We are closing, we are closing!" He did not understand what great praise I was giving Murillo in borrowing from him that superb speech that he had formerly pronounced before the masterly work of Pedro Campana.

THE SUN OF VENICE GOING TO SEA
(*Turner*)

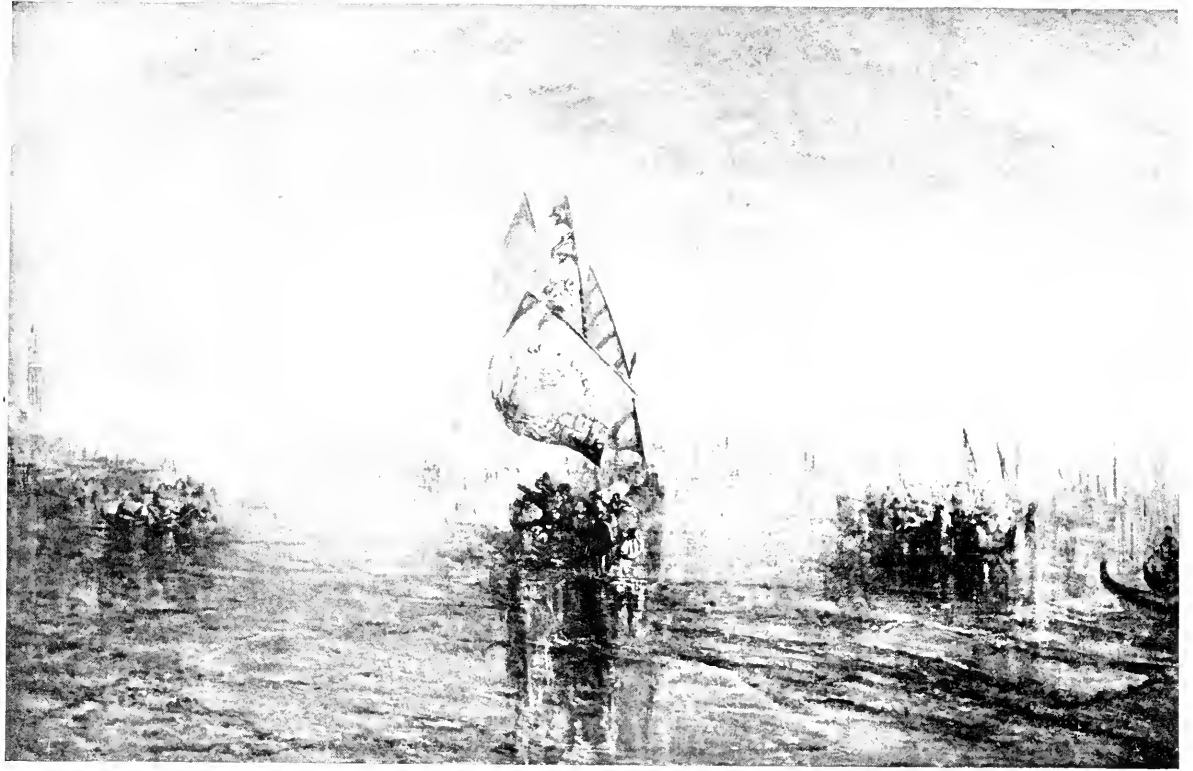
JOHN RUSKIN

THE master mind of Turner, without effort, showers its knowledge into every touch, and we have only to trace out even his slightest passages, part by part, to find in them the universal working of the deepest thought, that consistent cry of every minor truth which admits of and invites the same ceaseless study as the work of nature herself.

There is, however, yet another peculiarity in Turner's painting of smooth water, which, though less deserving of admiration, as being merely a mechanical excellence, is not less wonderful than its other qualities, nor less unique—a peculiar texture, namely, given to the most delicate tints of the surface, when there is little reflection from anything except sky or atmosphere, and which, just at the points where other painters are reduced to paper, gives to the surface of Turner the greatest appearance of substantial liquidity. It is impossible to say how it is produced; it looks like some modification of body colour; but it certainly is not body colour used as by other men, for I have seen this expedient tried over and over again without success; and it is often accompanied by crumbling touches of a dry brush, which never could have been put upon body colour,

and which could not have shown through underneath it. As a piece of mechanical excellence, it is one of the most remarkable things in the work of the master; and it brings the truth of his water-painting up to the last degree of perfection, often rendering those passages of it the most attractive and delightful, which from their delicacy and paleness of tint, would have been weak and papery in the hands of any other man. The best instance of it I can give is, I think, the distance of the Devonport with the Dockyards.

After all, however, there is more in Turner's painting of water surface than any philosophy of reflection, or any peculiarity of means can accomplish; there is a might and wonder about it which will not admit of our whys and hows. Take, for instance, the picture of the *Sun of Venice Going to Sea*, of 1843, respecting which, however, there are one or two circumstances which may as well be noted besides its water-painting. The reader, if he has not been at Venice, ought to be made aware that the Venetian fishing-boats, almost without exception, carry canvas painted with bright colours, the favourite design for the centre being either a cross or a large sun with many rays, the favourite colours being red, orange, and black, blue occurring occasionally. The radiance of these sails and of the bright and grotesque vanes at the mast-heads under sunlight is beyond all painting, but it is strange that, of constant occurrence as these boats are on all the lagoons, Turner alone should have availed himself of them. Nothing could be more faithful than the boat which was the principal object



THE SUN OF VENICE GOING TO SEA.

TURNER.

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in this picture, in the cut of the sail, the filling of it, the exact height of the boom above the deck, the quartering of it with colour, finally and especially, the hanging of the fish-baskets above the bows. All these, however, are comparatively minor merits (though not the blaze of colour which the artist elicited from the right use of these circumstances), but the peculiar power of the picture was the painting of the sea surface, where there were no reflections to assist it. A stream of splendid colour fell from the boat, but that occupied the centre only; in the distance, the city and crowded boats threw down some playing lines, but these still left on each side of the boat a large space of water reflecting nothing but the morning sky. This was divided by an eddying swell, on whose continuous sides the local colour of the water was seen, pure aquamarine, (a beautiful occurrence of closely-observed truth), but still there remained a large blank space of pale water to be treated, the sky above had no distinct details and was pure faint grey, with broken white vestages of cloud: it gave no help therefore. But there the water lay, no dead grey flat paint, but downright clear, playing, palpable surface, full of indefinite hue, and retiring as regularly and visibly back and far away, as if there had been objects all over it to tell the story by perspective. Now it is the doing of this which tries the painter, and it is his having done this which made me say above that "no man had ever painted the surface of calm water but Turner." The San Benedetto, looking towards Fusina, contained a similar passage equally fine; in one of the Canale della Guidecca, the specific green

colour of the water is seen in front, with the shadows of the boats thrown on it in purple; all, as it retires, passing into the pure reflective blue.

But Turner was not satisfied with this. He is never altogether content unless he can, at the same time that he takes advantage of all the placidity of repose tell us something either about the past commotion of the water, or of some present stirring of tide or current which its stillness does not show or give us something or other to think about and reason upon, as well as to look at.

THE COLUMBINE
(*Luini*)

MARCEL REYMOND

IN art criticism, it is customary to affirm as an incontestable principle that the Greeks realized an ideal of beauty to which modern nations have never been able to attain. Nevertheless, who is there among us that, desiring to give new life to one of the dreams of beauty that blossomed under the hands of the artists of the past, would choose a Venus or a Diana of Greek art, and would not a thousand times rather evoke one of those enchantresses immortalized by the genius of a Lionardo or a Luini. The reason is that, notwithstanding the superiority we may recognize in Greek art, and whatever may be the plastic beauty of the forms it has reproduced, there is yet in the faces created by modern art a more ardent awakening of thought and heart, a closer and warmer communication between their souls and our own. They seize upon us less by reason of the regularity of their features than by the smile upon their lips and the tenderness in their eyes.

Luini, the master whose glory equals that of the most illustrious artists of northern Italy,—Mantegna, Giovanni Bellini, Titian—possesses a complex mind, and follows a twofold artistic dream in his works. If he works in this way, it is because he lived in the early part of the Sixteenth

Century, during a period of transition, that still preserved the memory of former ages whilst prizing the new ideals. In no other artist, perhaps, do we find united with such intensity, these two apparently irreconcilable sentiments: the religious sentiment and the passion of love. On examining Luini in his great religious pages at Milan, Savonno and Lugano, or in admirable Madonna faces, we seem to have before our eyes some neophyte who has been piously reared in the shadow of the cloisters; and on looking at his Herodiases, his Susannas and his symbolical figures, it seems that his whole life must have been spent in the pursuit of love and beauty.

Luini's female creations are so exquisite that for a long time people supposed that Luini alone was capable of conceiving them and permanently recording their loveliness; but now this injustice has come to an end, and Luini's art appears before us with sharply determined characteristics that prevent us from confounding it with Lionardo's art.

First of all, from the point of view of technique, it must be remarked that Lionardo works like a master born about 1450; and Luini like one born after 1470. With Luini the workmanship is less precise than with Lionardo; while the stroke is less restrained, and the modelling freer. To convince ourselves of this, it is only necessary to examine the picture from St. Petersburg reproduced herewith. The artists of the Sixteenth Century were fond of this broad and supple execution, but Lionardo would have been likely to have taxed this suppleness with insufficiency, and would have prescribed a more nervous effort to draw closer to-

THE COLUMBINE.

LUINI.

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gether the forms of life. Moreover, Luini's art, as we behold it in the *Columbine* of the Hermitage, differs from that of Lionardo quite as much in depth as in form. In fact, the student should be good enough to consider that whatever Lionardo's naturalist researches may have been, he never conceived a work of art outside his religious bond; and if we accept the *Joconde*[1] which is a portrait merely, all the faces of women in which he has incarnated his dream of beauty are those of Madonnas. Now, in these faces, we find united with the noblest thoughts, the most subtle strivings after carnal loveliness; and it is impossible for us not to regard as hurtful, or at least as useless and inappropriate, such sensual elements in a motive that above all else demands the expression of innocence, modesty and maternal love. But Lionardo's pupils, especially Luini, in obedience to an imperious logic, were led, in order to follow their master's own ideas, to relinquish the Madonna motive and adopt subjects more in unison with the ideas that they desired to express; and, with Luini, thus arises the whole of this interesting group of works of art to which the picture that we are now studying belongs. It is a motive to which his most intimate preferences appear to have been attached, and in truth, more than any other, this motive worthily responds to that ideal of sovereignly seductive beauty that haunted him. This is the motive of *Herodias*, which he has repeated four times (Louvre, Vienna, Florence and Milan). With the *Herodias* we must connect a group representing symbolic figures, the most admirable of

[1] See *Great Pictures* (New York, 1899), 142.

which are the *Vanity* and *Modesty* of the Sciarra Gallery, and the picture here reproduced from the Hermitage. The slightest comparison between the picture of the Sciarra Gallery and that of the Hermitage will show that the same subject appears in both. The St. Petersburg picture, like the one in Rome, represents an allegory intended to proclaim the eternal beauty of woman. If we knew the language of flowers, as it was understood in the Sixteenth Century, perhaps we might be able to draw some more precise deduction from the flowers chosen by Luini, from that *ancholic* that he loved so much and that he has elsewhere placed in the hands of the Infant Jesus (*Brera Madonna*), from that jasmin that we find again in the *Vanity* of the Sciarra Palace, or from those miserable little flowers, sprouting in the ruins, that Lionardo had studied with such interest in his *Madonna of the Rocks.*

How comes it that upon a picture the meaning of which is so comprehensible the name *Columbine* has been written? A *Columbine* by Luini! But truly, does not that sound to our ears as strangely false as if someone were to speak to us of a *Punchinello* by Michelangelo or a *Pierrot* by Raphael? These personages borrowed from Italian comedy are good enough for Watteau and the little masters of the Eighteenth Century. It is true that our picture by Luini received its name *Columbine* in the Eighteenth Century, and to a certain extent we may understand the reason of this appellation. Every period realizes under a particular form the ideas that are dear to it, and if in order to express the great thoughts that preoccupied the minds of

the artists of the Fifteenth Century, it was necessary to create Madonnas, Heroadases and Judiths; in order to satisfy the amorous folly of the Eighteenth Century it was sufficient to evoke Harlequins, Punchinellos and Columbines. Columbine is the Venus of the Eighteenth Century, pretty, charming and coquettish. Therefore, why not give that name to this adorable figure into which Luini has put so much smiling charm and loveliness? And yet, what a mistake, what a monstrous anachronism it is to judge the ardent soul of the Sixteenth Century with the frivolous sensuality of the Eighteenth; it is utterly falsifying the meaning of these works in which the Italy of the Renaissance reveals herself to us in such a prodigious ideal of beauty.

It has often been asked how it came to pass that Lionardo left no disciples in Florence, when he created such a strong school in Milan. The first cause, in my opinion, should be sought for in the laws that presided over the formation and development of the Florentine school of painting. This school, created by fresco painters accustomed to works of vast dimensions, did not care to tarry over the finesses of execution, or the enumeration of minute details; it simplified its vision, attaching itself particularly to the broad lines, and only retaining of the forms what was essentially expressive in them. This character will be noticed at all periods of Florentine painting, in Giotto, Masaccio, Ghirlandaio and Andrea del Sarto. When the Florentine painters depart from this general conception, it is only by accident and almost always in consequence of

foreign action, and action that will be sometimes that of Flemish painters such as Van der Weyden, or Van der Goes, and sometimes that of Florentine sculptors who, at a given moment, about the middle of the Fifteenth Century, exercised so powerful an influence upon the painters who were their contemporaries. The action of Verrocchio in particular was such as to transform the style of the Florentine school of painting, and to give birth to the so entirely individual, and in certain respects so little Florentine, of Lionardo da Vinci.

But the fact that this new style was outside the traditions of the Florentine school of painting must have hindered its development, and in reality Lionardo had no disciple in Florence. With Fra Bartolomeo and Andrea del Sarto it is the old character of the school that reappears to follow out its natural evolution through the whole course of the Sixteenth Century.

In the North of Italy, on the contrary, the precision of line and observation of detail form a predominant character of those schools of which Mantegna is the most illustrious representative. These schools, therefore, found in Lionardo a teaching that responded to their ancient traditions, and we may thus understand how the seed planted by Lionardo in the soil of Milan struck such deep root and produced such beautiful flowers there.

But however this may be, and whatever may have been the causes of this admirable blossoming of Milanese art in the early years of the Sixteenth Century, we may say that

it represents in a highly learned form one of the researches that have the most occupied the Italian genius, I mean the seeking after beauty pursued in the harmonious accord between form and poetry.

THE ANGEL MUSICIANS

(*Hubert and Jan Van Eyck*)

J. A. CROWE AND G. B. CAVALCASELLE

THE Chapel of the Vydts at Saint Bavon was consecrated in 1432 and Van Mander describes the "swarms" which came to admire it. There were festive days, he adds, on which the people were allowed to enter. In ordinary times it was closed, and "few but the high born and such as could afford to pay the *custos* saw it."

That this wonderful performance, when finished and exhibited, should have been looked at with exceptional interest is not surprising. It was the finest picture of the age in Belgium, remarkable for its perfection of technical handling, and eminently calculated to captivate a public full of the fervour of religion. When open it represented the sacrifice of Christ, and the triumph of the Church militant. When closed it displayed in prominent positions the portraits of the donors. That such a picture should receive minute and special attention is evident.

In the centre of the altar-piece, and on a panel which overtops all the others, the noble and dignified figure of Christ sits enthroned in the prime of manhood with a short black beard, a broad forehead, and black eyes. On his head is the white tiara, ornamented with a profusion of diamonds, pearls, and amethysts. Two dark lappets fall

THE ANGEL MUSICIANS.

VAN EYCK.

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on either side of the grave and youthful face. The throne of black damask is embroidered with gold; the tiara relieved on a golden ground covered with inscriptions in semicircular lines. Christ holds in his left hand a sceptre of splendid workmanship, and with two fingers of his right hand he gives his blessing to the world. The gorgeous red mantle which completely enshrouds his form is fastened at the breast by a large jewelled brooch. The mantle itself is bordered with a double row of pearls and amethysts. The feet rest on a golden pedestal, carpeted with black, and on the dark ground, which is cut into perspective squares by lines of gold, lies a richly-jewelled open-worked crown, emblematic of martyrdom. This figure of the Redeemer is grandly imposing; the mantle, though laden with precious stones, in obedience to a somewhat literal interpretation of Scripture, falls from the shoulders and over the knees to the feet in ample and simple folds. The colour of the flesh is powerful, brown, glowing, and full of vigour, that of the vestments strong and rich. The hands are well drawn, perhaps a little contracted in the muscles, but still of startling realism. On the right of Christ, the Virgin sits in her traditional robe of blue; her long fair hair, bound to the forehead by a diadem, flowing in waves down her shoulders. With most graceful hands she holds a book, and pensively looks with a placid and untroubled eye into space. On the left of the Eternal, St. John the Baptist rests, long haired and bearded, austere in expression, splendid in form, and covered with a broad, flowing, green drapery. On the spectator's right of St. John the Baptist,

St. Cecilia, in a black brocade, plays on an oaken organ supported by three or four angels with viols and harps. On the left of the Virgin, a similar but less beautiful group of singing choristers stand in front of an oaken desk, the foremost of them dressed in rich and heavy red brocade. All the singing and playing angels have light wavy hair, bound over the head by cinctures of precious stones. Their dresses are profusely ornamented, somewhat heavy in texture and angular in fold. A prevailing red tone in the shadow of the flesh tints makes it doubtful whether they are executed by the same hand as the Christ, but the comparative want of power and harmony in the colour of these panels may be caused by restoring, and a few outlines which are slightly weakened may owe this blemish to a similar cause.

On the spectator's right of St. Cecilia once stood the naked figure of Eve, now removed to the Brussels Museum —a figure upon which the painter seems to have concentrated all his knowledge of perspective as applied to the human form and its anatomical development. It would be too much to say that Hubert rises to the conception of an ideal of beauty. The head is over large, the body protrudes, and the legs are spare, but the mechanism of the limbs and the shape of the extremities are rendered with truth and delicacy, and there is much power in the colouring of the flesh.

Counterpart to Eve, and once on the left side of the picture, Adam is equally remarkable for correctness of proportion and natural realism. Here again the master's

science in optical perspective is conspicuous, and the height of the figure above the eye is fitly considered.

Christ, by his position, presides over the sacrifice of the Lamb as represented in the lower panels of the shrine.[1] The scene of the sacrifice is laid in a landscape formed of green hills receding in varied and pleasing lines from the foreground to the extreme distance. A Flemish city, meant, no doubt, to represent Jerusalem, is visible chiefly in the background to the right; but churches and monasteries, built in the style of the early edifices of the Netherlands and Rhine countries, boldly raise their domes and towers above every part of the horizon, and are sharply defined on a sky of pale grey gradually merging into a deeper hue. The trees, which occupy the middle ground, are not of high growth, nor are they very different in colour from the undulating meadows in which they stand. They are interspersed here and there with cypresses, and on the left is a small date-palm. The centre of the picture is all meadow and green slope, from a foreground strewed with daisies and dandelions to the distant blue hills.

In the very centre of the picture a square altar is hung with red damask and covered with a white cloth. Here stands a lamb, from whose breast a stream of blood issues into a crystal glass. Angels kneel round the altar with parti-coloured wings and variegated dresses, many of them praying with joined hands, others holding aloft the emblems of the passion, two in front waving censers. From a slight depression of the ground to the right a little behind

[1] See *Great Pictures*, (New York, 1199), 154.

the altar a numerous band of female saints is issuing, all in rich and varied costumes, fair hair floating over their shoulders, and palms in their hands; foremost may be noticed St. Barbara with the tower and St. Agnes. From a similar opening on the left, popes, cardinals, bishops, monks, and minor clergy advance, some holding croziers and crosses, others palms.

Looking at this beautiful altar-piece in its totality, we have to consider that it was the work of two artists and their assistants, of Hubert, who, no doubt, composed, arranged, and partly executed it, of John and his journeymen who finished it. The portraits of the two brothers are found on one of the panels; are they done by the elder or by the younger brother? What part is Hubert most likely to have finished first? Surely the upper, which comprises the Saviour, the Virgin, St. John, and our first parents; yet when looking at the band of hermits in the lower course, the display of power seems as great as in the best portions of the upper, and greater than is to be found in any of the pictures produced by John Van Eyck alone. Hubert *incepit*, John *perfecit*; that is the sum total of our knowledge. By nicely comparing the merits of the several pieces, we come to the conclusion that John carried out the panel of the Lamb with some of the groups at its sides, and most of the outer faces; but it would be too much to say that Hubert was not instrumental in laying out and beginning some even of these.

The unity of religious thought which comes to its display in this masterpiece is marred by curious disproportions.

The idea of divine power conveyed by contrasting the larger size of Christ, Mary, and John with the smaller statue of the angels or Adam and Eve, is more of earth than of heaven, and hardly conducive to a fine general effect. Our feeling for uniformity is affected by figures reduced in the lower course to one-third of the height of those in the upper. There is something essentially of this world in the realism which depicts the Saviour in a room with a chequered floor, and the angels of paradise as choristers in an organ loft. It is a mistake into which the Van Eycks have fallen to suppose that the notion of spiritual might is inseparable from rigidity of attitude and gaze, or that the radiance of God can be fitly and exclusively embodied in gorgeous raiment and costly jewels; but, taking realism as the necessary portion of the Fleming, it is a pleasure to admire the regular forms, the grave and solemn face of Christ, the mild serenity of Mary, and the rugged force of the Baptist.

There is great if not perfect harmony of lines and of parts in the composition of the adoration of the Lamb, and no picture in the Flemish school of the Fifteenth Century more completely and fully combines the laws of appropriate distribution. The human framework is mostly well proportioned, appropriate in movement and immediate in action. Without selection, if tried by the purest standards, the nude as displayed in Adam and Eve would satisfy the canons of a not too critical taste. It is studied as to shape and place, natural, and carefully wrought in features, articulations, and extremities. Outlines of such clearness and

firmness were only possible to men fully cognizant of anatomy; they are never too strongly emphasized, except where the artists try their utmost to be true to the model. Expression, chastened and serene in some of the more ideal figures, is seldom free from vulgarity in those of a lower clay; and if plainness of face does not repel us in a St. Christopher, it is strikingly out of place in the Virgin or in angels. Drapery is often unequal,—at times ample and telling of the under shapes, as in the Eternal and the hermits; at times broken, as in the brocades of the choristers; or angular, piled, and superabundant, as in the Annunciation.

As landscapists, the Van Eycks are not only faultless, they are above all praise. The landscapes give that unity to the composition which it ought to have derived solely from the proper arrangement of the groups. Grand and harmonious lines unite the various parts together, and the beauty of the distances contrasts with the figures to the disadvantage of the latter. The feeling for depth which pervades the altar-piece is one of its chief attractions. To a certain extent the Van Eycks possessed the rules of linear perspective, but the want of its abstract scientific principles is but too evident in the Agnus Dei. They corrected this want of science by the most judicious and admirable use of aërial perspective. They deceived the eye by subtly melting tints, so as to interpose air between the spectator and the receding distances; they thus rivalled nature in her most beautiful gifts, and achieved what we prize in the very best of the later Dutch. They shed

light round their figures so as to relieve them upon each other or upon the landscape; they projected their shadows with consummate art, showing themselves possessed of a quality unknown to the followers of their school, rare in the Fifteenth Century, and attained in the Sixteenth only by artists of the highest powers. The panel of St. Christopher may be taken as an example of their skill in melting tones to the extreme horizon. That of the hermits—a well ordered composition—represents figures under leafy overhanging trees, yet preserving their due position in the landscape. The interior of the *Annunciation*—too small for the figures—is kept in focus by the subtle arrangement of tints and the dexterous play of sun through a window, whilst the sense of subdued light in a room is rendered in the whitish tones of the flesh.

The true excellence of the Van Eycks is their excellence as colourists. Their picture is in respect of tone perfectly beautiful. Some panels are doubtless finer than others, but the variation in colour is less marked than the variations in drawing. The general intonation is powerful, of a brown reddish tinge, full of light yet in a low key,—technically considered, of a full body copiously used, with a rich vehicle and great blending.

The labour of the brush is not visible, but the skin and complexions have the polish of bronze. The brightest lights and the shadows of flesh are high in surface. The whole is treated with great breadth of chiaroscuro, yet at times with minute detail. In some parts indeed the detail is carried out to the detriment of the mass. The

draperies are more thickly laid in than the flesh, and the shadows of the folds project from the panel; the touch is everywhere decisive and the accessories are modelled in relief. Important as a test of the perfection, to which the new system of painting had been brought in the Netherlands is the fact that no portion of the altar-piece gives evidence of experimental or tentative handling. The parts are all treated in the same way; the pigments are mixed with oil vehicle and used with a freedom which bespeaks consummate practice. It is a strange vagary of history that of two painters who lived for a quarter if not for half a century, the works should remain wholly unknown to us till a period when their style had reached its final expansion. Here are two artists who mastered the most interesting problem of any age, who invented a medium subverting the old ones in use throughout the world, and yet of whose invention we only know the aim and the results. Of the pictures in which they first emancipated themselves from the traditions of the guilds not a trace; all the preliminary steps by which they perfected their discovery are obliterated. To which of the two masters shall we ascribe the trials first made to replace the old method by a new one; in what respect did the latter differ from the former? To answer these questions with authority is unfortunately beyond the power of any writer not furnished with better materials than those at present in existence; but we shall observe in the first place that John Van Eyck who lived much later and holds a more brilliant position in our eyes than Hubert, was also favoured by fortune in this, that though the grave had

scarcely closed upon him before he was forgotten by his countrymen, he was remembered by men in distant lands who were not content to know that he had existed, but who committed the fact to paper and so handed it down to posterity.

LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

AFTER having transported us into the seraphic and infernal realms, Raphael conducts us into the domains of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus, which he has made his own special property. In fact, it is there that he has particularly planted his standard; there he is the master of masters; and there we can follow him from one end of his life to another. From the *Virgin Connestabile* (1503) to the *Sistine Madonna* (1519) what a magnificent development there is of the same thought! This thought, ever diverse and ever new, is expressed again and again by him without ever being repeated. Unfortunately none of his Umbrian Madonnas (such as the Virgin of the Solly Collection, the *Countess Alfani's Virgin*, or the *Virgin Connestabile*), so naïvely moved with the chaste emotions of youth, is to be found in the *Salon Carré*, and vain also would be the search for one of those Florentine virgins so tenderly blooming under the spring-tide influences of the first sojourning in Tuscany, such as the *Grand Duke's Virgin*, *Lord Cowper's Virgin*, or the *Ansidei Madonna*. The *Belle Jardinière* takes us to the close of the year 1507, or into the early months of the year 1508, when Raphael, having

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acquired what he wanted to learn from Florence, aspires towards Rome, where his genius is to soar to its highest pitch. The *Belle Jardinière* is the song *par excellence* of this pastoral symphony, the harmonious preludes of which are the *Virgin in the Meadow* and the *Virgin with the Finch*. It follows in their train and forms almost the conclusion of one of the important chapters in the master's life.

The Virgin is seated, three quarters full to the left, between the Infant Jesus and the little St. John: she has ceased looking at her book that still lies open and apparently forgotten on her knees. Entirely absorbed in contemplation of her Son, she is leaning towards him and supporting him with both hands. She is as fresh in heart as in countenance. Her head is borne gently forward in the direction followed by the motion of her body. Her brow is serene and fair; her eyes are full of love and suffused with sadness; her mouth that wants to smile, notwithstanding its sweetness, assumes an expression that is almost austere. A veil of gauze is wound in among her blonde tresses that are parted in the middle. Her red robe, embroidered with black and laced in front, reveals her neck and a little of her shoulders; it would also leave her arms bare, but for yellow undersleeves that hide them. A blue mantle thrown over her right shoulder falls over and envelops her legs while leaving visible her feet, which are bare. This Virgin is already far removed from the Madonnas, immobile in their mysticism, that had cradled Raphael's childhood. We feel Nature palpitating within her. In her physiognomy even, there is something personal and individual that betrays the

living model and makes us suspect a portrait; but if, before this image, our gaze is filled with the charm of life, our spirit is none the less penetrated with emotions of grace. The Infant Jesus, entirely naked, is standing in front of the Virgin. Standing with both feet upon his mother's right foot, he raises his head towards her and his eyes are beaming with love. The head of the Infant Jesus turned to the left is almost in profile. Whilst he supports himself against his mother's knee with his right hand, he stretches out his left hand towards the book in the Virgin's lap. It is impossible to imagine a sweeter union or more intimate communion between the Virgin and the *Bambino*. Gazing at his mother, Jesus seems to be desirous of telling her of the homage he is receiving from his forerunner. The little St. John, in fact, clad in the fleece of a lamb, that falls from his right shoulder and encircles his waist, is bending the knee before his master and fervently contemplating him. Viewed in profile from the left, and with his body bending forwards, he is leaning upon a cross of reed which he holds in his right hand. His hair upon his brow is waving like flames; his lips are praying and his eye is brilliant with ardour. Nothing can be more moving than the adoration of this little St. John at the sight of the truly divine beauty of the Infant Jesus. These three figures, united in the same thought, the same sentiment and the same love, have each their own separate beauty, and are also lovely by a mutual beauty that each sheds over the others.

What the picture alone can give is the landscape back-

ground dominated by the divine group, it is the fresh and limpid atmosphere in which dwell the Virgin and the two children; it is those beautiful, luminous and profound horizons that give birth to hope and promise happiness. What a number of things Raphael knows how to get from Nature! How he knows how to make her speak to the soul, and how lovely she appears to him in the shadows of the infinite beauty of the Virgin and the Word! "Before the New Testament," says Bossuet, "the world was only a temple for idols." Thus the Church has attributed to the Virgin all the splendours of the regenerated world, and popular faith continues through the centuries to fête in Mary the dawn of beautiful weather. She is the Lady and the Queen of Nature revived by the divine maternity in her original dignity. Raphael shows here the Mother of the Word modestly seated in the middle of a meadow, in which an abundance of plants and flowers are growing. Thence arises the name of the *Beautiful Gardener* by which this picture is generally known. Behind the Virgin, the planes slope harmoniously, succeeding one another without brusque transitions, and gradually leading on the eye without fatigue and with gentle modulations to the distant horizon bathed in light. To the left, a few trees rise lightly into the air. Farther away we perceive groves, buildings and a lake that leads on its opposite shore to a city situated on the banks of limpid waters. Then come blue mountains covered with eternal snow, the summits of which are lost in the sky. How small everything is in comparison with these great works of God! In them we

see simplicity with the grandeur, the abundance, the profusion and the inexhaustible riches that have cost only one word, and that one word sustains. So many beautiful objects only show themselves and attract our eyes in order to direct our gaze to their incomparably more beautiful author. For if men, enchanted with the beauty of the sun and the whole world, have been so transported as to make gods of them, how is it that they have not thought how far more beautiful must be He who has created them and who is the father of all beauty?

In the work of Raphael, this picture is the achieved image of the spring-time of life, the last word of combined Umbrian and Florentine aspirations. Under its grace and charm lies something austere. The idea of death, and death upon the cross, however veiled it may be, leaves a somewhat profound impress on the enchantment of this religious idyll.

Does not this picture, that translates the truest sentiments in the clearest form, seem to be the product of an almost involuntary impulse and a spontaneous outburst? Does not such splendour spring forth of itself as water gushes from a spring? One might believe so, and yet genius alone does not suffice to give birth to masterpieces; patient study of Nature and prolonged effort of thought are also requisite. Nothing can escape the law of labour;—not even Raphael. This is proved by the preliminary sketches for this picture of the *Belle Jardinière*. Let us look at one owned by the Louvre Museum. Here we find Raphael in the presence of the living model at the moment in which

his idea, after already ripe reflection, assumes its almost final form especially with regard to the Virgin. The maiden, or the young matron, who serves the painter as a model is clothed in a tunic that allows nothing to be lost of the action of the entire figure. The adjustment of the bodice is almost the same as in the picture. Freed of its mantle, the figure appears in all its natural elegance. The shoulders are more sloping; the breast is not so full; the suppleness of the figure is better felt, as well as the beautiful lines of the hips, and the action of the arms that is so full of abandon. The legs are bare to above the knees. Although they were to be draped in the picture, Raphael wanted to take precise note of their forms, and with one stroke of his pen he has drawn one of those inimitable lines that of themselves alone are sufficient to reveal a master. The relations that the three figures bear to one another in the picture are not found in the sketch. The Virgin has her head turned towards St. John and is looking at him instead of at Jesus; whilst the latter instead of gazing at his mother bends towards St. John who is kneeling in front of him. This design therefore almost reproduces the idea already expressed in the Madonna painted for Taddeo Taddei (the *Madonna in the Meadow*) and in the Madonna painted for Lorenzo Nasi (the *Madonna with the Finch*). The eye of the spectator, following in the sketch the gaze of the Virgin and of the *Bambino*, is directed to St. John; whilst, in the picture, it is upon the Infant Jesus that all eyes are concentrated, as upon the hearth whence the light emanates. Without doubt, other sketches had preceded

this one, as others followed it. They show what a masterly gradation the painter's idea passed through, and how the picturesque expression increased by being simplified; that is to say, by advancing more and more towards perfection.

The *Belle Jardinière* belongs to Raphael's last stay in Florence. This is incontestable, since Raphael has signed and dated his picture on the border of the Virgin's robe.

According to Vasari's commentators, the *Belle Jardinière* was ordered from Raphael by Messer Filippo Sergardi, a Siennese noble, from whom Francis I. purchased it. What is certain is that Father Dan mentions it in the *Trésors des Merveilles de Fontainebleau* in 1652, and that Bailly mentions it in the *Inventaire des tableaux du Roy* in 1709. From the *Cabinet des Médailles*, at Versailles, it passed to the Louvre, and justice has been done to it by giving it a place of honour in the *Salon Carré*.

INNOCENT X.
(*Velasquez*)

HENRY JOUIN

FLORENCE has the Uffizi, and the Louvre has the *Salon Carré*, but the *Doria Palace* attracts its visitors by the portrait of Innocent X. A picture presumably by Raphael, some authentic works by Fra Bastiano del Piombo, Quentin Matsys and Hans Memling call for attention not far from the image of Gio-Battista Panfili, elected successor to Urbain VIII. Sept. 15, 1644; but none eclipses the work of Velasquez.

This canvas is celebrated beyond all others. It is not comparable, however, to Raphael's portrait of Leo X. or to Titian's of Paul III. Velasquez, *pintor de camara*, the special painter of Philip IV., a man without a rival, perhaps, in the stern and easy translation of nature, never knew that mental anguish, that glorious supplication of the artist who pursues the ideal. Such was not really the aim that Velasquez imposed upon himself. He loved nature, he fed upon her, penetrating her most hidden secrets, and surrounding everything with elevated thought; distinction and nobility were to him native virtues. But if he tried to produce the illusion of reality,—that was his only ambition. He showed the character of his model; he wished to

reproduce it with the rarest science; but as for the interpretation of a visible form to that which constitutes the creative faculty of the painter, Velasquez pays no heed.

However, if we take him in his own domain without asking him to pass its boundaries, the painter of Philip IV. is a master that no one has surpassed. The accent, the brilliancy, the movement, the life, and the light, all that is imposing or that radiates by effect, magnificence, and a picturesque style finds in Velasquez a man always clever in mingling the tones with quantity and suitable euphony.

Let us proceed. Such an artist deserves to be studied. Who was his master? The biographers name the savage Herrera the Elder, then the amiable Pacheco.

But we are not mistaken in saying that the young painter followed Poussin's methods. Do you remember the anecdote? Vigneul-Marville relates it. "I saw him often," he wrote of Poussin, "among the ruins of ancient Rome, in the country, or upon the banks of the Tiber, sketching a landscape that pleased him, and I have met him with his handkerchief filled with stones, moss or flowers which he carried home to paint after nature." Vigneul-Marville adds that one day he was bold enough to ask Poussin by what means he had reached perfection. And Poussin replied: "I have neglected nothing."

No one has told us that Velasquez has given the same testimony, but Céan Bermudez has shown him to us, applying himself to the painting of birds, fish, fruit and

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flowers. Are we then so far removed from the stones and moss that Poussin endeavoured to render with his brush? Nature so untiringly interrogated and scrutinized in the smallest details, was, in reality, the instructor of Velasquez. He remained her attentive, patient and persistent pupil. A renown, undisputed for two centuries, has rewarded him for this cult of nature.

We may assume that the certainty of touch that distinguishes him came from Herrera. As for Pacheco, whose daughter Juana he married when he was but twenty-two, he was not without his value. About 1620, Pacheco's studio seems to have been something like those of Horace Vernet and Pradier in our time. The painters, poets and story-writers of Seville congregated there. Cervantes was a constant visitor. Why should Velasquez not have acquired or developed there the moral qualities, the distinction of manner, and the polished mind that made him liked by Philip IV. and the eminent men of his time?

Having come from Seville to Madrid at the age of twenty-three, Velasquez scarcely had time to paint a single portrait before the king asked him to represent him on horseback in the country. The painter acquitted himself of the king's command with so much cleverness that he made a lasting conquest of that prince's good favour. His high fortune never puffed him up. The masterpieces that he produced without any apparent effort are numerous, but it does not seem that the painter was conceited about them. He continued kind and appreciative of the merits of others. Have we not in the Louvre, by Velasquez, the portraits of this-

teen personages grouped upon the same canvas, and who are supposed to be artists of merit, friends and contemporaries of the painter? He himself is represented among his peers, and Murillo, his pupil, is beside him.

Rubens came to Madrid. He brought some presents to Philip IV. from the Duke of Mantua. Curious coincidence —the master of ceremonies in the royal chamber was no other than Velasquez. That is how the two masters came into contact. They became friends at the first meeting. Rubens asked the king's painter about the Italian masters. Velasquez had never travelled except from Seville to Madrid. Rubens begged his friend to see Titian, Correggio and Raphael. And are not these two the descendants of those divine men? Velasquez followed Rubens's advice: he left for Venice, Parma and Ferrara. In Rome Urban VIII. offered him the hospitality of the Vatican. His trip was a triumph, but the vogue that he enjoyed and the honours that he received did not distract him from his art. This master copied masters. He made himself a disciple. The days that he devoted to the works of Raphael and Tintoret were too short. From time to time, however, Velasquez turned from those works that absorbed him and entirely created the pictures *Joseph's Coat* and the *Forge of Vulcan*. Notwithstanding the surrounding influences, these works are Velasquez. Italy fascinated him without subtracting from his personal qualities.

He returned. The restless Philip IV. was contented. His painter was still his painter. He heaped titles, attentions and friendship upon him. During this time Velasquez was

accumulating fine works in the king's palaces; he was the portrait-painter of the court and of the grandees of Spain. From fifteen to eighteen years of the master's life thus elapsed. Uninterrupted labour assured him repeated successes. Suddenly news was noised abroad that Paris was about to endow a royal academy of painting. Philip IV. got excited. He was not willing to be outdistanced by Anne of Austria and Mazarin in the domain of art. Spain should have her Academy. Pictures by great masters, antiques and rare treasures capable of forming the taste of students and of the public must ornament the rooms of the projected institute. But who shall be the man of taste and knowledge to select these treasures in the country of all wealth,—Italy? Velasquez is the one ambassador capable of managing successfully the difficult negotiation meditated by the King of Spain. The court painter sailed from Malaga in November, 1648. They dropped anchor at Genoa. Velasquez again saw Venice, Milan, Parma, and Modena. Travelling about, he acquired treasures and tried to persuade the famous painters that he met to accompany him to Spain. In 1630, he had asked thirteen of the greatest artists of the period—among whom was our Poussin—to execute a work for his master, the king. Let us emphasize this trait. It shows a man who suspects no envy and who delights in bringing the works of his rivals to light in his own country. At Modena, he was received with magnificence. It was then that Velasquez made up his mind to avoid ovations by travelling incognito; and the painter of Philip IV. escaped in a stage to Naples.

Informed of Velasquez's presence upon Italian soil, Innocent X. called him to Rome. In vain was the artist dismayed by triumphs. The urgent demands of the Pope would not permit the artist to keep him waiting. He arrived. The entertainments began. The pontiff, and following his example, the cardinals disputed the honour of having him. However, the brilliancy of these tiresome receptions, the marbles and the canvases that Velasquez, as a clever negotiator, acquired for his prince, the painters, the sculptors and the workers in bronze, who, fascinated by his speech, followed him to Spain,—in a word, the complete success of his delicate mission remain eclipsed in renown by the portrait that he painted at the Vatican.

It is not a portrait, it is a symphony. The picture accompanying these lines renders it unnecessary to describe the pose of Innocent X. But that which this picture does not show, that which one always remembers, if he has seen the work of Velasquez in the second gallery of the Doria Palace and of which we must speak, is the colour of this strange and marvellous portrait. The Pope, himself very ruddy, wears upon his head the red clementine; the camail is red; red also the armchair and the draperies of the background. Is the canvas then a monochrome? You would never think so. The painter of Philip IV. seized the nuances and knew how to combine tones with a boldness of touch in defiance of rules. The drapery forming the background is damask of an old-fashioned garnet; upon this background stand out the cap and the ruby-coloured camail, but still more brilliant is the face of Innocent X. the almost glowing ruddi-

ness of which dominates the whole picture. Life, a life intense, vibrates beneath this mask, where artfulness and some hardness are not absent. The fine and compressed lips attest the blood of the personage; the large forehead is that of a man of thought. The aristocratic hands are life itself; the tapering fingers, lightly fidgeting upon the white material of the rochet, make one think of the claws of a bird. But the flexible cheeks, of rich red and white, showing strength and exuberance and the brilliant, dominating and incisive eye are treated with an authoritative art and create illusion. Such is, in reality, the result of the painter's stratagem. Velasquez carried to its farthest point the perception of the real, and this rare faculty has made him the prince of naturalists. The eye is still further deceived on account of the setting the owners of the portrait of Innocent X. have used of late years. The canvas is exhibited upon a daïs, at the extremity of a long gallery, and just as far as you can see it, the pontiff fixes his hawk's eye upon you and follows your every movement. This is not an effigy that engages your attention, it is a man who is sitting down yonder and is watching you.

Palomino relates that Philip IV., entering Velasquez's studio one day when the painter was about to finish the portrait of the great admiral, Adrian Pulido Pareja: "You here," said the king walking straight up to the picture, "what are you doing here? Did I not give you command of the fleet? Why are you not at your post?" Then turning towards the painter: "My son," said the king, "you have deceived me." If Philip IV. had found himself

at Rome in 1648, when the portrait of Innocent X. had the honour of a procession and coronation by acclamation of the enthusiastic people, he would have prostrated himself to place his lips upon the Pope's toe.

BANQUET OF ARQUEBUSIERS

(*Frans Hals*)

HENRY HAVARD

I DO not know if it would be possible to experience in a matter of art, an impression at once more singular and disquieting than that felt by a stranger visiting Haarlem for the first time. He has hardly left the railway before he seems to have entered into a sleeping town. The *Kruis-straat* opens before him, a long and absolutely deserted perspective. To right and left, the empty streets offer to the caressing sunlight their brick pavements, so neat and bright that it seems as if they cannot have been trodden upon for many years. The slimy waves of the canals that he crosses by means of neat little bridges appear to sleep in the shadow of the great beeches. In proportion as he approaches the centre of the village, this strange feeling of isolation and this impression of solitude become more intense. After having fathomed with his glance the depths of the Market Place and he raps with the knocker of the *Stadhuis*, it seems to him that he is in the land of the Sleeping Beauty. But the door turns silently upon its hinges. A mute personage admits and precedes him. Following him, our visitor ascends several steps, and immediately finds himself opposite the pictures of Frans Hals,—

that is to say before an exuberance of noisy and dissolute life.

Never was there produced a more striking and impressive contrast. With a perplexed mind, one asks if these pictures of wild life could have been produced in this very proper and curiously drowsy city, and if the painter has not traduced nature outrageously. No, Frans Hals has traduced nothing. He did nothing but translate joyously what his eyes rested upon; for, during the first years of the Seventeenth Century, Haarlem bore very little resemblance to the pleasant and soporific town through which we have just walked.

Then it was a brilliant agglomeration, surrounded with solid ramparts and animated with warlike and querulous sentiments, and, consequently, was just as noisy as it is now quiet, and as wide-awake as it is now somnolent. Around Saint-Bavon, so solitary to-day, bursts of loud laughter made the windows of the taverns and gaming-houses ring. The Pelican, the Golden Grape, the Bastard Pipe, the Rhine, the Draw-Net, and the Golden Fleece, succeeded one another with an assortment of dandies of every kind and appearance, and overflowed with thirsty customers who came in to moisten their mirth under the shadow of the gigantic signs. Everywhere there reigned an assiduous and fecund activity. It was really from 1570 to 1630 that most of the public edifices that adorn the town—churches, gateways, the town-hall, and market were built, as well as the greater number of the pleasing houses whose smart façades, combining their warm tones of brick with those

BANQUET OF THE ARQUEBUSIERS.

FRANS HALS

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of stone, stand out with their toothed gables from the sky.

Haarlem, at this far-away period, was above all a home of art and great intellectual work. The heroic siege that she had so valiantly supported in 1572, had made her name known throughout the whole of Europe. Her Chambers of Rhetoric were celebrated throughout the Low Countries. In the domain of painting, she remembered with pride the friendship that had united Thierry Bouts and Jan van Eyck, and took care not to forget the rank that the Haarlem painters, Aalbert van Oudewater and Geraard van Sint-Ians, held among the forerunners of Dutch art. Finally, she claimed for another of her children, Laurent Coster, the invention of printing. This was more than was even necessary to assure the renown of an active and valiant city. Then when, after the religious wars, the Flemings began to emigrate towards the north, those who prided themselves upon art and literature, took by choice the route to Haarlem. It was there that Van de Veldes, Goltzius, Karel van Mander, who was to become, in consequence, the master of Frans Hals, and Frans Hals himself settled.

The latter was not really born in Haarlem. His father, Pieter Hals, belonged, it is true, to an old family of the country; and had indeed been alderman of the town, which he left for some reason that nobody knows. He settled in Flanders, and Frans was born in Antwerp in 1584. Our painter, however, soon returned to Haarlem, apparently about the age of sixteen or seventeen years, for

Van Mander with whom he studied for three or four years left the Low Country about 1603 and died about 1606.

What influence did the brilliant personality of Van Mander exercise upon the talent of our artist? No one would ever think of settling this. A scholar fascinated by everything Italian, an amateur of classic antiquity raised by the Renaissance into the cult of Form, in the usage of emblems, and an admirer of obscure allegories and *jeux d'esprit*, Van Mander was not merely contented with being a "distinguished" painter. Poet and *littérateur*, he had translated Homer, Ovid and Virgil, and had written some æsthetic treatises and biographies of the painters of his day. Beyond the instruction in the technique of an art which he possessed to its depths, what effect would this disciple of the Rhetoricians have upon an artist of such an astounding personality as Frans Hals, upon so bold a painter, disdainful of old formulæ and engrossed beyond all else in perceiving and fixing the vibrant realities of life in their most evanescent manifestations?

Very well! Frans Hals owes perhaps to this old master one of his most precious qualities,—that attractive and gallant humour that each knew how to preserve under the hardest trials, and which, with our painter not only triumphed over the material difficulties of a life often precarious, but also above that Calvinistic prudery, that studied gravity, and that outward formality for which the Dutch have invented the name *Deftigheid*, which has no equivalent in any other language.

It is to this gay, indefatigable humour that he owes his

perfect eclecticism and that determined resolution to seize everywhere life as it offered itself to his eyes without prejudice, and without distinction or cultivation, and without exclusive preferences. Rich lords and prisoners for debts, ladies of high degree and repulsive shrews, Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, grave historians and adventurers, civic guardsmen and frequenters of taverns, patrons of hospitals and unfortunates of all habits,—his brush was always eager to give the same attention to each. He was as ready to caress the disgusting Hille-Bobe as the lovely young lady of Beresteyn. He showered immortality upon criminal buffoons, and rotten-toothed swaggerers, with the same care and the same joy that he fixed for posterity the features of Voetius or Descartes.

But it seems as if I am wandering, it is not a study of Frans Hals that is wanted of me, not an analysis of his vigorous talent, but a simple description of his picture. It is true that this work is one of the most interesting that the Seventeenth Century has produced and that it occupies a particularly important place in the life of the master. It is the largest, and perhaps the most beautiful of his "civic" pictures.

This great canvas, which measures 2 metres by 3^{m}, 30, contains no less than fourteen figures, all of magnificent carriage, of marvellous life and character, of a striking resemblance, where are to be found portrayed with a rare precision, not only the features of each personage, but his character, his temperament, his condition and his age. It is indeed this astonishing resemblance which imprints upon

this picture its true distinction; for it was not in the mind of the painter, nor in his intention, to make a page of history. He wished simply to paint a collection of portraits.

All these handsome lords are citizen soldiers. Instead of being represented at the table, as was the custom of the time, they asked the painter to reproduce their likenesses in the garden of their place of reunion—their *Doelen*. Each one posed alone, and wished not only to be painted to the life, but in the position and place assigned to him in the company according to fortune and rank; and the painter has naïvely and faithfully conformed to that singular request. Therefore, notice how each of these pacific heroes is here on his own account. Even those who are conversing address themselves to the spectator, exactly like actors at the theatre. Several of them are speaking, but not one of them listens, being absorbed in his own *rôle* and paying no attention to that of his neighbour. The result of this singular arrangement is that the composition lacks unity. Cut the canvas in two, just beyond the handsome lieutenant, Johan Schatter, who, standing up, with his hand upon his heart, seems to be addressing some burning declaration to an unknown lady visitor, and you will have two distinct pictures, each possessing its elements of easy grouping and each presenting its individual interest.

What contribute, moreover, to giving this work its significance, are the numbers placed over each of the figures and which refer us to a kind of key arranged so that no one will ignore it, to inform the curious of the names, titles and

qualities of these handsome personages. This vast canvas upon which triumphant vanity is so pompously exhibited might have been frightfully ridiculous. Imagine a reunion of national guards under the reign of Louis Philippe interpreted by a contemporary painter! But MM. the *Kloveniers* presented themselves before an artist of genius, and their portraits make an imperishable *chef d'œuvre*.

This great scene, disconnected as a composition, is really incomparable in its unity and harmony of colour. Without being any freer than he is in many other of his works, —and no one could say that the Graces have been invoked for it,—the bold and ingenious touch of the painter shows itself here lighter and more careful than usual. The modelling is more supple, softer, and less brutal. The personages, magnificently posed and sumptuously clothed in their multicoloured doublets, their scarfs of orange, white, or blue, their large ruffs, their cuffs, their hats, their pikes, and their swords, stand out from a background of red roofs and sombre verdure, where grey, olive-green and light yellow bring out the values of the more vigorous tones of the background. But if all these happy combinations which reveal a colourist of the first rank did not exist, the work would still be admirable for the glowing life that animates all these heads, and for the incomparable way in which the hands are treated. And it is thus that a painter of genius accomplishes a superb work on a most ungrateful theme and one best calculated to discourage his fancy.

THE SLAVE SHIP
(*Turner*)

JOHN RUSKIN

IT is not, however, from the shore that Turner usually studies his sea. Seen from the land, the curl of the breakers, even in nature, is somewhat uniform and monotonous; the size of the waves out at sea is uncomprehended, and those nearer the eye seem to succeed and resemble each other, to move slowly to the beach, and to break in the same lines and forms.

Afloat even twenty yards from the shore, we receive a totally different impression. Every wave around us appears vast,—every one different from all the rest—and the breakers present, now that we see them with their backs towards us, the grand, extended, and varied lines of curvature, which are perfectly expressive both of velocity and power. Recklessness, before unfelt, is manifested in the mad, perpetual, changeful, undirected motion, not of wave after wave as it appears from the shore, but of the very same water rising and falling. Of waves that successively approach and break, each appears to the mind a separate individual, whose part being performed, it perishes, and is succeeded by another; and there is nothing in this to impress us with the idea of restlessness, any more than in any

THE SLAVE SHIP.

TURNER.

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successive and continuous functions of life and death. But it is when we perceive that it is no succession of wave, but the same water rising, and crashing, and recoiling, and rolling in again in new forms and with fresh fury, that we perceive the perturbed spirit and feel the intensity of its unwearied rage. The sensation of power is also trebled; for not only is the vastness of apparent size much increased, but the whole action is different; it is not a passive wave rolling sleepily forward until it tumbles heavily, prostrated upon the beach, but a sweeping exertion of tremendous and living strength, which does not now appear to *fall*, but to *burst* upon the shore; which never perishes, but recoils and recovers.

Aiming at these grand characters of the Sea, Turner almost always places the spectator, not on the shore, but twenty or thirty yards from it, beyond the first range of the breakers, as in the Land's End, Fowey, Dunbar and Laugharne. The latter has been well engraved, and may be taken as a standard of the expression of fitfulness and power. The grand division of the whole space of the sea by a few dark continuous furrows of tremendous swell, (the breaking of one of which alone has strewed the rocks in front with ruin), furnishes us with an estimate of space and strength, which at once reduces the men upon the shore to insects; and yet through this terrific simplicity there is indicated a fitfulness and fury in the tossing of the individual lines, which give to the whole sea a wild, unwearied, reckless incoherency, like that of an enraged multitude, whose masses act together in frenzy, while not one

individual feels as another. Especial attention is to be directed to the flatness of all the lines, for the same principle holds in sea which we have seen in mountains. All the size and sublimity of nature are given not by the height, but by the breadth of her masses: and Turner, by following her in her sweeping lines, while he does not lose the elevation of its surges, adds in a tenfold degree to their power: farther, observe the peculiar expression of *weight* which there is in Turner's waves, precisely of the same kind which we saw in his water-fall. We have not a cutting, springing, elastic line—no jumping or leaping in the waves: *that* is the characteristic of Chelsea Reach or Hampstead Ponds in a storm. But the surges roll and plunge with such prostration and hurling of their mass against the shore, that we feel the rocks are shaking under them; and, to add yet more to this impression, observe how little, comparatively, they are broken by the wind; above the floating wood, and along the shore, we have indication of a line of torn spray; but it is a mere fringe along the ridge of the surge,—no interference with its gigantic body. The wind has no power over its tremendous unity of force and weight. Finally, observe how, on the rocks on the left, the violence and swiftness of the rising wave are indicated by precisely the same lines which we saw were indicative of fury in the torrent. The water on these rocks is the body of the wave which has just broken, rushing up over them; and in doing so, like the torrent, it does not break, nor foam, nor part upon the rock, but accommodates itself to every one of its swells and hollows, with

undulating lines, whose grace and variety might alone serve us for a day's study; and it is only where two streams of this rushing water meet in the hollow of the rock, that their force is shown by the vertical bound of the spray.

In the distance of this grand picture, there are two waves which entirely depart from the principle observed by all the rest, and spring high into the air. They have a message for us which it is important that we should understand. Their leap is not a preparation for breaking, neither is it caused by their meeting with a rock. It is caused by their encounter with the recoil of the preceding wave. When a large surge, in the act of breaking, just as it curls over, is hurled against the face either of a wall or of a vertical rock, the sound of the blow is not a crash nor a roar; it is a report as loud as, and in every respect similar to that of a great gun, and the wave is dashed back from the rock with force scarcely diminished, but reversed in direction,—it now recedes from the shore, and at the instant that it encounters the following breaker, the result is the vertical bound of both which is here rendered by Turner. Such a recoiling wave will proceed out to sea, through ten or twelve ranges of following breakers, before it is overpowered. The effect of the encounter is more completely and palpably given in the Quillebœuf, in the Rivers of France. It is peculiarly instructive here, as informing us of the nature of the coast, and the force of the waves, far more clearly than any spray about the rocks themselves could have done. But the effect of the blow at the shore itself is given in the Land's End, and vignette to *Lycidas*. Under

favorable circumstances, with an advancing tide under a heavy gale, where the breakers feel the shore underneath them a moment before they touch the rock, so as to nod over when they strike, the effect is nearly incredible, except to an eye-witness. I have seen the whole body of the wave rise in one white, vertical, broad fountain, eighty feet above the sea, half of it beaten so fine as to be borne away by the wind, the rest turning in the air when exhausted, and falling back with a weight and crash like that of an enormous waterfall. This is given most completely in the *Lycidas*, and the blow of a less violent wave among broken rocks, not meeting it with an absolute wall, along the shore of the Land's End. This last picture is a study of sea whose whole organization has been broken up by constant recoils from a rocky coast. The Laugharne gives the surge and weight of the ocean in a gale, on a comparatively level shore; but the Land's End, the entire disorder of the surges when every one of them, divided and entangled among promontories as it rolls in, and beaten back part by part from walls of rock on this side and that side, recoils like the defeated division of a great army, throwing all behind it into disorder, breaking up the succeeding waves into vertical ridges, which in their turn, yet more totally shattered upon the shore, retire in more hopeless confusion, until the whole surface of the sea becomes one dizzy whirl of rushing, writhing, tortured, undirected rage, bounding, and crashing, and coiling in an anarchy of enormous power, subdivided into myriads of waves, of which every one is not, be it remembered, a

separate surge, but part and portion of a vast one, actuated by internal power, and giving in every direction the mighty undulation of impetuous line which glides over the rocks and writhes in the wind, overwhelming the one and piercing the other with the form, fury, and swiftness of a sheet of lambent fire. And throughout the rendering of all this, there is not one false curve given, not one which is not the perfect expression of visible motion; and the forms of the infinite sea are drawn throughout with that utmost mastery of art which, through the deepest study of every line, makes every line appear the wildest child of chance, while yet each is in itself a subject and a picture different from all else around. Of the colour of this magnificent sea I have before spoken; it is a solemn green grey, (with its foam seen dimly through the darkness of twilight), modulated with the fulness, changefulness, and sadness of a deep, wild melody.

The greater number of Turner's paintings of open sea belong to a somewhat earlier period than these drawings; nor, generally speaking, are they of equal value. It appears to me that the artist had at that time either less knowledge of, or less delight in, the characteristics of deep water than of coast sea, and that, in consequence, he suffered himself to be influenced by some of the qualities of the Dutch sea-painters. In particular he borrowed from them the habit of casting a dark shadow on the near waves, so as to bring out a stream of light behind; and though he did this in a more legitimate way than they, that is to say, expressing the light by touches on the foam, and indicating the shadow

as cast on foamy surface, still the habit has induced much feebleness and conventionality in the pictures of the period. His drawing of the waves was also somewhat petty and divided, small forms covered with white flat spray, a condition which I doubt not the artist has seen on some of the shallow Dutch seas, but which I have never met with myself, and of the rendering of which therefore I cannot speak. Yet even in these, which I think among the poorest works of the painter, the expressions of breeze, motion, and light, are very marvellous; and it is instructive to compare them either with the lifeless works of the Dutch themselves, or with any modern imitations of them, as for instance with the seas of Callcott, where all the light is white and all the shadows grey, where no distinction is made between water and foam, or between real and reflective shadow, and which are generally without evidence of the artists' having seen the sea.

Some pictures, however, belonging to this period of Turner are free from the Dutch infection, and show the real power of the artist. A very important one is in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton, somewhat heavy in its forms, but remarkable for the grandeur of distance obtained at the horizon; a much smaller, but more powerful example is the Port Ruysdael in the possession of E. Bicknell, Esq., with which I know of no work at all comparable for the expression of the white, wild, cold, comfortless waves of northern sea, even though the sea is almost subordinate to the awful rolling clouds. Both these pictures are very grey. The Pas de Calais has more colour, and shows more art than either, yet is less impressive. Recently, two

marines of the same subdued colour have appeared (1843) among his more radiant works. One, Ostend, somewhat forced and affected, but the other, also called Port Ruysdael, is among the most perfect sea pictures he has produced, and especially remarkable as being painted without one marked opposition either of colour or of shade, all quiet and simple even to an extreme, so that the picture was exceedingly unattractive at first sight. The shadow of the pier-head on the near waves is marked solely by touches indicative of reflected light, and so mysteriously that when the picture is seen near, it is quite untraceable, and comes into existence as the spectator retires. It is thus of peculiar truth and value; and instructive as a contrast to the dark shadows of his earlier time.

Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights, and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast,[1] which hang in ropes

[1] The yeasty waves of Shakespeare have made the likeness familiar, and probably most readers take the expression as merely equivalent to "foamy"; but Shakespeare knew better. Sea-foam does not, under ordinary circumstances, last a moment after it is formed, but disappears, as above described, in a mere white film. But the foam of a prolonged tempest is altogether different; it is "whipped" foam,—thick, permanent, and, in a foul or discoloured sea, very ugly, especially in the way it hangs about the tops of the waves, and gathers into clotted concretions before the driving wind. The sea looks truly working or fermenting.

and wreaths from wave to wave, and where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery, from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each; the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist; imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos; and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air; that no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark or natural evidence of position is left; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract. Suppose the effect of the first sunbeam sent from above to show this annihilation to itself, and you have the

sea picture of the Academy, 1842—the Snow-storm, one of the very grandest statements of sea-motion, mist, and light that has ever been put on canvas, even by Turner. Of course it was not understood; his finest works never are; but there was some apology for the public's not comprehending this, for few people have had the opportunity of seeing the sea at such a time, and when they have, cannot face it. To hold by a mast or a rock, and watch it, is a prolonged endurance of drowning which few people have courage to go through. To those who have it is one of the noblest lessons of nature.

But, I think, the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the *Slave Ship*, the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges, the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly

shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving between them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the indistinguishable images of the burning clouds which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty [1] ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, —and cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

I believe if I were reduced to rest Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose this. Its daring conception—ideal in the highest sense of the word—is based on the purest truth, and wrought out with the contrasted knowledge of a life; its colour is absolutely perfect, not one false or morbid hue in any part or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition; its drawing as accurate as fearless; the ship buoyant,

[1] She is a slaver, throwing her slaves overboard. The near sea is encumbered with corpses.

bending, and full of motion; its tones as true as they are wonderful;[1] and the whole picture dedicated to the most sublime of subjects and impressions—(completing thus the perfect system of all truth, which we have shown to be formed by Turner's works)—the power, majesty, and deathfulness of the open, deep, illimitable Sea.

[1] There is a piece of tone of the same kind, equal in one part, but not so united with the rest of the picture, in the storm scene illustrative of the *Antiquary*,—a sunlight on polished sea. I ought to have particularly mentioned the sea in the Lowestoffe, as a piece of the cutting motion of shallow water, under storm, altogether in grey, which should be especially contrasted, as a piece of colour, with the greys of Vandevelde. And the sea in the Great Yarmouth should have been noticed for its expression of water in violent agitation, seen in enormous extent from a great elevation. There is almost every form of sea in it,—rolling waves dashing on the pier—successive breakers rolling to the shore—a vast horizon of multitudinous waves—and winding canals of calm water along the sands, bringing fragments of bright sky down into their yellow waste. There is hardly one of the views of the Southern Coast which does not give some new condition or circumstance of sea.

THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

WITH the *Virgin of the Chair* we arrive at the culminating point of Raphael's thought. All that is beautiful upon earth is only a veil intended to temper the brilliance of eternal beauty. Having reached the apogee of his powers, Raphael seems to lift this veil and see God face to face. In the *Madonna della Tenda*, he attempted to show the Virgin, the Infant Jesus and the little St. John in the midst of luxury and magnificence. This attempt, although a happy one, did not yet completely satisfy him, and moreover, he left to one of his pupils the task of doing part of it. But almost immediately, he again took up the same idea, isolated it still more from the vulgar and accidental conditions of life, considered it this time as a pure abstraction, and, disengaging it from all secondary attraction, relied upon himself for the task of formulating it definitely. The *Virgin of the Chair* is the product of the inspiration of a unique moment, and is like a ray of light that marks one of the three summits upon which Raphael has placed the Mother of the Word. On the first of these peaks we see the *Virgin of the Candelabra*; the *Virgin of the Chair* gleams on the second with an even greater splen-

THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

RAPHAEL.

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dour; and on the third the *Sistine Madonna* appears radiant with celestial light.

Seated in a chair (*sedia*)[1] one of the posts of which is visible, the Virgin holds the Infant Jesus close in her arms. They are both looking at the spectator, and are radiant with beauty against a sombre background. Beside them appears St. John in the ecstasy of prayer and contemplation. Nothing can be simpler, nor at the same time more striking. It is only the Infant in the arms of his Mother, with another child beside them. There is no dramatic action, nor any violence in the figures. Everywhere is immobility and repose. But in this group, where there is perfect calm, and yet where real life is abundantly circulating, the feeling of divinity elevates Nature to heights that of herself she would not be able to attain.

The purest part of Raphael's glory is to have seen, through the images of the Virgin of the Word, the progressive march of love, passing from the body to the soul, and from the soul mounting to God. Raphael knows how to find God everywhere. It is evident that a human model was before him when he painted the *Virgin of the Chair*. Some people even will have it that La Fornarina was not a stranger to this picture. But La Fornarina, however beautiful she may appear in her portraits, does not at

[1] Whence the name of *Virgin of the Chair* (Madonna della Sedia). It was already catalogued in the inventory of Florence. It is now in the Pitti Palace. The Virgin of the Chair is contained in the circumference of a circle, and should never fill any other form of space. From the point of view of composition, nothing can give a better idea of Raphael. Everything converges to the centre of the circle, and every point of the circumference receives a reflection of the central light.

all surpass the limits of the senses. Her face is full of freshness, her glance is brilliant, and her features blossom out the breath of health and happiness; but she is only a woman. It is true that in every Christian woman, however degraded she may be, there is an internal flame which the ashes of the world may cover but which they never extinguish. Art may brush these ashes aside, make the flame leap up afresh, and restore its original energy to it. Then there is a veritable transfiguration: the reality, without disappearing, purifies itself, ennobles itself, and transforms itself till it is scarcely recognizable; and, where only a woman had been, we now see only a Virgin. But in order to perform this miracle, what restraint must be exercised, what justice of taste is requisite, and with what singular force of genius one must be endowed! If the artist halts halfway in his task, he only arrives at profanation. This is the case with a great number of painters at the close of the Fifteenth Century and the beginning of the Sixteenth. For having presumed upon their strength, they have fallen into impiety, and often their Virgins look only scandalous. On resuming the work of the Renaissance, Raphael measured the abyss with a sure eye and crossed it without an effort. If La Fornarina is behind the *Virgin of the Chair*, there is nothing less than a world that separates them. The two beauties are measured by the two lives: terrestrial love put into Raphael's hand the brush that painted the portrait of the Barberini palace; divine love armed the master with sufficient power to produce the Madonna of the Pitti Palace.

The *Virgin of the Chair* raises us directly to God by the tenderness with which she surrounds and seems to want to protect Him who protects all; but she is richly adorned, and she belongs to the world by the external splendour with which the world surrounds her. She belongs to it especially by the love that she gives to Him and by the internal sentiment that stamps compassion upon her beauty; compassion the kin to sadness. Her head, three quarters full on the right, bends gently towards the Saviour's head, on which it rests. The hair, rather chestnut than blonde, is divided in slightly waved bands and completely exposes the ear and the cheeks. The brow is beautifully proportioned: it is lower than in the Umbrian faces, and higher than in the antiques. The eyes, pensive, brilliant and fully open, look towards the left of the spectator with a gravity bordering on grief.[1] The nose is straight and regular, and has nothing of the particular accent of the model that people are too ready to give Raphael for this picture. It is the same with the mouth: it is of a medium size, admirably shaped, not smiling at all and in perfect accord with the sentiment of the eyes. Its lines would be almost severe if kindness did not dominate all in this face. The outline of this face is a beautiful oval, neither too long nor too short, and does not in the least recall the portrait of the Barberini Gallery. Therefore, away with all reminiscence of La Fornarina; away with all living reality! This image is

[1] An infinity of reproductions has been made of this picture. Not one of them gives a true idea of it. However, it must be said, in honour of French engraving, that Desnoyer is the only one who has shown some comprehension of the melancholy in the gaze of this Virgin.

purely impersonal. We are in the presence of the Virgin: it is she; she alone whom we see; she alone who is looking at us. The external beauty of the *Virgin of the Chair* is as great as anything that could be imagined, but the internal beauty is not in the least sacrificed to it. The chief characteristic of this face is its regularity and the purity of its features. Deterioration of ideas is always betrayed by certain laboured refinements, by something tame, undecided, too personal, or too feminine, that impairs the dignity of the subject. Here, there is nothing of that. All the lines are simple, regular, and traced as though by inspiration. It is true that Raphael, carried away by the genius of harmony, has represented his Madonna as brilliantly and richly attired, but it is without anything jarring, without anything too staring, and without anything hurtful of the principal impression. A scarf, admirable in colour, is wound around the crown of her head and falls down to her neck. A green shawl, enriched with various shades that respond to those in the scarf, envelops the breast, the right shoulder, and falls behind the back, where it is confounded with the golden fringe that decorates the back of the chair. Beneath this shawl appears the purple robe, the sleeve of which is tight-fitting, with a cuff, and the blue mantle that covers the knees. The two hands, one crossed above the other over the body of the Infant Jesus, are charming in shape and delightfully modelled. Everything in this arrangement is enchanting: in the entire effect of this image everything is seductive. In painting, form and colour are what rhythm and song are in poetry,—they are the wings

given to Love by the artist and the poet. Now, Raphael never soared in a more sudden flight than in this picture. This Virgin seems to have been painted with the rapidity of fresco. The master's hand was never more sure of itself, nor did it ever pass across his work with happier speed. There is not the least hesitation, nor the slightest reservation. The transparent and fluid colour without effort attains to an incredible seductiveness. Nowhere does Raphael affect a freer, more spontaneous, or more independent gait. The head and hands of the Virgin are rigorously fixed by a preliminary necessary design; but that sumptuous vesture so well ordained for the pleasure of the eye, seems made during the course of the brush; and such is the marvellous harmony of the tones and the truth of the lights and shadows, that this improvisation seems to be the result of the most profound calculation. There is nobody anywhere that more closely resembles a beautiful soul; and there are nowhere more musical or more harmonious forms. So much the worse for those who only see a material image in it! What is flesh? A wind that "passeth away and cometh not again." If there were only this breath in the *Virgin of the Chair*, our eyes might be charmed, but our souls would not be moved in the slightest degree. Now, not only does this Virgin ravish our eyes, but she penetrates profoundly into our hearts, establishing herself there and definitely taking possession. It is thus that, as Plato says, "We raise ourselves from beautiful bodies to beautiful souls and from beautiful souls to eternal beauty."

Yet, in the *Virgin of the Chair*, there is something still more elevated and beautiful than the Virgin, and that is the Infant Jesus. Seated on the blue drapery that covers the knees of the Mother, he looks fixedly at us, recoils, as if struck with our miseries; and presses close against the virginal bosom that conceived him. The body of the Saviour is presented almost in full profile to the left against Mary, whilst his head, turned towards us, shows a full face. A slight vestment covers his shoulders and breast and leaves his legs, hips and arms bare. This infant body is taken from life and belongs wholly to humanity; but the head is that of a God. Three flames radiate from this infant head and mysteriously gleam in the obscurity of the background. The ruffled hair seems to obey an impulse that springs from the spirit; the eyes shine brilliantly; the mouth with its severe lines, is grave, and the whole countenance is immobile, fixed, majestic, solemn and almost terrible. God is patient because He is eternal; but He is just even as He is good; and, even while manifesting Himself as the Lamb that takes away the sins of the world, He already announces Himself as the sovereign judge that must condemn them. We are in the presence of the "Word uncreate which moves matter and penetrates it with His spirit, *Meus agitat molem;* of the Word incarnate, which fills the world invisible with His corporeal virtue, *Caro instaurat mentem.* He spake, and it was done: he commanded, and it stood fast. In him was life, and the life was the light of men, not the life derived from nothingness, but the life that flows from the eternal and living genera-

tive force, the life that is the source of all life. This Infant, in fact, does not speak a human language: "He lightens, he thunders, he astounds, he beats down every spirit created under the obedience of the faith." It is thus that he appeared when the Evangelist "with rapid flight" cleaving the air, piercing the clouds, and soaring above angels, virtues, cherubs and seraphs intones his book with these words: "In the beginning was the Word. . . . The Word! that is to say the internal word, the thought, the reason, the intelligence, the wisdom, the internal discourse, *sermo*, the discourse without discussion, in which one does not extract one thing from another by reasoning, but the discourse in which all is substantially all truth and which is truth itself." Raphael, captivated and subdued by an internal comprehension, painted this Infant with a calm hand, exempt from effort or agitation. That is why, before such a conception, our reason is troubled, admires and is silent.

The little St. John the Baptist, in the background, effaces himself on a secondary plane, and his beauty, although only relative, is worthy of the absolute beauty of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus. His head, three quarters to the left, bends over towards the right shoulder of the Saviour. His gaze, fixed on Jesus, is fervent and full of ardour. From his parted lips escape words that mount to God. His hands are clasped and his whole face is in prayer. This is no longer the St. John of the *Madonna della Tenda*, smiling and naïvely happy at the sight of the Virgin: it is the forerunner who sees God in Jesus, who penetrates his

greatness, comprehends his justice and obeys the impulse of a spontaneous burst of faith. Raphael thus shows the *sursam corda* of the Christian soul before the mystery of love, the living image of prayer directly inspired by the Real Presence of the Redeemer. The little cross of reed in the arms of St. John associates by anticipation this humble and ardent prayer with the idea of sacrifice. In the Infant Jesus, we see the Christ, and in the little St. John we find all men who are illumined by the light of the Word.

Perhaps this picture could not have been painted elsewhere than in Rome, or outside the influences that were at work around the master. But, at the same time, this picture proves that Raphael had come to dominate those influences, to transform them, and to reconcile them with the interests of a higher order. A frenzied taste, the cult of sensible beauty, a craving for unbridled pleasure, had taken hold of the century of Leo X. To a certain extent, Raphael shared the passions of his day, but he purified them by thinking of the Virgin, and, without in any way diminishing the external brilliance that charmed his contemporaries, he showed them a splendour before which he forced them to bow, not only with admiration, but with a fervour with which they had been unacquainted. For three centuries and a half, posterity has professed the same enthusiasm for this picture, and this will be so as long as the instinct of the beautiful lasts among men. So that, if such a work belongs by certain material ties to a given moment of space and time, it is more particularly of all

times and places by the spirit that emanates from it. Nothing can surpass the elegance of the *Virgin of the Chair*, and if Raphael some time afterwards had not painted the *Sistine Madonna*, it must be added that nothing can equal the pure beauty of this Madonna and the majesty of her son. In the presence of such a Virgin, we may say with Erasmus, in a lyrism borrowed from profane antiquity but especially inspired by religious emotion: "You are more brilliant than the dawn, sweeter than the silver moon, purer than the new-blown lily, whiter than the still immaculate snow, more gracious than the spring-time rose, more precious than the ruby, sweeter than the honey, dearer than life, higher than the skies, and chaster than the angels. Hail! noble sanctuary of the Eternal God, sublime throne of Divinity!"

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.

(*Van Dyck*)

JULES GUIFFREY

A POETIC legend surrounds the portrait of Charles I. like an aureole. The painter is supposed to have impressed upon the features of the unfortunate monarch the mark of fatality. Even to-day, the best informed writers are pleased to find forebodings of his sad destiny upon the wearied and melancholy face of the prince. All this, however, is pure fancy.

In vain have the searchers of archives discovered and proclaimed the truth; in vain has Carpenter exhumed the authentic and decisive memoir, giving to the portrait in the Louvre its true title, *Le Roy à la chasse*, for sentimental historians will long continue to see in this famous canvas literary and romantic intentions of which in all probability the painter never dreamed.

During the year 1637, Van Dyck, having reached the apogee of his glory and reputation and with the title of portrait-painter to the royal family, the court, and the noble aristocracy of England, found himself in the necessity of asking Charles I. for the payment of numerous works that had been accumulating for several years. His habits of living and princely luxury could not be maintained except

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES I.

VAN DYCK.

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at the cost of enormous expenditure. His feverish, forced and consuming industry could with difficulty fill the gulf caused by his extravagances. Therefore he had to have recourse to the royal benevolence and he claimed the price of his works presenting the list upon which figures the portrait of the *Roy à la chasse*. He asked two hundred pounds for this canvas; the price was reduced to half, equivalent to 1,500 livres, a modest sum, if one considers the importance of the canvas and modern exigencies. However, Van Dyck was one of the best treated artists of his time and none of his contemporaries obtained so great a reward for their most extolled pictures.

The portrait in the Louvre then does not represent the sovereign already succumbing under the weight of bad fortune and visited by sad presentiments or melancholy regret; but as an elegant and accomplished cavalier, forgetting the anxieties entailed by power and the etiquette of court to abandon himself to the pleasures of the country. We have here, in some measure, the pendant to the familiar pages that Velasquez has painted in the traits of the never-to-be-forgotten Philip IV. in his rich doublet, carrying his gun, and accompanied by his enormous *molosse* (hunting-dog). With the one as with the other, the court portrait-painter, after having rendered upon immense official canvases the pomp of royal majesty, has taken pleasure in finding with a sort of partiality the familiar every day attitude, the true portrayal of the gentleman surprised in the surrendering of himself to his chosen pleasures.

Regarding the names of the two persons accompanying

Charles I. divers opinions are held. The equerry who holds the horse has successively been given the name of the Duc d'Épernon, and Duke of Hamilton. Mariette, following Walpole's opinion, asserts that this portrait is simply that of the King's equerry, M. de Saint-Antoine; he is right.

In a catalogue of the collection of James II., published in England in the middle of the last century, our canvas is thus designated: "King Charles I. and his equerry, M. de Saint-Antoine, with him." From this document another valuable piece of information is gained. The portrait in the Louvre did not leave England before the flight of James II. How did it get to France, where it was found at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century in the famous cabinet of the Countess de Verrue? Nothing prevents our supposing that James II. carried with him in his flight from Saint-Germain a certain number of family portraits, notably that of the *Roy à la chasse*, and that, after a time, his heir, at the end of his resources, found it necessary to part with the effigy of his ancestor. There is nothing improbable in this hypothesis. Here has always rested an obscure point difficult to clear up. Every one knows that the succession of the famous countess escheated to the Marquis de Lassay with the portrait of Charles I. The possessions of the Marquis de Lassay passed, at least a part of them, to the Count de Guiche, and in the lot of the latter Antony Van Dyck's canvas[1] was included.

[1] Villot has made many errors in his history of the portrait of Charles I.; that is why we consider it necessary to insist upon these small details.

We have not yet spoken of the second person who accompanies the King, and whose bare head, turned towards the distant sea, stands out from the sky, behind the head of the equerry who holds the horse. This is a page whose name is ignored by the old catalogues; yet this obscure personage was destined to have a decisive influence upon the fate of the picture.

The Count de Guiche's collection was sold at auction in 1770. *Charles I.* not having reached the price demanded by the heirs, the latter bought it in for 17,000 *livres*. It was at this moment that some intermediary officers, perhaps from self-interest, christened the anonymous page with the name of Barri, and persuaded the reigning favourite that the *roué* who had opened the doors of the great apartments of Versailles was descended from an old English family allied to the Stuarts. The Comtesse du Barry put no difficulties in the way to prove this glorious genealogy. She bought the picture, not for the King, as the Louvre Catalogue says erroneously, but for her own collection; she paid 24,000 *livres* for it. That was ten times the price the artist got for it.

What is the value to-day of this masterpiece considered worthy of the honour of a place in the *Salon Carré?* It would be difficult to say.

The portrait of Charles I. never entered the royal gallery during the lifetime of Louis XV. We have only just now related, with supporting proofs under what circumstances it was acquired by Louis XVI. It is necessary to insist upon this point, because the account, substantiated by F.

Villot's notice, is still credited by the most recent historians of the Museum.

After the death of Louis XV. the Comtesse du Barry, accustomed to satisfy every caprice without counting the cost, found herself in an embarrassing position. To satisfy the more and more pressing demands of her creditors, she put within reach of amateurs the priceless objects that she had acquired in the happy days of her favour. The architect Le Doux, who had friendly relations with her, advised her to offer the portrait of Charles I. to the King.

The matter was soon brought to a conclusion. On May 8, 1775, M. d'Angiviller, director of the King's buildings, informed Le Doux that his proposition was agreed to and that the Comtesse du Barry would receive 24,000 livres for *Charles I.* On the 22d of the same month, a new letter advised the architect that the order for payment was signed and that some one was going to Luciennes to take possession of the picture. It was then in the month of May, 1775, that *Charles I. à la chasse* entered the King's collection.

We have related in detail the history of this celebrated canvas, leaving no detail in the dark, so that there can be no doubt upon the truthfulness of the facts. Is it worth while to give a description of the picture when the excellent reproduction placed before the eyes of the reader renders this task almost superfluous? It would seem preferable in ending to recall the appreciation of one of our contemporary masters who has best penetrated and characterized the talent of the great artists of Belgium and Holland.

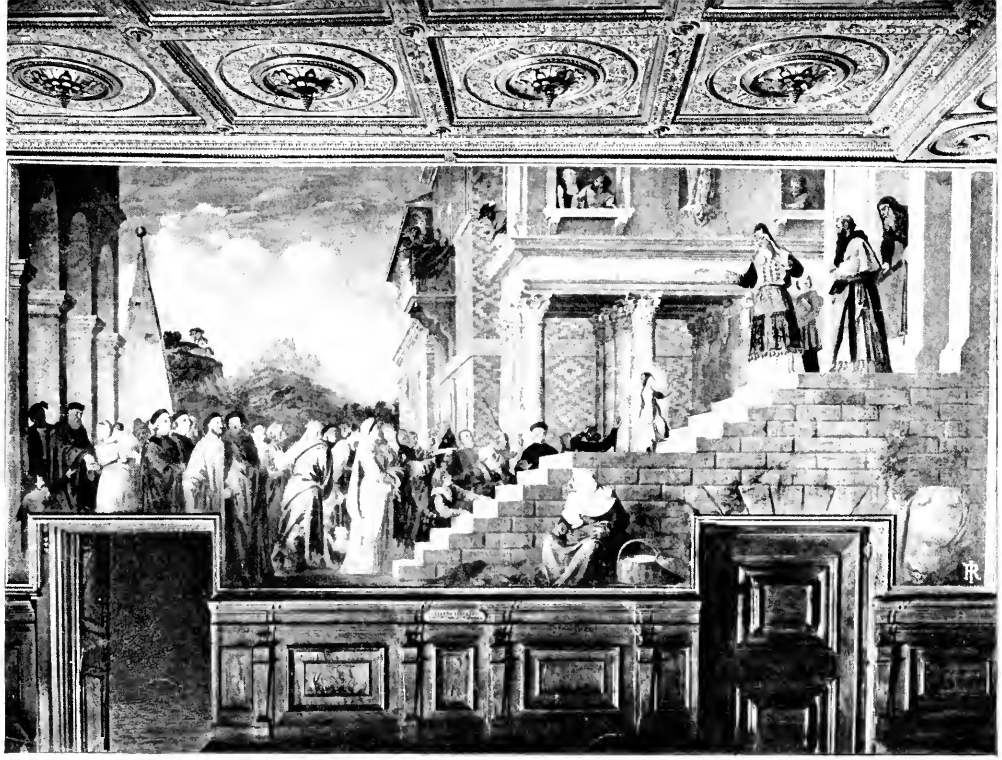
In the brilliant pages devoted to Van Dyck, Eugène Fromentin lingers with delight before the *chef d'œuvre* in the *Salon Carré*. "The Charles I.," he says, "by the deep feeling of the model and the subject, the familiarity and nobility of the style, and the beauty of all kinds in this exquisite work, the drawing of the face, the colour, the unheard of values of rarity and accuracy, and the quality of the work,—*Charles I.*, to take only one example, well-known in France,—can bear the greatest comparisons."

After this eulogy one may assert without timidity that of all the portraits of Charles I. painted by Van Dyck,—and you can count at least twenty scattered throughout the European Museums, portraits of the bust, half-length portraits, equestrian portraits, and portraits in royal robes,—the *Roy à la chasse* is perhaps the picture that gives the most faithful and the most exquisite representation of the noble and unfortunate sovereign of Whitehall.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE
(*Titian*)

J. A. CROWE AND G. B. CAVALCASELLE

THE *Presentation in the Temple*, originally designed for the brotherhood of Santa Maria della Carità, covered the whole side of a room in the so-called "Albergo," now used for the exhibition of the old masters at Venice. In this room, which is contiguous to the modern hall in which Titian's *Assunta* is displayed there were two doors for which allowance was made in Titian's canvas; and twenty-five feet—the length of the wall—is now the length of the picture. When this vast canvas was removed from its place, the gaps of the doors were filled in with new linen, and painted up to the tone of the original, giving rise to the quaint deformity of a simulated opening in the flank of the steps leading up to the Temple, and a production of the figures in the left foreground—a boy, a senator giving alms, a beggar woman and two nobles. Strips of new stuff were sewn on above and below, and in addition to various patches of restoring, the whole was toned up, or "tuned," to the great detriment of the picture. Notwithstanding these drawbacks and in spite of the fact that the light is no longer that which the painter contemplated, the genius of Titian triumphs over all difficulties, and the *Pre-*



PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

TITIAN.

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ATIONS.

sentation in the Temple is the finest and most complete creation of Venetian art, since the *Peter Martyr* and the *Madonna di Casa*, Pesaro.

It was not to be expected that Titian should go deeper into the period from which he derived his gospel subject than other artists of his time. An ardent admirer of his genius has noticed the propriety with which he adorned a background with a portico of Corinthian pillars, because Herod's palace was decorated with a similar appendage. He might with equal truth have justified the country of Bethlehem transformed into Cadorine hills, Venice substituted for Jerusalem, and Pharisees replaced by Venetian senators. It was in the nature of Titian to represent a subject like this as a domestic pageant of his own time, and seen in this light, it is exceedingly touching and surprisingly beautiful. Mary in a dress of celestial blue ascends the steps of the temple in a halo of radiance. She pauses on the first landing place, and gathers her skirts, to ascend to the second. The flight is in profile before us. At the top of it the high priest in Jewish garments, yellow tunic, blue undercoat and sleeves and white robe, looks down at the girl with serene and kindly gravity, a priest in cardinal's robes at his side, a menial in black behind him, and a young acolyte in red and yellow holding the book of prayer. At the bottom, there are people looking up, some of them leaning on the edge of the steps, others about to ascend,—Anna, with a matron in company; Joachim turning to address a friend. Curious people press forward to witness the scene, and a child baits a little dog with a cake.

Behind and to the left and with grave solemnity, some dignitaries are moving. One in red robe of state with a black stole across his shoulder is supposed to represent Paolo de' Franceschi, at this time grand-chancellor of Venice. The noble in black to whom he speaks is Lazzaro Crasso. Two senators follow, whilst a third still further back gives alms to a poor mother with a child in her arms. In front of the gloom that lies on the profile of steps an old woman sits with a basket of eggs and a couple of fowls at her feet, her head and frame swathed in a white hood, which carries the light of the picture into the foreground. In a corner to the right an antique torso receives a reflex of the light that darts more fully on the hag close by. It seems to be the original model of the soldiers that rode in the battle of Cadore, or the Emperors that hung in the halls of the palace of Mantua.[1]

Uniting the majestic lines of a composition perfect in the balance of its masses with an effect unsurpassed in its contrasts of light and shade, the genius of the master has laid the scene in palatial architecture of great simplicity. On one side a house and colonnade on square pillars, with a slender pyramid behind it, on the other a palace and portico of coloured marbles in front of an edifice richly patterned in diapered bricks. From the windows and balconies the spectators look down upon the ceremony or converse with the groups below. With instinctive tact the whole of these are kept in focus by appropriate gradations

[1] This torso filled the unoccupied corner of the picture to the right of the door, the framework of which broke through the base of the picture.

of light, which enable Titian to give the highest prominence to the Virgin, though she is necessarily smaller than any other person present. The bright radiance round her fades as it recedes to the more remote groups in the picture, the forms of which are cast into deeper gloom in proportion as they are more distant from the halo. The senator who gives alms is darkly seen under the shade of the colonnade, from which he seems to have emerged. In every one of these gradations the heads preserve the portrait character peculiar to Titian, yet each of the figures is varied as to sex, age, and condition; each in his sphere has a decided type, and all are diverse in form, in movement, and gesture. To the monumental dignity of the groups and architecture the distance perfectly corresponds. We admire the wonderful expressiveness of the painter's mountain lines. The boulder to the left, with its scanty vegetation and sparse trees, rises darkly behind the pyramid. A low hummock rests dimly in the rear, whilst a gleam flits over remoter crags, crested with ruins of castles; and the dark heath of the hill beyond—with the smoke issuing from a moss-fire—relieves the blue cones of dolomites that are wreathed as it were in the mist which curls into and mingles with the clouded sky. The splendid contrast of palaces and Alps tells of the master who was born at Cadore, yet lived at Venice.

The harmony of the colours is so true and ringing, and the chords are so subtle, that the eye takes in the scene as if it were one of natural richness, unconscious of the means by which that richness is attained. Ideals of form created

by combinations of perfect shapes and outlines with select proportions, may strike us in the Greeks and Florentines. Here the picture is built up in colours, the landscape is not a symbol, but scenic; and the men and palaces and hills are seen living or life-like in sun and shade and air. In this gorgeous yet masculine and robust realism Titian shows his great originality, and claims to be the noblest representative of the Venetian school of colour.[1]

Hardly a century has expired since Venetian painting rose out of the slough of Byzantine tradition, yet now it stands in its zenith. Recruiting its strength from Jacopo Bellini, who brought the laws of perspective from Tuscany, the schools of the Rialto expand with help from Paduan sources, and master the antique as taught by Donatello and Mantegna. They found the monumental but realistic style which Gentile Bellini developed in his *Procession of the Relic*, and Carpaccio displayed in his *Ursula Legend*. They seize and acquire the secrets of colour by means of Antonello; and their chief masters, Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, and Titian, adding a story to the pictorial edifice, bring it at last to that perfection which we witness

[1] The measure of this canvas, No. 487, at the Venice Academy, is m. 3.75 high by 7.80, but of the height 10 cent. above and 10 below are new. The person who made these and other additions, as well as restorations noted in the text, was a painter of this century, named Sebastiano Santi. (Zanotto, Pinac. Venet.) Besides the patches described above, there are damaging retouches in the landscape and sky, in a figure at a window to the left, in figures on the balcony, and a soldier holding a halberd. The face of St. Anna, and the dress of the old woman in the foreground are both new. Zanetti (Pitt. Ven., p. 155) states that the picture was cleaned and the sky injured in his time (18th century).

in the *Presentation in the Temple.* Looking back a hundred years, we find Jacopo Bellini's conception of this subject altogether monumental. The long flight of steps, the portico of the temple, Mary on the first landing, her parents behind her, a castellated mansion in the distance, are all to be found in the sketch-book of 1430. Titian inherits the framework, and fills it in. He takes up and assimilates what his predecessors have garnered. He goes back to nature and the antique, and with a grand creative power sets his seal on Venetian art for ever. What Paris Bordone or Paul Veronese can do on the lines which their master laid down is clear when we look at the Doge and fisherman of the first and the monumental palaces in the compositions of the latter. In a later form of Titian's progress—that which marks the ceiling pieces of San Spirito—we trace the source of Tintoretto's daring. All inherit something from Titian, but none are able to surpass him.

PROSERPINE
(Rossetti)

F. G. STEPHENS

NOWHERE in Time's vista, where the forms of great men gather thickly, do we see many shapes of those who, as painters and as poets have been alike illustrious. Among the few to whom, equally on both accounts, conspicuous honours have been paid, none is superior to Rossetti, of whose genius doubly exalted the artists say that in design he was pre-eminent, while, on the other hand, the most distinguished poets of our age place him in the first rank with themselves. As to this prodigious, if not unique, distinction, of which the present age has not yet, perhaps, formed an adequate judgment, there can be no doubt that with regard to the constructive portion of his genius Rossetti was better equipped in verse than in design.

It is certain that our subject looked upon himself rather as a painter who wrote than as a verse-maker who painted. It is probable that the very facility, which, of course, had been won with enormous pains, and was maintained with characteristic energy and constant care, of his literary efforts led Rossetti to slightly undervalue the rare gifts of which his pen was the instrument, while, as to painting, his hard-won triumphs with design, colour, expression, form, and visible beauty of all sorts seemed to him the aptest as

well as the most successful exponents of the passionate poetry it was, by one means or the other, his object to make manifest. His mission was that of a poet in art as in verse, and, by devoting the greater part of his life and all his more arduous efforts to the former means, he made it plain that, notwithstanding all obstacles, the palette served his purpose better than the pen.

The year 1870 did not witness the completion of any important painting, a shortcoming for which the glorious *Proserpine*, that had its inception in a drawing of Mrs. Morris, dated 1871, made ample amends. Although the oil picture of this theme, which Mr. W. A. Turner lent to the Manchester Exhibition in 1882, and as No. 86 to the Burlington Club in 1883, is dated 1877, I consider it under the earlier date. It represents at life-size, a single figure of Proserpine in Hades, holding in her hand the pomegranate, by partaking of which she precluded her return to earth.[1] She is passing along a gloomy corridor in her palace, and, on the wall behind her, a sharply defined space of light has fallen. It is the cool, bluish, silvery light of the moon, that because of some open door far overhead has penetrated the subterranean dimness, flashing down for a moment on the wall, revealing the ivy-tendrils that languish in the shade, displaying the Queen, her features, the abundant masses of her hair, which seem

[1] In countless early Italian pictures the bitten pomegranate is a well understood emblem of sorrow and pain. Hence it often occurs in the hand of the Infant Christ, who in several examples, presses the fruit to the lips of His mother. On this account, no doubt, Rossetti placed the pomegranate in the hand of Proserpine.

to have become darker than was ever known on the earth above, and the sorrowfulness of her face. It shows also the slowly curling smoke of an incense-burner (the attribute of a goddess) which, in the still air of the gallery, circles upward, and spreading, vanishes. Proserpine is clad in a steel-blue robe, that fits loosely her somewhat slender, slightly wasted, but noble frame of antique mould. It seems that she moves slowly with moody eyes instinct with slowly burning anger; yet she is outwardly still, if not serene, and very sad in all her stateliness; too grand for complaint. In these eyes is the deep light of a great spirit, and, without seeing or heeding, they look beyond the gloom before her. Her fully-formed lips, purplish now, but ruddy formerly, and once moulded by passion, are compressed, the symbols of a strenuous soul yearning for freedom, and, with all their pride, suffering rather than enjoying goddess-ship. The even-tinted cheeks are rather flat; the face, so wide is the brow, is almost triangular, the nose like that of a grand antique. These features are set in masses of bronze-black and crimped hair, darkly lustrous as it is that encompasses the head, and flows like an abundant mantle over her shoulders and bust. The wonder of the picture is in the face. The light cast on the wall throws the head in strong relief; she turns slowly towards the distant gleam; the ivy branch curves downwards, and assists with the swaying lines of the drapery, the composition of the whole.[1]

[1] Rossetti wrote to Mrs. Rae,—"October 12th, 1877. The present one [*Proserpine*] belonging to myself, was begun before Leyland's [of 1873],

Rosetti wrote a sonnet in Italian, and an English version of the same, both of which are inscribed on the frame of the picture in question. The latter is as follows:

PROSERPINA.

"Afar away the light that brings cold cheer
Unto this wall,—one instant and no more
Admitted at my distant palace door.
Afar the flowers of Enna from this drear
Dire fruit, which, tasted once, must thrall me here.
Afar those skies from this Tartarean grey
That chills me; and afar, how far away,
The nights that shall be from the days that were.

"Afar from mine own self I seem, and wing
Strange ways in thought, and listen for a sign:
And still some heart unto some soul doth pine,
(Whose sounds mine inner sense is fain to bring,
Continually together murmuring,)—
'Woe's me for thee, unhappy Proserpine!'"

These are indeed profound sighs, worthy of a goddess of the antique mould, and even sadder than the picture to which they refer. As to their subject, every friend of the painter knew that he was prouder of having invented it

and thus had the immense advantage of the first inspiration from nature. It is unquestionably the finer of the two, and is the very flower of my work. . . . You may perhaps have seen an article in the *Athenæum* relating to some pictures of mine completed at that time, and among which this is the first mentioned. The size is the same as Leyland's, the price 1,000 guineas." Mr. Leyland's version was sold in May, 1892, for 540 guineas; it was No. 314 at the Academy 1883. Mr. Turner's version is that which Mr. W. Rossetti distinguishes as No. 3, of the rather numerous category of *Proserpines;* it now belongs to Mr. C. Butler, and is that which the painter himself thought highest of.

than of his share in devising, or rather applying to art any other theme in which he excelled. Reckoning *The Bride* as his technical *chef d'œuvre*, I place *Proserpine* next to it, not because it is as well or better painted than half a dozen of his capital pieces, severally, but on account of the complete originality of its theme. On the other hand it should be remembered that, while he produced at least four or five versions of *Proserpine*, he never ventured on a second *Bride*.

The disastrous use of chloral, which was ultimately to insure his ruin, while it certainly did not act alone in promoting that catastrophe, had not, in 1871, although he became addicted to it more than two years before, made deep inroads upon our poet's energies, nor reduced his power in art. But it is noteworthy that, some time before 1868, when chloral came to his hands, nearly all the subjects of his pen and brush were more or less desponding; of those none is sadder than *Proserpine*. At this time the chivalric and romantic subjects he had affected so late as the *Tristram and Iseult* of 1867, disappeared from his repertory, and gave place to the woe of Ceres' daughter, the mournful despair of *La Pia*, the sad pity of the *Donna della Finestra*, the ominous agony of *Pandora*, the sorrowing of Dante in the *Dream*, and the vague melancholy of *Veronica Veronese*, whose music is a dirge. Rossetti was not the man to "be sad o' nights out of mere wantonness," and therefore we must seek a cause for his selecting themes so gloomy and so woebegone as these, and may perhaps find it in the insidious effects of the drug which precipitated, though it did

not cause his downfall,—and long before he had reached the allotted goal of man's existence—left desolate that noble "House of Life," whose inner treasures his poetry and painting set forth with

"Such a pencil, such a pen."

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER

(*Landseer*)

JOHN RUSKIN

IN the 15th lecture of Sir Joshua Reynolds, incidental notice is taken of the distinction between those excellencies in the painter which belong to him *as such*, and those which belong to him in common with all men of intellect, the general and exalted powers of which art is the evidence and expression, not the subject. But the distinction is not there dwelt upon as it should be, for it is owing to the slight attention ordinarily paid to it, that criticism is open to every form of coxcombry, and liable to every phase of error. It is a distinction on which depends all sound judgment of the rank of the artist, and all just appreciation of the dignity of art.

Painting, or art generally, as such, with all its technicalities, difficulties, and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing. He who has learned what is commonly considered the whole art of painting, that is, the art of representing any natural object faithfully, has as yet only learned the language by which his thoughts are to be expressed. He has done just as much towards being that which we ought to respect as a great painter, as a man

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER.

LANDSEER.

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TIONS.

who has learned how to express himself grammatically and melodiously has towards being a great poet. The language is, indeed, more difficult of acquirement in the one case than in the other, and possesses more power of delighting the sense, while it speaks to the intellect, but it is, nevertheless, nothing more than language, and all those excellencies which are peculiar to the painter as such, are merely what rhythm, melody, precision and force are in the words of the orator and the poet, necessary to their greatness, but not the tests of their greatness. It is not by the mode of representing and saying, but by what is represented and said, that the respective greatness of the painter or the writer is to be finally determined.

Speaking with strict propriety, therefore, we should call a man a great painter only as he excelled in precision and force in the language of lines, and a great versifier, as he excelled in precision or force in the language of words. A great poet would then be a term strictly, and in precisely the same sense applicable to both, if warranted by the character of the images or thoughts which each in their respective language conveyed.

Take, for instance, one of the most perfect poems or pictures (I use the words as synonymous) which modern times have seen:—the *Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.* Here the exquisite execution of the glossy and crisp hair of the dog, the bright sharp touching of the green bough beside it, the clear painting of the wood of the coffin and the folds of the blanket, are language—language clear and expressive in the highest degree. But the close pressure of

the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid, close and motionless, upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the rigidity of repose which marks that there has been no motion nor change in the trance of agony since the last blow was struck on the coffin-lid, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life—how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in his sleep;—these are all thoughts—thoughts by which the picture is separated at once from hundreds of equal merit, as far as mere painting goes, by which it ranks as a work of high art, and stamps its author, not as the neat imitator of the texture of a skin, or the fold of a drapery, but as the Man of Mind.

It is not, however, always easy, either in painting or literature, to determine where the influence of language stops, and where that of thought begins. Many thoughts are so dependent upon the language in which they are clothed, that they would lose half their beauty if otherwise expressed. But the highest thoughts are those which are least dependent on language, and the dignity of any composition and praise to which it is entitled, are in exact proportion to its independency of language or expression. A composition is indeed usually most perfect, when to such intrinsic dignity is added all that expression can do to attract and adorn; but in every case of supreme excellence this all becomes as nothing. We are more gratified by the

simplest lines or words which can suggest the idea in its own naked beauty, than by the robe or the gem which conceal while they decorate; we are better pleased to feel by their absence how little they could bestow, than by their presence how much they can destroy. There is therefore a distinction to be made between what is ornamental in language and what is expressive.

THE VIRGIN OF THE FISH
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

THE Virgin, having descended from the skies, is seated upon earth with her divine Son surrounded by various personages. Her throne, only one of the uprights of which, richly ornamented in the antique taste, is visible, is placed on a slightly raised platform. One step in the form of a rectangular parallelopiped that occupies the centre of the foreground leads up to it. The wood of the whole construction is of a bright colour. On the right, an old man is kneeling with a lion crouching at his feet. On the left, a youth is led forward by an angel. This youth carries a fish; whence arises the name by which this picture is known. What is the motive of this picture, and what is its precise meaning? Vasari expressly says that the Madonna is between St. Jerome, the angel Raphael and Tobit: *Dentro vi è la Nostra Donna, San Girolamo vestito da cardinale, ed uno Angelo Raffaello ch'accompagna Tobia.* This being admitted, people asked how the young captive of Nineveh was thus brought into the company of the Bethlehem recluse, and for a long time people did not see the bonds that united these two figures of such different periods and characters. Thus, some people concluded that

THE VIRGIN OF THE FISH.

RAPHAEL.

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ATIONS.

Raphael had merely obeyed a pictorial fantasy; whilst others, seeking a moral meaning in so beautiful a work and finding none in Vasari's description, have denounced this description as false and have gone to some pains to substitute a complicated allegory for a simple picture of religious history. Both these opinions are equally far from the truth. Those who deny to Raphael the intervention of reason and logic in the composition of such a picture are evidently wrong; and those who seek a far-fetched explanation in the allegory cannot be right. But outside an interpretation at any cost and an absolute denial of any interpretation there is still room for the truth. If on the one hand, we hold by Vasari's text; while on the other hand, we maintain that a work of such beauty must have been ripely thought out and strongly intended in every part, we have no difficulty, when we recall the spirit of the personages and go back to the origin of the picture, in finding the reason why St. Jerome and Tobit are in juxtaposition.

And first, the questions of anachronism here are puerile. When it is a question of the Virgin in glory, time and place do not count. What are centuries by the side of eternity; and what is the earth by the side of immensity? Such subjects only depend upon the Christian ideal. Moreover, what is there to shock one in meeting St. Jerome in Tobit's company, in the *Virgin of the Fish*, when in the *Foligno Madonna* we find the same St. Jerome in the company of St. John the Baptist and St. Francis D'Assisi? And more than this: the motives that determined Sigis-

mond Conti to surround himself with such or such saints are unknown to us, whilst we can easily discover the relation between St. Jerome and Tobit. In the earliest Christian age, the Book of Tobit was considered scarcely more than a religious and moral apologue, not in the least orthodox. It is true that St. Polycarp in the Second Century and St. Cyprian in the Third speak of the Book of Tobit as an inspired book; but the question was far from being settled; and, at the beginning of the Fourth Century, the Council of Laodicea does not mention this book among the Lessons recommended in the churches. Then comes St. Jerome, who, in the name of Christianity, adopts the two Tobits and causes their history to be put in the Vulgate. Before this imposing authority, contradiction ceased: the Councils of Hippo and Carthage, held at the close of the Fourth Century and early in the Fifth, consecrated the Book of Tobit, and although the Church still thought it well to adjourn her solemn decision for nearly a thousand years, the order of the founder of the Christian exegesis prevailed from that date at Rome and in the West over all disagreements. This being established, what can be more simple to explain than the picture in the Madrid Museum? By the simultaneous presence of the youthful Tobit, the angel and St. Jerome at the foot of the Madonna's throne, Raphael, anticipating the decision of the Council of Trent by about thirty years, maintains the Ninevite captive in the rank of the prophets and proclaims the canonicity of the version to which, moreover, Rome has pinned her faith in all ages. Tobit, still a child, comes trembling before the

Saviour. Before recognizing the prophet's mission, the Virgin hesitates, and thus recalls the hesitation of the Church. The Infant Jesus, on the contrary, resolutely pronounces in favor of Tobit and with a gesture confirms the authenticity of the Book admitted by St. Jerome. All the personages brought together in this picture have therefore their necessary relations and their rational linking.

But being given the opportunity of St. Jerome and Tobit in company, what particular motive had Raphael in placing beside the Virgin a Biblical character who historically preceded Jesus Christ by more than 650 years? To resolve this problem, we must remember the destination of the picture and the circumstances under which it was painted. It was in 1514: three years had already passed since Raphael had painted the *Foligno Madonna*. Julius II. was dead, Leo X. had taken possession of the pontifical chair, and the Attila fresco in the Heliodorus Chamber had just been completed. It was then that the Dominicans of the church of San Domenico Maggiore, at Naples, asked Raphael for a Virgin in Glory for their chapel of Crocifisso. In this chapel was the crucifix which, according to the legend, spoke to St. Thomas Aquinas, and before this crucifix those who suffered from ophthalmia came and prostrated themselves. Now what was more natural than the choice of the young Tobit to speak in such a place to the souls of unfortunates threatened with the loss of sight, and at what more timely season could hope and faith have been awakened in them? Might not God repeat for each of them the miracle he had performed in Tobit's favour?

Thus nothing in Raphael's picture was put in by chance. The selection of the personages is subordinate to the subject, which in turn is determined by the destination of the picture. Everything is linked and bound together in this composition, and posterity, that has consecrated it under the name of the *Virgin of the Fish* has instinctively fixed its aim, its meaning and its true intent. The examination of each figure separately will convince us of the logical and necessary order of the ideas contained in this admirable work.

The Virgin with the Infant Jesus, dominating the personages surrounding her, is the principal figure of the picture. Seated and seen almost full-faced, the body about three-quarters right towards St. Jerome, and the head three-quarters left towards Tobit, she holds her divine Son in both arms and seems to be trying to restrain His eagerness to go to the young Ninevite captive. The reserved attitude of the head, the gaze so calm in its investigation, the mouth ready to soften, but still immobile and mute, the prudent movement of the body and the arms, all reveal Mary's hesitation in recognizing the vocation of the prophet. This figure, so profoundly human, has something of the grandiose dignity of the antique conceptions at the same time that it preserves that Christian virginity that forces prayer and invites love. Without losing any of the sovereign humility that was hers upon earth, the Virgin has become regally glorious in eternity : she is the *Omnipotentia supplex* who has said of herself: "In me is all the hope of life and of virtue." Her head is beautifully formed,

broadly developed at the crown, without heaviness below, and perfectly smooth in its entire outline. The brow is high, noble and full of intelligence; and the hair that crowns it is very simply arranged in bands. The eyes, lowered upon Tobit, possess great calm and extreme sweetness. The form of the eyelids, the curve of the brows and the flat part of the nose that prolongs the surface of the forehead are all irreproachable. The mouth is of medium size and devoid of all primness. The cheeks, full but not at all pasty, present none of those artifices of modelling by which the artist, often guided by a seductive nature, arrives at the pretty without attaining the beautiful. This face is scrupulously inspired by reality and recalls the highest traditions; it is simple, restrained, and touches the sublime by suffusing our hearts with the idea of a superhuman kindness. The pose and adjustment of this figure also contribute to the same impression. In the position of the body, the gesture of the arms and the action of the legs, everything is full of ease; but the serenity has nothing in it to engender monotony, and the idea of the immutable expression of fate is the negation of immobility. At the same time that the shoulders, drawn by the movement of the head, turn to the left towards Tobit, the arms are drawn back sharply to the right towards St. Jerome to hold back the Infant Jesus. The legs also keep their primitive position with its tendency towards the left, and from this double combination results a variety and spontaneity of attitude that would have been an obstacle to the majesty of the Virgin if Raphael by a masterly interpretation had

not known how to make the vivacity of a natural movement accord with the quietude inseparable from the Virgin in glory. The costume is the simplest that could be imagined. A white veil is twined in the hair around a tress that encircles the head and forms a diadem; thence it falls upon the shoulders and reaches the breast. There is nothing to find fault with in the humility of this arrangement, and yet the art with which the effect has been attained is such that no other head-dress could exalt the dignity of the Virgin to such a degree. Thus, where Leo X.'s too pagan contemporaries found a motive for admiration, even the Old Masters, fond of severity, would have had nothing to do but to applaud. Raphael, in a higher harmony had reconciled the rights of beauty and the exigences of faith. A pure blue robe, of a severe cut and without any ornament, outlines the arm that is visible, and leaves the neck bare. This robe is for the most part covered by a large mantle of stronger blue, which, thrown over the knees, envelops all the lower part of the figure, and only shows the extremity of the left foot, which is bare and of a very beautiful shape. Nothing could be more severe or graceful than this whole effect in which the colour is in harmony with the simplicity of line. The fresh and transparent rose of the flesh and the blonde of the hair are in enchanting accord with the white of the veil and the two blues of the robe and mantle. A masterly hand, and one sure of itself, has broadly disposed rapid effects that yet have nothing abrupt in them, and co-ordinated the colours in accordance with the mysterious laws of the noblest

harmony. The clear and limpid tones almost remind us of the tones of fresco. Light is everywhere in this central figure on which the spectator's attention is to be principally fixed: it radiates even in the diaphanous shadows through which we see the contours and modelled forms. The draperies are disposed with a taste that Raphael himself has rarely equalled: they cover all without hiding anything and render a strict account of the parts they envelop. There is no ornament, nor embroidery of any kind. The idea of absolute beauty is born of the sobriety of the colour and the grandeur and purity of the lines. We think of *Samuel Rogers' Madonna* and the *Madonna della Tenda*, but on comparing these with the *Virgin of the Fish* we find a greater nobility and beauty in the latter. What is particularly remarkable is that in proportion as Raphael approaches perfection and soars towards that impersonal ideal by which Antiquity was attracted as he was, he brings more heart and soul to the expression of his idea. In a burst of sincere enthusiasm, Vasari has said: "Raphael has shown what beauty can be put into the face of a Virgin, by giving modesty to the eyes, honour to the brow, grace to the nose, and virtue to the mouth. No Virgin merits this eulogy more than the *Virgin of the Fish*. And yet it must be completed by the addition of the most exquisite of all human quality,—kindness; for one of the most individual and permanent traits of Raphael's Virgins is that they only appear to be beautiful because they are good.

The Infant Jesus completes and explains the intent of the picture with a vivacity of expression and a spontaneity

of movement that are decisive and irresistible. He recognizes Tobit as one of his own, and tries to spring towards him. While with his left hand and arm reaching backward and lying in St. Jerome's bible he affirms the authenticity of the Scripture, with his right hand extended forward he seems to want to draw Tobit towards him, to hold and caress him. His head also, three quarters right and bent forwards, leans towards Tobit and rests gently against the Virgin's cheek; he wants to influence his Mother and make her also decide in favour of the Ninevite captive. All this is clearly indicated and no doubt as to Raphael's intention seems possible to us. The countenance of this Infant Jesus is serious, serene and, like the Virgin's, perfectly kind. The eyes are bright, and the gaze, benevolent as it is, remains full of authority; the nose, mouth and all the features are delicately and firmly drawn, and express a truly religious solemnity at the same time as an almost familiar sentiment. The naked body is drawn and modelled with perfection: it is nature herself with the spontaneity of her movements and her gestures. But what elegance there is in the form, and what discernment in the choice of the precise moment when the real touches the ideal! The colour is also delightful: it is impossible to imagine a brush more supple, learned, free, scrupulous, or independent. All the science and all the taste possible would not suffice for the production of such works; genius is required, and Raphael so constantly visited by inspiration has rarely been more highly inspired. Here, however, there is none of that terrible majesty by which Raphael (in the *Sistine Madonna*)

makes us see in a little child the arbiter of the world and the Sovereign Judge. The *Bambino* still mingles with mankind, gives himself up naïvely to them and seeks to subjugate them with love. No trait of severity is revealed in him, but all the external signs of sweetness and kindness are in evidence. In order to gain hearts, the Infant Jesus dons the simple graces of humanity and to encourage human weakness he makes himself really a little child.

The youthful Tobit, presented and supported by the angel, is kneeling at the foot of the Madonna's throne and imploring the Word of God. Nothing can surpass the fervour and beauty of these two figures that appear in this picture as the exalted image of faith, hope and love.

Tobit bows at the Madonna's feet. He is a charming youth, viewed in right profile, in an attitude at once respectful, timid and confiding. His head, very animated and very warm in tone, is of rare beauty. Long curls of golden blonde fall upon his shoulders. His gaze, raised towards the Word is full of light; his lips part, desiring but not daring to speak. Gratitude and admiration give an expression to the face in which we are forced to recognize something more beautiful than nature and more truthful than truth itself. The costume is extremely simple. It is merely composed of a short tunic of a bright yellow tint, the sleeves of which cover the arms to the wrists. The legs are bare from the knees down; the feet are covered with sandals tied to green leggings. The left knee rests upon the ground and the right leg bends without yet kneeling. At the same time the left hand is given up to the

hand of the archangel and reaches towards the Infant Jesus, while the right hand holds a string by which hangs the symbolic fish. Raphael put his whole heart into this delightful figure. It was impossible to borrow less from accessories: the whole charm arises from the purity of the lines, the truth of the action and gesture, and the agreement between the forms and the internal sentiment. Nothing can be more modest and less equivocal in intent than this youth trembling with happiness and ecstasy in the presence of the Virgin and the Son of God. Raphael, always so clean cut in his expression, has never been more clear or precise; he has never painted those timorous souls, of which Dante speaks, that Heaven and Hell alike reject, and he has never reached his goal with more decision than in this picture. The youthful Tobit is truly "a citizen of the Holy City," *veramente del Paradiso;* before him we feel penetrated with the religion that has made Hope a virtue.

The angel possesses a still grander beauty. Seen also in right profile, with body bending forwards above Tobit, and head stretched towards the Virgin, he keeps behind the youthful prophet whom with his left hand he presents to the Saviour, pushing him forward with his right hand towards the divine group. The gaze, the mouth and all the features of this face burn with the saintliest ardour, and are almost adorable in their adoration. The flesh glows with a lively and almost Venetian colouring. The hair of a somewhat dark blonde falls away leaving bare the temples, ear and cheek, at the same time rising so as to form a sort of flame at the top of the brow. We are reminded of the old

faces of the Genii created by Classic art, and the very taste of profane antiquity, becoming Christian, seems to revive in this celestial messenger. The neck, and top of the shoulder, left bare by the vestment, are admirably modelled. The robe, the sleeves of which reach the wrist, is yellow, but of a deeper tint than that of Tobit; over it is a red tunic, that covers the shoulders and lower part of the figure. Great grey wings toning into pale blue rise behind the head and pass out of the frame. Such an angel as this seems to have descended from Heaven and yet is held to earth by the most material beauty. The face is so serene, it possesses such divine ardour and such real fervour, and seems to be almost intoxicated with divine love. Thus Raphael translates with sovereign perfection the visions that had visited him from his infancy. Here we have one of those sexless beings, or rather proceeding from both sexes, possessing the strength of the one and the grace and charm of the other, pure reflections of eternal beauty, created by the religious sentiment to show us in our own image the very image of God. Never has painting produced such a beautiful angel as the archangel Raphael in the *Virgin of the Fish*. In this there is a sort of exaltation of genius, something that elevates the soul above the earth and carries it even into the depths of Divinity. All the influences united that made Raphael are clearly visible in the *Virgin of the Fish*. In particular, consider the archangel Raphael and the young Tobit: nowhere has Nature been more scrupulously studied; nowhere also has this study been more discreetly hidden under the

Christian idea; and, finally, nowhere can we better comprehend that Classic learning that has taught Raphael to make everything simplification and abstraction in view of the principal idea.

On the other side of the Madonna, St. Jerome worthily completes the picture; and his strong figure suffices to counterbalance the delicate ones of Tobit and the angel. Robed in purple and kneeling on the platform of the Virgin's throne, he holds in both hands the version of the Vulgate and concentrates his whole mind upon the book that the Infant Jesus himself adopts and consecrates. His robust and broadly constructed head preserves only a few white hairs which wave above his brow and on his temples where they join a long beard, equally white, which covers his cheeks, lips and chin; and falls to the middle of his breast. His brow is contracted and reflective, but without any effort or anxiety. His attentive gaze is concentrated exclusively upon the Scriptures: although almost lost in the beard his mouth is expressive and speaking; and all his features are regular and handsome, gentle and kind in their strong accentuation. The saint is in full possession of the Truth: he penetrates it and is himself illuminated by it. The colouring of his face is animated, charming and as far removed from weakness as from harshness, reflecting without any exaggeration something of the warm purple glow. Look at the beautiful values exchanged by the colour of the head and that of the vesture! What light, what relief, what a lovely diaphanous shadow is cast by the book on the left hand the fingers of which are in

the leaves! This St. Jerome has lived, but he has triumphed over life; he has suffered but "he who has not suffered, what does he know?" He has entered alive into eternal rest, carrying his robust old age with dignity; and of earthly passions he only retains what is necessary for genius to testify of its empire. Never had so grand an image of this holy person yet been seen, and since Raphael Art has made vain attempts to rise as high.

A great green curtain, raised diagonally from the right, forms a background on which the Virgin and the Infant Jesus, the angel Raphael and Tobit stand out. This broad and sober note is broken only on the right by a patch of sky on which the admirable face of St. Jerome glows with greater brilliance. This corner of the firmament, intensely blue at the zenith, gradually pales down towards the horizon. In the distance are outlined vague silhouettes of mountains drowned in the blue. St. Jerome, placed directly under the light that falls from the sky is the most brilliantly illuminated by it. As for the other figures, the light only strikes them subdued by the interposition of the curtain. However, the Infant Jesus is also almost entirely enveloped by the outside air. The difference of light is slightly noticeable in passing from the Infant to the Virgin; but it becomes sensibly so in passing to the youthful Tobit, and still more so with the archangel Raphael. Then the shadows deepen gradually, but without thickening or assuming any obscurity or blackness anywhere, and without any darkness shrouding any point, but on the contrary preserving a transparence and limpidity through which even the

most sombre parts look flooded with light. Nothing can be more harmonious than the disposition of the colours in this picture. The colouring of the heads is fresh, dazzling, and entirely appropriate to the age, character and condition of each. The draperies, always of simple shades, preserve a perfect equilibrium of tonality with the flesh-tints, and form oppositions among themselves of equal softness and sonority. The blue mantle and white veil of the Virgin, the two neighbouring yellows of the robes of Tobit and the angel, the strong red of St. Jerome's vesture and the no less vivid blue of the sky,—all these different notes, which seem exclusive on account of frankness and brilliance, vibrate with intensity and especially in harmony, melt into and join one another without any violence, and over these modulations the green curtain is thrown like a deep holding-note which serves as a bond for all these parts of the same chant. In certain aspects of colour, this picture recalls the *Foligno Madonna*. When we look at it, however, we think neither of Giorgione, nor of Sebastiani of Venice, nor of anybody whatsoever outside Raphael. Raphael is there himself, alone and entire. Others have had a more glaring palette, but nobody has had more harmony, tranquillity and dignity in his colour. His brush, broad, spontaneous and full of decision, is accustomed to the uses of great painting; his hand has been familiarized with the simple and rapid operations of fresco; and, in the execution of the *Virgin of the Fish*, we recognize the painter of the *Bolsena Mass*. Even from the standpoint of colour, such a picture as this can compare advantageously with the most beautiful productions

of the genius of the exclusively colourist schools. But however lovely the colour may be, here it is always only an accessory; it makes part of the form, it is inherent in the idea, and it is this idea that is truly marvellous in its simplicity. In his strong virility, Raphael had lost none of the native and enchanting qualities of his earliest youth. In his most masterly works of the Roman period, we still find the Umbrian painter of the *Knight's Dream*. Under the loveliest forms, his soul here burns with more intensity than ever. The time of mysticism had passed away, and the internal feeling had never appeared stronger nor more eloquent. The Christian idea, in associating itself with the beautiful, does not abdicate, it becomes transformed; the great mystery, while investing itself with more harmonious colours and better adapted for the pleasure of the eyes, loses nothing of its religious and profound meaning. Raphael proves this by admirable evidence in the *Virgin of the Fish*.

MRS. SIDDONS

(*Gainsborough*)

HENRY JOUIN

ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR, Clarion and Rachel! These three names, which with us recall the "Tragic Muse" in her most brilliant manifestations, unite, with our neighbours across the English Channel, into the one name of Mrs. Siddons. This marvellously gifted artist has no rival in the history of the English theatre. For over a century, she has been the highest incarnation and the most powerful personification of the *tragedienne's* art. Her father was Roger Kemble. She was born on July 14th, 1755, at Brecon in Wales. Roger Kemble was managing a troupe of strolling players there. She immediately received the name of Sarah. Eleven children were born after her; and two of her brothers made the name of Kemble illustrious. The first was John Philip, both actor and author, born in Prescot, in 1757, who studied at Douai and whose successes as a tragedian continued for more than twenty years. His favorite *rôles* were Hamlet, Macbeth and Othello. As a dramatic author, he produced nothing but burlesques. John Philip, dying at Lausanne, in 1823, received the signal tribute of a statue in Westminster Abbey. Charles Kemble, much younger, became celebrated as a comedian. He first saw the light in 1775, at

MRS. SIDDONS.

GAINSBOROUGH.

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Brecon, where his father was again established, having taken the management of a theatre. Following the example of his brother John, he grew up at the college of Douai, made his *début* at Drury Lane in 1794, and then took the management of the Covent-Garden theatre, the administration of which he kept until 1826.

The marriage of Mrs. Siddons, which occurred in November, 1773, at Coventry, to a young actor in her father's troupe, was not antagonistic to the dramatic vocation of her brothers, John Philip and Charles. Roger Kemble, the father, had tried to divert his daughter from the theatre, and, towards accomplishing this purpose, he had placed her, at the age of fifteen, as lady's maid to a wealthy family of Warwickshire. But it was too late. It was not with impunity that Roger Kemble had confided to his daughter from her earliest childhood *rôles* of all kinds upon the strolling stage that he managed. This was a grave imprudence, or, perhaps, an unconscious complicity towards an irresistible vocation. Siddons and Sarah Kemble were worthy of each other. Both knew how to conquer the esteem and the respect of their contemporaries by the regularity of their lives, no less than by their talents. When just married, Mrs. Siddons played in many provincial theatres and rapidly acquired her great reputation. Garrick, having heard of her, made a contract with her for an engagement at Drury Lane, of which he was manager. She played in company with the great tragedian; but, not being able to overcome her timidity, she was mediocre. A few years of retreat and patient study enabled her to triumph over her nerves.

She made successive essays at the theatres of Manchester, York and Bath. And when she reappeared, in 1782, upon the Covent Garden stage, after the death of Garrick, the perfection of her playing gave her authority and success which never deserted her up to 1818. The *rôles* in which she was illustrious are numberless. Juliet, Ophelia, Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*, Marguerite d'Anjou in *Edward IV.*, Constance in *King John*, and, beyond all else, Lady Macbeth should be recalled. Mrs. Siddons, much enamoured of her art, studied all the sources and weighed all the problems. She left some written notes upon the *rôle* of Lady Macbeth which are witnesses of her reflection and her high intelligence. She was a *tragedienne* by vocation, but there is every reason to take into consideration, in regard to her success, the persistent work that she imposed upon herself, so that she could penetrate into the genius of the poets that she interpreted.

What of this? Of what avail is it to name triumphs and enumerate victories? In truth, statistics are very dry, and I beg Mrs. Siddons's pardon. We can do better by seizing from the pens of her contemporaries some words that will give a just idea of the enchantments and terrors with which the great *tragedienne* carved out her brilliant path. Lord Byron thus defined Mrs. Siddons in the *rôle* of Lady Macbeth: "It was something transcending nature; one would say that a being of a superior order had descended from a high sphere to inspire fear and admiration at the same time." One day some one insisted that Byron should go to see Miss O'Neil, a celebrated actress in the *rôle* of Lady

Macbeth: "I have seen Siddons; any other spectacle would only harm my ideal." Doctor Samuel Johnson, the arbiter, or rather the tyrant of British opinion for a quarter of a century, was profoundly misanthropic. The name of Siddons ceaselessly repeated in the London *salons* wounded the ears of the redoubtable doctor, yet notwithstanding, he rendered this tribute to the *tragedienne:* "Neither eulogy nor fortune, which, ordinarily are a double danger for humanity, have captured this superior person." Miss Burney thus expresses herself: "Hers is an excellent nature; she is always self-possessed. She is calm and modest. Her attitude is serious and grave without affectation; a certain coldness, exempt from arrogance, distinguishes her person." Mrs. Thrale, a woman of knowledge, knowing many languages, whom Johnson, when he was seventy years of age, wanted to marry, alludes to that coldness of which Miss Burney speaks. "Siddons," she writes, "is at certain times, a leaden statue; but what does it matter, we have made her our idol, and she appears to us like a statue of gold." The *tragedienne* had occasion one day to visit the dwelling of Johnson whom Chesterfield qualified as a Hottentot and whom M. Valbert called "a crude giant and a rude elephant." Coming under the roof of the publicist, she looked around for a chair upon which she might sit down. He had none in the place, and Johnson perceived the poverty of his furniture. The rude pachyderm, suddenly rendered tame, found this admirable speech for his visitor: "You see, Madame, whenever you appear seats are lacking;" Mme. de Staël saluted her as "the most

noble of all actresses in her manners." "Mme. Siddons," she added, "has the secret of prostrating herself to the earth without losing her dignity."

What else do I know? It was Walpole who wrote: "Mistress Siddons is always the fashion and, what is rare, she is always modest and sensible. She declines all invitations to the London *salons* on the pretext that she gives all her time to study and to the education of her son." This son was Henry Siddons. He himself became an actor, theatrical manager and author. He was twenty-six when he played the *rôle* of Hamlet. And his mother wrote to Mrs. Inchbald: "How sweet it is to me to see the talent of my dear Henry appreciated! I believe his talent is real and indeed very remarkable. But it all seems a dream to me. I am trembling and impatient to learn the effect of his Hamlet. It is almost a mad undertaking for such a youth to appear in a *rôle* played for so long and in so perfect a style by his Uncle John. Let us pray God that he will succeed. Adieu, dear Muse!"

Mistress Siddons was the object of requests from the painters of her day. Reynolds has left a celebrated portrait of this great actress known under the name of the *Tragic Muse.* Mistress Thrale tells us that Siddons herself chose the pose that Reynolds preserved in his composition. The *tragedienne* is sitting in an antique chair, the head erect and lightly turned towards the shoulder, as if listening to a discourse that an invisible interlocutor is pronouncing. Her foot rests upon a stool and she appears as if in the clouds. It is an apotheosis rather than a por-

trait. "I will not lose the opportunity," said Reynolds, "to transmit my name to posterity by not inscribing it upon the fringe of your robe." And he actually did this. You can read the painter's signature and the date 1783 upon the gold border of the drapery that covers the knees of the *Tragic Muse*. The original work is in Grosvenor Gallery. A copy by Reynolds, signed and dated 1789, is in Dulwich College. Romney and Lawrence also painted the portrait of Mistress Siddons. But their canvases did not have the success of Reynolds's. However, according to the opinion of Leslie and Tom Taylor, biographers of the painter of the *Tragic Muse*, Reynolds was outdistanced by Gainsborough in the interpretation of Mrs. Siddons's features. With the former, the model and the pose are apparent; with the second, nature is not on her guard, and allows herself to be surprised. Mrs. Siddons was twenty-nine when Gainsborough obtained permission to paint her portrait. It was in 1784. She is in street costume, sitting, at half-length, and seen nearly in profile; a dress of blue and white stripes, a shawl with golden reflections envelops the slender body of this young woman; and a black hat, surmounted with a feather of the same colour, is placed on the head and brings out the dead whiteness of the face; the eye, with its penetrating expression, looks into space and seems disdainful of the spectator's admiration. The resolution, the character and also the great tranquillity of the soul, and a self-possession that nothing can disturb distinguishes this severe and quiet image. Visitors to the National Gallery remain spell-

bound by the facility that the painter has shown in this picture. It does not seem as if Gainsborough paid the slightest heed to his method in acquitting himself of this task. He took however, serious care to render with a rigorous truthfulness the accentuated features of his model. The head of Mrs. Siddons had its peculiarities. A speech of the painter proves this. One day after he had worked for a long while without saying a word: "Damn your nose, madame," he cried suddenly, "there is no end to it: it is one of the characteristic features of your face. The mouth is also very peculiar." "You mean to say the jawbone," replied Mrs. Siddons, laughing; "I have the Kemble jawbone; it is not less celebrated than that of Samson." This dialogue shows us the wit that the *tragedienne* enjoyed. Whatever opinion she had of her face, it is not to be despised. Gainsborough has, moreover, perpetuated it at a propitious moment. In reality, during the period of her youth, the tragic mask of the actress, too prematurely accented, was not without harshness. Towards the approach of her thirtieth year, all inequalities and all violence had disappeared, and it was really in the hour of her full beauty that Reynolds and his rival fixed upon their canvases the radiant image of the *tragedienne* and the woman.

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THE NATIVITY
(*Botticelli*)

COSMO MONKHOUSE

OF all the artists of the Fifteenth Century, there was no one who more fully exercised his imaginative faculty than Sandro Filipepi, generally called Botticelli, and no one who more fully represents the spirit of the Renaissance. He was a great church painter, infusing his own strong and abundant life into the oft-repeated themes of ecclesiastical art. Like his master, Lippi, he conceived them over again, but in a still more romantic spirit, and with a vigour and energy unknown before. But his imagination was also captured by the poetic legends of the ancient pagan world, and by the romantic inventions of his own countrymen. If not the first to choose subjects from the poets of Greece and Rome, he was the first to illustrate a modern one. His designs to the *Divina Commedia* (once in the possession of Lord Ashburnham, but now in the museum of Berlin) show how thoroughly he was affected by the spirit of Dante. Some of the most original motives in his great altar-pieces can be traced to the influence of the great poem on his imagination, and he not only illustrated but annotated it. He painted pictures also from the tales of Boccaccio.

The pictures by Botticelli in the National Gallery illustrate many sides of his genius, if they do not show its full range. The largest, the *Assumption of the Virgin* (No. 1126), is original and grand in its conception, the wide expanse of sky being filled with great zones of the angelic hierarchy and all the company of heaven, while below, and behind the figures of the Apostles who stand round the Virgin's tomb, we see the valley of the Arno, with the city of Florence and another town. The wonderful energy of the angels and the boldness of the design attest the invention of Botticelli, and its history from the date it left that artist's *bottega* is complete; but it is thought by some to have been executed by his pupils, and in any case it is too much damaged to be, in its present state, a satisfactory example of his skill. This picture is supposed to have been painted about 1472, or when the painter was about twenty-six, and is therefore a striking witness of the reputation he acquired at an early age, especially if his position was so secure that he could afford to leave the execution of so important a work in the hands of his pupils.

As Matteo Palmieri, who had written a poem somewhat in the manner of Dante, was a friend of Botticelli, it does not appear probable that the artist would have spared any personal pains in the execution of this picture; but however that may be, it is satisfactory to feel assured that no kind of doubt exists as to the hand which executed the smaller but more interesting and beautiful work which hangs near it to the left, on the east wall.[1] This picture

[1] It has now been removed to Room I.

The Nativity (No. 1034), is "signed all over." From the inscription upon it, it appears to have been painted in the year 1500, or nearly thirty years after *The Assumption*; and though Botticelli lived till 1510, there is no work from his hand to which a later date has been assigned. In this picture we see that intensity of feeling, which is the peculiar characteristic of Botticelli, strained to its highest pitch. It does not need the inscription upon it to tell us that it was produced under great excitement. The fervour of the still Madonna, as she kneels before the Child; the extraordinary nervous tension which the artist has managed to suggest in the seated figure of Joseph; the rapture of the angels below at meeting their redeemed friends; the ardour of the angels at the sides, who introduce the awestricken shepherds and kings; and, finally, the wild ecstasy of the angels above as they dance around the throne, present such a picture of highly wrought emotion as even Botticelli himself has never equalled. Between the execution of the two pictures he had lived his life, a life of which we know little, except what we can learn from his works; but that is sufficient evidence that he had felt and probably suffered more than most men. His youth, we know, was one of remarkable success. After the death of his master, Lippi, he was reckoned, according to Vasari, the best painter in Florence. A few years after he painted *The Assumption* (the date assigned is 1481), he was summoned to Rome by Sixtus IV., to take part in the decoration of the famous chapel which the Pope had built in 1473. Here his associates were the most celebrated artists of Florence and

Umbria—Signorelli, Perugino, Cosmo Rosselli, and Ghirlandajo, and it is said that Sandro was appointed to superintend the whole of the decorative works. His frescoes there of the *History of Moses*, the *Temptation*, and the *Destruction of Korah*, are full of his fiery spirit and deserve to be more generally known and studied than they are. They are of much interest in connection with the two pictures with which we are at present concerned, as they are about equi-distant in date between them, and combine much of the exaggerated gesture of the latter, with groups as calm and dignified as the Apostles in *The Assumption*. From the inscription on *The Nativity* it would appear that the painter was suffering from strong religious excitement. It was painted under the conviction that the devil was then let loose for three years and a half, as foretold in the Revelation of S. John, and in glorious expectation of the time when he should again be chained and trodden down. As Botticelli was one of the most fervent followers of Savonarola, and the picture was painted but two years after the burning of the Dominican and the downfall of that short-lived "Kingdom of Christ," which he endeavoured to establish in Florence, it is only reasonable to conclude that this vision of the triumph of the Redeemer was the flash of an imagination still inflamed with the fierce enthusiasm of those unforgotten days; a reaction from a terrible disappointment; a prophecy of the near fulfilment of his hopes. It is also probable that such a man, convinced by the teaching of the monk, that all his pictures, or at least all those inspired by pagan feeling, like the *Mars and Venus*, in

Room I., were worthy only of the flames, should, as Vasari tells us, have renounced painting and fallen into distress. In no way opposed to this theory that Botticelli should have painted this particular picture, nor even that he should have served, in 1503, on a committee appointed to select a site for Michael Angelo's statue of *David*. There appears to be no doubt of the poverty of his later years, nor of the support which he received from his old patrons the Medici, and other friends, until his death in 1510.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON
(*Carpaccio*)

JAMES REDDIE ANDERSON

THE first picture on the left hand as we enter the chapel shows St. George on horseback, in battle with the Dragon. Other artists, even Tintoret[1] are of opinion that the Saint rode a white horse. The champion of Purity must, they hold, have been carried to victory by a charger ethereal and splendid as a summer cloud. Carpaccio believed that his horse was a dark brown. He knew that this colour is generally the mark of greatest strength and endurance; he had no wish to paint here an ascetic's victory over the flesh. St. George's warring is in the world, and for it; he is the enemy of its desolation, the guardian of its peace; and all vital force of the lower Nature he shall have to bear him into battle; submissive indeed to the spur, bitted and bridled for obedience, yet honourably decked with trappings whose studs and bosses are fair carven faces. But though of colour prosaically useful, this horse has a deeper kinship with the air. Many of the ancient histories and vase-paintings tell us that Perseus, when he saved Andromeda, was mounted on Pegasus. Look now here at the mane and tail, swept still back upon the wind, though

[1] In the anti-chapel of the Ducal Palace.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

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already the passionate onset has been brought to sudden pause in that crash of encounter. Though the flash of an earthly fire be in his eye, its force in his limbs—though the clothing of his neck be Chthonian thunder—this steed is brother, too, to that one, born by farthest ocean wells, whose wild mane and sweeping wings stretch through the firmament as light is breaking over earth. More; these masses of billowy hair tossed upon the breeze of heaven are set here for a sign that this, though but one of the beasts that perish, has the roots of his strong nature in the power of heavenly life, and is now about His business who is Lord of heaven and Father of men. The horse is thus, as we shall see, opposed to certain other signs, meant for our learning, in the dream of horror round this monster's den.[1]

St. George, armed to his throat, sits firmly in the saddle. All the skill gained in a chivalric youth, all the might of a soldier's manhood, he summons for this strange tourney, stooping slightly and gathering his strength as he drives the spear-point straight between his enemy's jaws. His face is very fair, at once delicate and powerful, well-bred in the fullest bearing of the words; a Plantagenet face in general type, but much refined. The lower lip is pressed upwards, the brow knit, in anger and disgust partly, but more in care —and care not so much concerning the flight's ending, as

[1] This cloudlike effect is through surface rubbing perhaps more marked now than Carpaccio intended, but must always have been most noticeable. It produces a very striking resemblance to the Pegasus or the Ram of Phrixus on Greek vases.

that this thrust in it shall now be rightly dealt. His hair flows in bright golden ripples, strong as those of a great spring whose up-welling waters circle through some clear pool, but it breaks at last to float over brow and shoulders in tendrils of living light.[1] Had Carpaccio been aware that St. George and Perseus are, in this deed, one; had he even held, as surely as Professor Müller finds reason to do, that at first Perseus was but the sun in his strength—for very name, being called "the Brightly-Burning"—this glorious head could not have been, more completely than it is, made the centre of light in the picture. In Greek works of art, as a rule, Perseus, when he rescues Andromeda, continues to wear the peaked Phrygian cap, dark helmet of Hades,[2] by whose virtue he moved, invisible, upon Medusa through coiling mists of dawn. Only after victory might he unveil his brightness. But about George from the first is no shadow. Creeping thing of keenest eye shall not see that splendour which is so manifest, nor with guile spring upon it unaware, to its darkening. Such knowledge alone for the dragon—dim sense as of a horse with its rider, moving to the fatal lair, hope, pulseless,—not of heart, but of talon and maw—that here is yet another victim, then only between his teeth that keen lance-point, thrust far before the Holy Apparition at whose rising the Power of the Vision of Death waxes faint and drops those terrible wings that bore under their shadow, not healing but wounds for men.

The spear pierces the base of the dragon's brain, its

[1] At his martyrdom St. George was hung up by his hair to be scourged.
[2] Given by Hermes (Chthonios).

point penetrating right through and standing out at the back of the head just above its junction with the spine. The shaft breaks in the shock between the dragon's jaws. This shivering of St. George's spear is almost always emphasized in pictures of him—sometimes, as here, in act, oftener by position of the splintered fragments prominent in the foreground.[1] This is no tradition of ancient art, but a purely mediæval incident, yet not, I believe, merely the vacant reproduction of a sight become familiar to the spectator of tournaments. The spear was type of the strength of human wisdom. This checks the enemy in his attack, subdues him partly, yet is shattered, having done so much, and of no help in perfecting the victory or in reaping its reward of joy. But at the Saint's "loins, girt about with truth," there hangs his holier weapon—the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

The Dragon[2] is bearded like a goat,[3] and essentially a thorny creature. Every ridge of his body, wings, and head, bristles with long spines, keen, sword-like, of an earthy brown colour or poisonous green. But the most truculent-looking of all is a short, strong hooked one at the back of his head, close to where the spear-point protrudes.[4]

[1] See Raphael's picture facing page 34.—E. S.

[2] It should be noticed that St. George's Dragon is never human-headed, as often St. Michael's.

[3] So the Theban dragon on a vase, to be afterwards referred to.

[4] I do not know the meaning of this here. It bears a striking resemblance to the crests of the dragon of Triptolemus on vases. These crests signify primarily the springing blade of corn. That, here, has become like iron.

These thorns are partly the same vision—though seen with even clearer eyes, dreamed by a heart yet more tender—as Spenser saw in the troop of urchins coming up with the host of other lusts against the Castle of Temperance. They are also symbolic as weeds whose deadly growth brings the power of earth to waste and chokes its good. These our Lord of spiritual husbandmen must for preliminary task destroy. The agricultural process consequent on this first step in tillage we shall see in the next picture, whose subject is the triumph of the ploughshare sword, as the subject of this one is the triumph of the pruning-hook spear. To an Italian of Carpaccio's time, further, spines —etymologically connected in Greek and Latin, as in English, with the backbone—were an acknowledged symbol of the lust of the flesh, whose defect the artist has here set himself to paint. The mighty coiling tail, as of a giant eel,[1] carries out the portraiture. For this, loathsome as the body is full of horror, takes the place of the snails ranked by Spenser in line beside his urchins. Though the monster, half-rampant, rises into air, turning claw and spike and tooth towards St. George, we are taught by this grey abomination twisting in the slime of death that the threatened destruction is to be dreaded not more for its horror than for its shame.

Behind the dragon lie, naked, with dead faces turned heavenwards, two corpses—a youth's and a girl's, eaten

[1] The eel was Venus's selected beast-shape in the "Flight of the Gods." Boccaccio has enlarged upon the significance of this. Gen. Deor. IV., 68. One learns from other sources that a tail was often symbol of sensuality.

away from the feet to the middle, the flesh hanging at the waist in loathsome rags torn by the monster's teeth. The man's thigh and upper-arm bones snapped across and sucked empty of marrow, are turned to us for special sign of this destroyer's power. The face, foreshortened, is drawn by death and decay into the ghastly likeness of an ape's.[1] The girl's face—seen in profile—is quiet and still beautiful; her long hair is heaped as for a pillow under her head. It does not grow like St. George's, in living ripples, but lies in fantastic folds, that have about them a savour, not of death only, but of corruption. For all its pale gold they at once carry back one's mind to Turner's Pytho, where the arrow of Apollo strikes him in the midst, and, piercing, reveals his foulness. Round her throat cling a few torn rags, these only remaining of the white garment that clothed her once. Carpaccio was a diligent student of ancient mythology. Boccaccio's very learned book on the Gods was the standard classical dictionary of those days in Italy. It tells us how the Cyprian Venus—a mortal princess in reality, Boccaccio holds—to cover her own disgrace led the maidens of her country to the sea-sands, and, stripping them there, tempted them to follow her in

[1] In the great Botticelli of the National Gallery, known as Mars and Venus, but almost identical with the picture drawn afterwards by Spenser of the Bower of Acrasia, the sleeping youth wears an expression, though less strongly marked, very similar to that of this dead face here. Such brutish paralysis is with scientific accuracy made special to the male. It may be noticed that the power of venomously wounding, expressed by Carpaccio through the Dragon's spines, is in the Botticelli signified by the swarm of hornets issuing from the tree-trunk by the young man's head.

shame. I suspect Carpaccio had this story in his mind, and meant here to reveal in true dragon aspect the Venus that once seemed fair, to show by this shore the fate of them that follow her. It is to be noticed that the dead man is an addition made by Carpaccio to the old story. Maidens of the people, the legend-writers knew, had been sacrificed before the Princess; but only he, filling the tale —like a cup of his country's fairly fashioned glass—full of the wine of profitable teaching, is aware that men have often come to these yellow sands to join there in the dance of death—not only, nor once for all, this Saint who clasped hands with Victory. Two ships in the distance—one stranded, with rigging rent or fallen, the other moving prosperously with full sails on its course—symbolically repeat this thought.[1]

Frogs clamber about the corpse of the man, lizards about the woman. Indeed for shells and creeping things this place where strangers lie slain and unburied would have been to the good Palissy a veritable and valued potter's field. But to every one of these cold and scaly creatures a special symbolism was attached by the science —not unwisely dreaming—of Carpaccio's day. They are, each one, painted here to amplify and press home the picture's teaching. These lizards are born of a dead man's flesh, these snakes of his marrow:[2] and adders, the most venomous, are still only lizards ripened witheringly from

[1] The many fall, the one succeeds.

[2] The "silver cord" not "loosed" in God's peace, but thus devilishly quickened.

loathsome flower into poisonous fruit. The frogs[1]—symbols, Pierius tells us, of imperfection and shamelessness—are in transfigured form those Lycian husbandmen whose foul words mocked Latona, whose feet defiled the wells of water she thirsted for, as the veiled mother painfully journeyed with those two babes on her arm, of whom one should be Queen of Maidenhood, the other, the Lord of Light, and Guardian of the Ways of Men. This subtle association between batrachians and love declining to sense lay very deep in the Italian mind. In *Ariadne Florentina* there are two engravings from Botticelli of Venus, as a star floating through heaven and as foam-born rising from the sea. Both pictures are most subtly beautiful, yet in the former the lizard likeness shows itself distinctly in the face, and a lizard's tail appears in manifest form as pendulous crest of the chariot, while in the latter not only contours of profile and back,[2] but the selected attitude of the goddess, bent and half emergent, with hand resting not over firmly upon level shore irresistibly recall a frog.

In the foreground, between St. George and the Dragon, a spotted lizard labours at the task set by Sisyphus in hell for ever. Sisyphus, the cold-hearted and shifty son of Æolus, stained in life by nameless lust, received his mocking doom of toil, partly for his treachery—winning this only in the end,—partly because he opposed the divine conception of the Æacid race; but above all, as penalty

[1] Compare the "unclean spirits come out of the mouth of the dragon," in Revelation.

[2] Compare the account of the Frog's hump, *Ariadne Florentina*, p. 93.

for the attempt to elude the fate of death "that is appointed alike for all," by refusal for his own body of that "sowing in corruption," against which a deeper furrow is prepared by the last of husbandmen with whose labour each of us has on earth to do. Then finding that Carpaccio has had in his mind one scene of Tartarus, we may believe the corpse in the background, torn by carrion-birds, to be not merely a meaningless incident of horror but a reminiscence of enduring punishment avenging upon Tityus the insulted purity of Artemis.[1]

The coiled adder is the familiar symbol of eternity, here meant either to seal for the defeated their fate as final, or to hint with something of Turner's sadness, that this is a battle not gained "once for ever" and "for all," but to be fought anew by every son of man, while, for each, defeat shall be deadly, and victory still most hard, though an armed Angel of the Victory of God be our marshal and leader in the contest. A further comparison with Turner is suggested by the horse's skull between us and St. George. A similar skeleton is prominent in the corresponding part of the foreground in the "Jason" of the *Liber Studiorum*. But Jason clambers to victory on foot, allows no charger to bear him in the fight. Turner, more an antique Hellene than a Christian prophet, had, as all the greatest among the Greeks, neither vision nor hope of any more perfect union between lower and higher nature by which that inferior creation, groaning now with us in pain, should cease to be

[1] Or, as the story is otherwise given, of the mother of Artemis, as in the case of the Lycian peasants above.

type of the mortal element, which seems to shame our soul as basing it in clay, and, with that element, become a temple-platform, lifting man's life to heaven.[1]

With Turner's adder, too, springing immortal from the Python's wound, we cannot but connect this other adder of Carpaccio's issuing from the white skull of a great snake. Adders, according to an old fancy, were born from the jaws of their living mother. Supernatural horror attaches to this symbolic one, writhing out from between the teeth of the ophidian death's-head. And the plague, not yet fully come forth, but already about *its* father's business, venomously fastens on a frog, type of the sinner whose degradation is but the beginning of punishment. So soon the worm that dies not is also upon him—in its fang Circean poison to make the victim one with his plague, as in that terrible circle those, afflicted, whom "*vita bestial piacque e non humana.*"

Two spiral shells[2] lie on the sand, in shape related to each other as frog to lizard, or as Spenser's urchins, spoken of above, to his snails. One is round and short, with

[1] Pegasus and the immortal horses of Achilles, born like Pegasus by the ocean wells, are always to be recognized as spiritual creatures—not as St. George's horse here—earthly creatures, though serving and manifesting divine power. Compare, too, the fate of Argus (Homer, Od., XVII.). In the great Greek philosophies, similarly, we find a realm of formless shadow eternally unconquered by sacred order, offering a contrast to the modern systems which aim at a unity to be reached, if not by reason, at least by what one may not inaccurately call an act of faith.

[2] Ovid associates shells with the enemy of Andromeda, but regarding it as a very ancient and fishlike monster, plants them on his back—"*terga cavis super obsita conchis.*"—Ovid *Met.* IV., 724.

smooth viscous-looking lip, turned over, and lying towards the spectator. The other is finer in form, and of a kind noticeable for its rows of delicate spines. But, since the dweller in this one died, the waves of many a long-fallen tide rolling on the shingle have worn it almost smooth, as you may see its fellows to-day by hundreds along Lido shore. Now such shells were, through heathen ages innumerable and over many lands, holy things, because of their whorls moving from left to right[1] in some mysterious sympathy, it seemed, with the sun in his daily course through heaven. Then as the open clam-shell was special symbol of Venus, so these became of the Syrian Venus, Ashtaroth, Ephesian Artemis, queen, not of purity but of abundance, Myletta, '*ήτις ποτ' ἐστὶν*, the many named and widely worshipped. In Syrian figures still existing she bears just such a shell in her hand. Later writers, with whom the source of this symbolism was forgotten, accounted for it, partly by imaginative instinct, partly by fanciful invention concerning the nature and way of life of these creatures. But there is here yet a further reference, since from such shells along the Syrian coast was crushed out, sea-purple and scarlet, the juice of the Tyrian dye. And the power of sensual delight throned in the chief places of each merchant city, decked her "stately bed" with coverings whose tincture was the slain of that baptism.[2] The shells are empty now, devoured—lizards on

[1] In India, for the same reason, one of the leading marks of the Buddha's perfection was his hair, thus spiral.

[2] The purple of Lydda was famous. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, April, 1876, p. 2, and *Deucalion*, § 39.

land or sea-shore are ever to such "*inimiassimum genus*"—or wasted in the deep. For the ripples that have thrown and left them on the sand are a type of the lusts of men, that leap up from the abyss, surge over the shore of life, and fall in swift ebb, leaving desolation behind.

Near the coiled adder is planted a withered human head. The sinews and skin of the neck spread, and clasp the ground—as a zoophyte does its rock—in hideous mimicry of an old tree's knotted roots. Two feet and legs torn off by the knee, lean on this head, one against the brow and the other behind. The scalp is bare and withered. These things catch one's eye on the first glance at the picture, and though so painful are made thus prominent as giving the key to a large part of its symbolism. Later Platonists—and among them those of the Fifteenth Century,—developed from certain texts in the Timæus a doctrine concerning the mystical meaning of hair, which coincides with its significance to the vision of early (pre-Platonic) Greeks. As a tree has its roots in earth, and set thus, must patiently abide, bearing such fruit as the laws of nature may appoint, so man, being of other family—these dreamers belonged to a very "pre-scientific epoch"—has his roots in heaven, and has the power of moving to and fro over the earth for service to the Law of Heaven, and as sign of his free descent. Of the diviner roots the hair is visible type. Plato tells us, that of innocent, light-hearted men, "whose thoughts were turned heavenward," but "who imagined in their simplicity that the clearest demonstration of things above was to be obtained by sight" the race of birds had

being, by change of external shape into due harmony with the soul ("μετερρυθμίζετο")—such persons growing feathers instead of hair.[1] We have in Dante,[2] too, an inversion of tree nature parallel to that of the head here. The tree, with roots in air, whose sweet fruit is, in Purgatory, alternately to gluttonous souls, temptation, and purifying punishment—watered, Landino interprets, by the descending spray of Lethe—signifies that these souls have forgotten the source and limits of earthly pleasure, seeking vainly in it satisfaction for the hungry and immortal spirit. So here, this blackened head of the sensual sinner is rooted to earth, the sign of strength drawn from above is stripped from off it, and beside it on the sand are laid, as in hideous mockery, the feet that might have been beautiful upon the mountains. Think of the woman's body beyond, and then of the head—"Instead of a girdle, a rent; and instead of well-set hair, baldness." The worm's brethren, the Dragon's elect, wear such shameful tonsure, unencircled by the symbolic crown; prodigal of life, "*resurgeranno*," from no quiet grave, but from this haunt of horror, "*co crin mozzi*"[3]—in piteous witness of wealth ruinously cast away. Then compare, in light of the quotation from Plato above, the dragon's thorny plumage; compare, too, the charger's mane and tail, and the rippling glory that

[1] The most devoid of wisdom were stretched on earth, becoming footless and creeping things, or sunk as fish in the sea. So, we saw Venus's chosen transmigration was into the form of an eel—other authorities say, of a fish.

[2] Dante, Purg., XXII., XXIII.

[3] Dante, *Inf.*, VII., 57. Purg. XXII., 46.

crowns St. George. It is worth while, too, to have in mind the words of the "black cherub" that had overheard the treacherous counsel of Guido de Montefeltro. From the moment it was uttered, to that of the sinner's death, the evil spirit says, *stato gli sono a crini*" [1]—lord of his fate. Further, in a Venetian series of engravings, illustrating Dante (published 1491), the fire-breathings of the Dragon on Cacus' shoulders transform themselves into the Centaur's femininely flowing hair, to signify the inspiration of his forceful fraud. This "power on the head" he has because of such an angel.[2] When we consider the Princess we shall find this symbolism yet further carried, but just now have to notice how the closely connected franchise of graceful motion, lost to the dishonoured ones, is marked by the most carefully painted bones lying on the left—a thigh-bone dislocated from that of the hip, and then thrust through it. Curiously, too, such dislocation would in life produce a hump, mimicking fairly enough in helpless distortion that one to which the frog's leaping power is due. [3]

Centrally in the foreground is set the skull, perhaps of an ape, but more probably of an ape-like man, "with forehead villanous low." This lies so that its eye-socket looks out, as it were, through the empty eyehole of a sheep's skull beside it. When man's vision has become ovine merely, it shall at last, even of grass, see only such bitter and dangerous growth as our husbandman must reap with a spear from a dragon's wing.

[1] Dante, *Inf.*, XXVII.
[2] Dante, *Inf.*, XXV.
[3] *Ariadne Florentina*, Lect. III., p. 93.

The remaining minor words of this poem in a forgotten tongue I cannot definitely interpret. The single skull with jaw-bone broken off, lying under the dragon's belly, fails to be mentioned afterwards. The ghastly heap of them, crowned by a human mummy, withered and brown,[1] beside the coil of the dragon's tail, seem meant merely to add general emphasis to the whole. The mummy, (and not this alone in the picture) may be compared with Spenser's description of the Captain of the Army of Lusts:—

> "His body lean and meagre as a rake,
> And skin all withered like a dried rock,
> Thereto as cold and dreary as a snake.
> * * * * * *
> Upon his head he wore a helmet light,
> Made of a dead man's skull, that seemed a ghastly sight."

The row of five palm trees behind the dragon's head perhaps refers to the kinds of temptation over which Victory must be gained, and may thus be illustrated by the five troops that in Spenser assail the seven senses, or beside Chaucer's five fingers of the hand of lust. It may be observed that Pliny speaks of the Essenes—preceders of the Christian Hermits—who had given up the world and its joys as "*gens socia palmarum*." [2]

Behind the dragon, in the far background, is a great city. Its walls and towers are crowded by anxious spectators of the battle. There stands in it, on a lofty pedestal,

[1] The venom of the stellio, a spotted species of lizard, emblem of shamelessness, was held to cause blackening of the face.

[2] Pliny, Hist. Nat., V., 17.

the equestrian statue of an emperor on horseback, perhaps placed there by Carpaccio for sign of Alexandria, perhaps merely from a Venetian's pride and joy in the great figure of Colleone recently set up in his city. In the background of the opposite (St. George's) side of the picture rises a precipitous hill, crowned by a church. The cliffs are waveworn, an arm of the sea passing between them and the city.

Of these hieroglyphics, only the figure of the princess now remains for our reading. The expression on her face, ineffable by descriptive words [1] is translated into more tangible symbols by the gesture of her hands and arms. These repeat, with added grace and infinitely deepened meaning, the movement of maidens who encourage Theseus or Cadmus in their battle with monsters on many a Greek vase. They have been clasped in agony and prayer, but are now parting—still just a little doubtfully—into a gesture of joyous gratitude to this captain of the army of salvation and to the captain's Captain. Raphael [2] has painted her running from the scene of battle. Even with Tintoret [3] she turns away for flight; and if her hands are raised to heaven, and her knees fall to the earth, it is more that she stumbles in a woman's weakness, than that

[1] Suppose Caliban had conquered Prospero, and fettered him in a fig-tree or elsewhere; that Miranda, after watching the struggle from the cave, had seen him coming triumphantly to seize her; and that the first appearance of Ferdinand is, just at that moment, to her rescue. If we conceive how she would have looked then, it may give some parallel to the expression on the princess's face in this picture, but without a certain light of patient devotion here well marked.

[2] Louvre. [3] National Gallery.

she abides in faith or sweet self-surrender. Tintoret sees the scene as in the first place a matter of fact, and paints accordingly, following his judgment of girl nature.[1]

Carpaccio sees it as above all things a matter of faith, and paints mythically for our teaching. Indeed, doing this, he repeats the old legend with more literal accuracy. The princess was offered as a sacrifice for her people. If not willing, she was at least submissive; nor for herself did she dream of flight. No chains in the rock were required for the Christian Andromeda.

"And the king said, . . . 'Daughter, I would you had died long ago rather than that I should lose you thus.' And she fell at his feet, asking of him a father's blessing. And when he had blessed her once and again, with tears she went her way to the shore. Now St. George chanced to pass by that place, and he saw her, and asked why she wept. But she answered, 'Good youth, mount quickly and flee away, that you die not here shamefully with me.' Then St. George said, 'Fear not, maiden, but tell me what it is you wait for here, and all the people stand far off beholding.' And she said, 'I see, good youth, how great of heart you are; but why do you wish to die with me?' And St. George answered, 'Maiden, do not fear; I go not hence till you tell me why you weep.' And when she had told him all, he answered, 'Maiden, have no fear, for in the name of Christ will I save you.' And she said, 'Good

[1] And perhaps from a certain ascetic feeling, a sense growing with the growing license of Venice, that the soul must rather escape from this monster by flight, than hope to see it subdued and made serviceable.

soldier,—lest you perish with me! For that I perish alone is enough, and you could not save me; you would perish with me.' Now while she spoke the dragon raised his head from the waters. And the maiden cried out all trembling, 'Flee, my good lord, flee away swiftly.'"[1] But our "very loyal chevalier of the faith" saw cause to disobey the lady.

Yet Carpaccio means to do much more than just repeat this story. His princess (it is impossible, without undue dividing of its substance, to put into logical words the truth here "embodied in a tale")—but this princess represents the soul of man. And therefore she wears a coronet of seven gems, for the seven virtues; and of these, the midmost that crowns her forehead is shaped into the figure of a cross, signifying faith, the saving virtue.[2] We shall see that in the picture of Gethsemane also, Carpaccio makes the representative of faith central. Without faith, men indeed may shun the deepest abyss, yet cannot attain the glory of heavenly hope and love. Dante saw how such men—even the best—may not know the joy that is perfect. Moving in the divided splendour merely of under earth, or sward whose "fresh verdure," eternally changeless, expects neither in patient waiting nor in sacred hope the early and the latter rain,[3] "*Sembianza avevan nè trista nè lieta.*"

[1] *Legenda Aurea.*

[2] St. Thomas Aquinas, putting logically the apostle's "substance of things hoped for," defines faith as "a habit of mind by which eternal life is begun in us" (Summa II., III., IV., 1).

[3] Epistle of James V., Dante selects (and Carpaccio follows him) as heavenly judge of a right hope that apostle who reminds his reader how

This maiden, then, is an incarnation of spiritual life, mystically crowned with all the virtues. But their diviner meaning is yet unrevealed, and following the one legible command, she goes down to such a death for her people, vainly. Only by help of the hero who slays monstrous births of nature, to sow and tend in its organic growth the wholesome plant of civil life, may she enter into that liberty with which Christ makes His people free.

The coronet of the princess is clasped about a close red cap which hides her hair. Its tresses are not yet cast loose, inasmuch as, till the dragon be subdued, heavenly life is not secure for the soul nor its marriage with the great Bridegroom complete. In corners even of Western Europe to this day, a maiden's hair is jealously covered till her wedding. Compare now this head with that of St. George. Carpaccio, painting a divine service of mute prayer and acted prophecy, has followed St. Paul's law concerning vestments. But we shall see how, when prayer is answered and prophecy fulfilled—"a glory to her," and given by Nature for a veil—is sufficient covering upon the maiden's head, bent in a more mystic rite.

From the cap hangs a long scarf-like veil. It is twisted once about the princess's left arm, and then floats in the air. The effect of this veil strikes one on the first glance at the picture. It gives force to the impression of natural

man's life is even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. For the connection—geologically historic—of grass and showers with true human life, compare Genesis ii. 5–8, where the right translation is, "And no plant of the field was yet in the earth, and no herb yet sprung up or grown," etc.

fear, yet strangely, in light fold, adds a secret sense of security, as though the gauze were some secret ægis. And such indeed it is, nor seen first by Carpaccio, though probably his intuitive invention here. There is a Greek vase picture of Cadmus attacking a dragon, Ares-begotten, that guarded the sacred spring of the warrior-god. That fight was thus for the same holy element whose symbolic sprinkling is the end of this one here. A maiden anxiously watches the event; her gesture resembles the princess's; her arm is similarly shielded by a fold of her mantle. But we have a parallel at once more familiar and more instructively perfect than this. Cadmus had a daughter, to whom was given power upon the sea, because in utmost need she had trusted herself to the mercy of its billows. Lady of its foam, in hours when "the blackening wave is edged with white," she is a holier and more helpful Aphrodite,—a "water-sprite" whose voice foretells that not "wreck" but salvation "is nigh." In the last and most terrible crisis of that long battle with the Power of Ocean, who denied him a return to his Fatherland, Ulysses would have perished in the waters without the veil of Leucothea wrapped about his breast as divine life-buoy. And that veil, the "immortal" "κρήδεμνον,"[1] was just such a scarf attached to the head-dress as this one of the princess's

[1] In pursuance of the same symbolism, Troy walls were once literally called "salvation," this word, with, for certain historical reasons, the added epithet of "holy," being applied to them. With the κρήδεμνα Penelope shielded her tender "cheeks" in presence of the suitors.

here. Curiously, too, we shall see that Leucothea (at first called Ino), of Thebes and Cadmus' line, daughter of Harmonia, is closely connected with certain sources of the story of St. George.

PORTRAIT OF A TAILOR

(*Moroni*)

COSMO MONKHOUSE

MORETTO'S pupil, Giambattista Moroni (about 1525-1578), great portrait-painter though he was, could not equal his master in reflecting the fine style of the Italian nobility. By him we have[1] also two portraits of the Brecian aristocracy, but though they are not without dignity and strength of character, they are but commonplace persons by the side of Moretto's grandees. One of them (No. 1022) is supposed to be a member of the same family as No. 1025, and is finely painted in a very reticent scheme of cool, almost cold, colour; the other (No. 1316), which looks almost as if it had been painted for its pendant, is the less agreeable of the two, on account of the redness of the flesh tints, a characteristic of his earlier manner. It is, however, masterly in execution—a merit which must be accorded to the not very pleasant *Portrait of an Italian Lady* (No. 1023), who is supposed to have been the wife of No. 1022. On the whole, so far, at least, as this Gallery is concerned, Moroni's genius is best seen in his portraits of less distinguished personages; in his *Lawyer* (No. 742), his *Ecclesiastic* (No. 1024), and in the most celebrated, if not

[1] National Gallery.

the best of all, his famous *Tailor* (No. 697). If we take into consideration the excellence of its preservation (it seems as fresh in colour as the day it was painted), the crispness of its execution, and its spirited character, the *Lawyer* ought to be awarded the first place. But the *Tailor* besides its beautiful and subtly gradated tones and its life-like attitude, has the great merits of extreme simplicity and naturalness. The action of the man, as he stays his shears for a moment to listen to a customer, gives the picture the charm of incident, the attraction of a *genre* picture added to that of a portrait; and so it has become, and deservedly become, one of the most popular of all portraits by an "old master." Though deficient in intellectual quality and somewhat faded, as it seems to me, in colour, it is perfect in character, exquisite in tone, and completely intelligible to everybody—a beautiful picture and a peepshow into the Sixteenth Century, which tells us that the men then living were very much like ourselves. We meet Tagliapanni (for this was his name) every day in the street.

THE TAGLIAPANNI; OR PORTRAIT OF A TAILOR

R. N. WORNUM

Quel d'un Sartor, sì belo, e sì ben fato,
Che'l parla piu de qual se sia Avocato;
L'ha in man la forfe, e vù el vede a tagiar.
Carta del Navegar Pitoresco (1660).

SUCH is the notice by Boschini of this remarkable portrait; this likeness more speaking, he says, than any advocate; and telling us, too, his occupation by the shears and cloth.

This *Tailor* in the National Gallery and the *Jesuit* at Stafford House, by the same hand, are two of the best portraits in England. They are both the work of the excellent Bergamasc master Giambattista Moroni, who, according to Ridolfi, had so gained the admiration of Titian, as to make him politely question the good taste of some of his patrons who came from Bergamo to be painted by him, when they had so great a master of painting at home. Moroni was an historical and portrait-painter, and a native of Albino, near Bergamo: he studied his art under il Moretto, at Brescia. He died at Bergamo on the 5th of February, 1578. In the Berlin Gallery is a portrait of himself by Moroni.

The half-length of an *Advocate* (in the National Col-

lection) is also by Moroni. These portraits are of the realistic school, yet painted with perfect freedom. In this instance, besides the painting, we must admire also the good sense of the Tagliapanni, or cutter-out, who has chosen to be represented engaged in his humble vocation, rather than be painted in fine clothes as a fine gentleman. He did not despise the means to which he owed his position. He is dressed in an undyed flannel jacket and red breeches, with small white frills at neck and wrists, and a leather belt around his waist. He is standing at his board, with the shears in his right hand, on the point of cutting out a piece of black cloth, on which the white chalk lines are visible. The expression of the face is thoroughly individual, and it is clear that we have no conventional work here: he is looking towards the spectator and seems to be speaking to some one.

Half-length, life size. On canvas, 3 ft. 2½ in. high, by 2 ft. 5½ in. wide. Formerly in the Grimani Palace at Venice; subsequently in the possession of Signor F. Frizzoni de Salis, at Bergamo, from whom it was purchased in 1862 by Sir Charles Eastlake, for £320.

PORTRAIT OF A TAILOR.

MORONI.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE ENGLISH AMBASSADORS (St. Ursula Series)
(*Carpaccio*)

JOHN RUSKIN

IF you have looked with care at the three musicians, or any other of the principal figures, in the great town or landscape views in this principal room, you will be ready now with better patience to trace the order of their subjects, and such character or story as their treatment may develop. I can only help you, however, with Carpaccio's, for I have not been able to examine, or much think of, Mansueti's, recognizing nevertheless much that is delightful in them.

By Carpaccio, then, in this room,[1] there are in all eleven important pictures, eight from the legend of St. Ursula, and three of distinct subjects. Glance first at the series of St. Ursula subjects, in this order:—

I.—539. Maurus, the king of Britany, receives the English ambassadors; and has talk with his daughter touching their embassy.

II.—533. St. Ursula's Dream.[2]

III.—537. King Maurus dismisses the English ambassadors with favourable answer from his daughter. (This is the most beautiful piece of *painting* in the rooms.)

[1] Or at least in the Academy: the arrangement may perhaps be altered before this Guide can be published: at all events we must not count on it.

[2] See Great Pictures, (New York, 1699), facing page 58.

IV.—549. The King of England receives the Princess's favourable answer.

V.—542. The Prince of England sets sail for Britany; —there receives his bride, and embarks with her on pilgrimage.

VI.—546. The Prince of England and his bride, voyaging on pilgrimage with the eleven thousand maidens, arrive at Rome, and are received by the Pope, who, "with certain Cardinals," joins their pilgrimage. (The most beautiful of all the series, next to the Dream.)

VII.—554. The Prince with his bride, and the Pope with his Cardinals, and the eleven thousand maids, arrive in the land of the Huns, and receive martyrdom there. In the second part of the picture is the funeral procession of St. Ursula.

VIII.—St. Ursula, with her maidens, and the pilgrim Pope, and certain Cardinals, in glory of Paradise. I have always forgotten to look for the poor bridegroom in this picture, and on looking, am by no means sure of him. But I suppose it is he who holds St. Ursula's standard. The architecture and landscape are unsurpassably fine; the rest much imperfect; but containing nobleness only to be learned by long dwelling on it.

In this series, I have omitted one picture, 544, which is of scarcely any interest—except in its curious faults and unworthiness. At all events, do not at present look at it, or think of it; but let us examine all the rest without hurry.

In the first place, then, we find this curious fact, in-

THE ENGLISH AMBASSADORS.

CARPACCIO.

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tensely characteristic of the Fifteenth as opposed to the Nineteenth Century—that the figures are true and natural, but the landscape false and unnatural, being by such fallacy made entirely subordinate to the figures. I have never approved of, and only a little understand, this state of things. The painter is never interested in the ground, but only in the creatures that tread on it. A castle tower is left a mere brown bit of canvas, and all his colouring kept for the trumpeters on the top of it. The fields are obscurely green; the sky imperfectly blue; and the mountains could not possibly stand on the very small foundations they are furnished with.

Here is a Religion of Humanity, and nothing else,—to purpose. Nothing in the universe thought worth a look, unless it is in service or foil to some two-legged creature showing itself off to the best advantage. If a flower is in a girl's hair, it shall be painted properly; but in the fields, shall be only a spot; if a striped pattern is on a boy's jacket, we paint all the ins and outs of it, and drop not a stitch; but the striped patterns of vineyard or furrow in field, the enamelled mossy mantles of the rocks, the barred heraldry of the shield of the sky,—perhaps insects and birds may take pleasure in them, not we. To his own native lagunes and sea, the painter is yet less sensitive. His absurd rocks, and dotty black hedges—round bitumen-coloured fields (542), are yet painted with some grotesque humour, some modest and unworldly beauty; and sustain or engird their castellated quaintnesses in a manner pleasing to the pre-Raphaelite mind. But the sea—waveless as a

deal board—and in that tranquillity, for the most part reflecting nothing at its edge,—literally such a sea justifies that uncourteous saying of earlier Venice of her Doge's bride,—"*Mare sub pede pono*'."[1] Of all these deficiencies, characteristic not of this master only, but of his age, you will find various analysis in the third volume of *Modern Painters*, in the chapter on mediæval landscape; which begun examination of the causes which led gradually to more accurate observance of natural phenomena, until, by Turner, the method of Carpaccio's mind is precisely reversed, and the Nature in the background becomes principal; the figures in the foreground, its foil. I have a good deal more, however, to say on this subject now,—so much more, indeed, that in this little *Guide* there is no proper room for any of it, except the simple conclusion that both the painters are wrong in whatever they either definitely misrepresent or enfeeble by inharmonious deficiency.

In the next place I want you to notice Carpaccio's fancy in what he does represent very beautifully,—the architecture, real and ideal, of his day.

His fancy, I say; or phantasy; the notion he has of what architecture should be; of which, without doubt, you see his clearest expression in the Paradise, and in the palace of the most Christian king, St. Ursula's father.

And here I must ask you to remember, or learn if you do

[1] On the scroll in the hand of the throned Venice on the Piazetta side of the Ducal Palace, the entire inscription is,

"*Fortis, justa, trono furias, mare sub pede pono.*"

"Strong and just, I put the furies beneath my throne, and the sea beneath my foot."

not know, the general course of transition in the architecture of Venice;—namely, that there are three epochs of good building in Venice; the first lasting to 1300, Byzantine, in the style of St. Mark's; the second, 1300 to 1480, Gothic, in the style of the Ducal Palace; and the third 1480 to 1520, in a manner which architects have yet given no entirely accepted name to, but which, from the name of its greatest designer, Brother Giocondo, of Verona,[1] I mean, myself, henceforward to call "Giocondine."

Now the dates on these pictures of Carpaccio's run from 1480 to 1485, so that you see he was painting in the youthful gush, as it were, and fullest impetus of Giocondine architecture, which all Venice, and chiefly Carpaccio, in the joy of art, thought was really at last the architecture divinely designed, and arrived at by steady progress of taste, from the Creation to 1480, and then the *ne plus ultra*, and real Babel-style without bewilderment—its top truly reaching to heaven,—style which was never thenceforth to be bettered by human thought or skill. Of which Giocondine manner, I really think you had better at once see a substantially existing piece. It will not take long,—say an hour, with lunch; and the good doorkeeper will let you come in again without paying.

So, (always supposing the day fine), go down to your boat, and order yourself to be taken to the church of the Frari. Landing just beyond it, your gondoliers

[1] Called "the second Founder of Venice," for his engineering work on the Brenta. His architecture is chiefly at Verona; the style being adopted and enriched at Venice by the Lombardi.

will show you the way, up the calle beside it, to the desolate little courtyard of the School of St. John the Evangelist. It might be one of the most beautiful scenes among the cities of Italy, if only the good Catholics of Venice would employ so much of their yearly alms in the honour of St. John the Evangelist as to maintain any old gondolier, past rowing, in this courtyard by way of a Patmos, on condition that he should suffer no wildly neglected children to throw stones at the sculptures, nor grown-up creatures to defile them; but with occasional ablution by sprinkling from garden-water engine, suffer the weeds of Venice to inhabit among the marbles where they listed.

How beautiful the place might be, I need not tell you. Beautiful it is, even in its squalid misery; but too probably, some modern designer of railroad stations will do it up with new gilding and scrapings of its grey stone. The gods forbid;—understand, at all events, that if this happens to it, you are no more to think of it as an example of Giocondine art. But, as long as it is let alone there, in the shafts and capitals you will see on the whole the most characteristic example in Venice of the architecture that Carpaccio, Cima, and John Bellini loved.

As a rule, observe, square-pierced, not round-pillared;—the square piers either sculptured all up with floral tracery, or, if plain, decorated, half-way up, by a round panel of dark-coloured marble or else a bas-relief, usually a classic profile; the capitals, of light leafage, playing or springing into joyful spirals at the angles; the mouldings and cornices

on the whole very flat and square-cut,—no solid round mouldings anywhere, but all precise, rectangular and shallow. The windows and doors either square-headed or round,—never pointed; but, if square-headed, having often a Greek gable or pediment above, as here on the outer wall; and, if round-headed, often composed of two semicircles side by side, with a circle between:[1] the wall decoration being either of round inlaid marbles, among floral sculpture, or of fresco. Little to be conceived from words; but if you will look well inside and outside of the cortile of the Evangelist, you will come away with a very definite primary notion of Giocondine work.

Then back, with straight speed to the Academy; and before landing there, since you can see the little square in front of it, from your boat, read on.

The little square has its name written up at the corner, you see,—"Field of Charity," or rather of *the* Charity, meaning the Madonna of Charity, and church dedicated to her. Of which you see the mere walls, variously defaced, remaining yet in their original form,—traces of the great circular window in the front yet left, also of the pointed windows at the sides—filled up, many a year ago, and the square holes below cut for modern convenience: there being no space in the length and breadth of Italy to build new

[1] In returning to your boat, just walk round to the back of the church of the Frari, and look at the windows of the Scuola di San Rocco, which will fix the form in your mind. It is an entirely bad one; but took the fancy of men, for a time, and of strong ones, too. But don't stop long just now to look at this later building; keep the St. John's cortile for your type of Giocondine work, pure.

square-holed houses on, the Church of Charity must be used for makeshift.

Have you charity of imagination enough to cover this little field with fresh grass,—to tear down the iron bridge which some accursed Englishman, I suppose, greedy for filthy job, persuaded the poor Venetians to spoil their Grand Canal with, at its noblest bend,—and to fill the pointed lateral windows with light tracery of quatrefoiled stone? So stood, so bloomed, the church and its field, in early Fourteenth Century—dismal time! the church in its fresh beauty then, built towards the close of the Thirteenth Century, on the sight of a much more ancient one, first built of wood; and, in 1119, of stone; but still very small, its attached monastery receiving Alexander III. in 1177;—here on the little flowery field landed the Pontiff Exile, whose foot was to tread so soon on the Lion and the Adder.

And, some hundred years later, putting away, one finds not why, her little Byzantine church, more gravely meditative Venice, visited much by Dominican and Franciscan friars, and more or less in cowled temper himself, built this graver and simpler pile; which, if any of my readers care for either Turner or me, they should look at with some moments' pause; for I have given Turner's lovely sketch of it to Oxford, painted as he saw it fifty years ago, with bright golden sails grouped in front of it where now is the ghastly iron bridge.

Most probably, (I cannot yet find any direct document of it), the real occasion of the building of the church

whose walls yet stand, was the founding of the Confraternita di S. Maria della Carita, on St. Leonard's Day, 6th November, 1260, which brotherhood, in 1310, fought side by side with the school of the Painters in St. Luke's field, against one body of the conspirators for Bajamonte, and drove them back, achieving the right thenceforward of planting their purple standard there, in St. Luke's field, with their stemma; (all this bears on Carpaccio's picture presently, so have patience yet a minute or two), and so increasing in number and influence, bought in 1344, from the Monks of the Church of Charity, the ground on which you are presently going to see pictures; and built on it their cloister, dedicated also to St. Mary of Charity; and over the gate of it, by which you are going to enter, put St. Mary of Charity, as they best could get her carved, next year, 1345: and so you have her there, with cowled members of the confraternity kneeling to her; happy angels fluttering about her; the dark blue of her eyes not yet utterly faded from them. Blue-eyed as Athena she,—the Greek tradition yet prevailing to that extent,—a perfect type, the whole piece of purest central Fourteenth Century Gothic thought and work, untouched and indubitable of date, being inscribed below its bracket cornice,

MCCCXLV. I Lo Tempo De Mis
Marcho Zulian fo fato Sto Lavorier

To-wit—"1345, in the time" (of the Guardianship) "of Messer Mark Julian, was made this laboured thing."

And all seemed to bid fair for Venice and her sacred schools; Heaven surely pleased with these her endeavours, and laboured things.

Yes, with these, and such other, I doubt not. But other things, it seems, had been done in Venice, with which Heaven was *not* pleased; assuming always that there is a Heaven, for otherwise—what followed was of course only process of Darwinian development. But this *was* what followed. That Madonna, with her happy angels and humble worshippers, was carved as you see her, over the Scuola cloister door,—in 1345. And "on the 25th of January, 1347,[1] on the day, to-wit, of the conversion of St. Paul, about the hour of vespers, there came a great earthquake in Venice, and as it were in all the world; and fell many tops of bell-towers, and houses, and chimneys, and the church of St. Basil: and there was so great fear that all the people thought to die. And the earth ceased not to tremble for about forty days; and when it remained quiet, there came a great mortality, and the people died of various evil. And the people were in so great fear that father would not go to visit son, nor son father. And this death lasted about six months; and it was said commonly that there died two parts out of three, of all the people of Venice."

These words you may read, (in Venetian dialect), after you have entered the gate beneath the Madonna; they are engraved under the Gothic arch on your right hand; with other like words, telling the various horror of that Plague;

[1] 1348, in our present calendar.

and how the guardian of the Scuola died by it, and about ten of his officers with him, and three hundred of the brethren.

Above the inscription, two angels hold the symbol of the Scuola; carved, as you see conspicuously also on the outer sculptures in various places; and again on the well in the midst of the cloister. The first sign this, therefore, of all chosen by the greater schools of Venice, of which, as aforesaid, "The first was that of St. Mary of Charity, which school has its wax candles red, in sign that Charity should be glowing; and has for its bearing a yellow" (meaning golden) "cross, traversing two little circles also yellow; with red and green quartering the parts which the cross describes,—those who instituted such sign desiring to show thereby the union that Charity should have with Faith and Hope."

The golden "anchored" cross stands for Faith, the golden outer circle for Charity, the golden inner for Hope —all on field quartered gules and vert, the colours of Charity and Hope.

Such the first symbol of Venetian Brotherhoods,—in reading which, I delay you, that you may be better prepared to understand the symbolism running through every sign and colour in Venetian art at this time, down even to its tinting of wax candles; art which was indeed all the more symbolic for being rude, and complicated much with the use of signals and heraldries at sea, too distant for any art in them to be visible, but serviceably intelligible in meaning.

How far the great Scuola and cloisters of the Carita, for monks and confraternity together, reached from the gate under which you are pausing, you may see in Dürer's woodcut of the year 1500 (Correr Museum), which gives the apse with attached chapels; and the grand double cloister reaching back nearly to the Giudecca; a water-wheel—as I suppose—outside, on the (now filled up and paved) canal, moved by the tide, for molinary work in the kitchens. Of all which nothing now remains but these pillars and beams, between you and the gallery staircase; and the well with two brothers on each side holding their Stemma, a fine free-hand piece of rough living work. You will not, I think, find that you have ill-spent your hour of rest when you now return into the Carpaccio room, where we will look first, please, at No. IV. (549), in which many general points are better shown than in the rest.

Here is the great King of ideal England, under an octagonal temple of audience; all the scene being meant to show the conditions of a state in perfect power and prosperity.

A state, therefore, that is at once old and young; that has had a history for centuries past, and will have one for centuries to come.

Ideal, founded mainly on the Venice of his own day; mingled a little with thoughts of great Rome, and of great antagonist Genoa: but, in all spirit and hope, the Venice of 1480–1500 is here living before you. And now, therefore, you can see at once what she meant by a "Campo," allowing for the conventional manner of representing grass,

which of course at first you will laugh at; but which is by no means deserving of your contempt. Any hack draughtsman of Dalziel's can sketch for you, or any member of the Water-colour or Dudley Societies dab for you, in ten minutes, a field of hay that you would fancy you could mow, and make cocks of. But this green ground of Carpaccio's, with inplanted flowers and tufts of grass, is traditional from the first Greek-Christian mosaics, and is an entirely systematic ornamental ground, and to be understood as such, primarily, and as grass only symbolically. Careless indeed, more than is usual with him—much spoiled and repainted also; but quite clear enough in expression for us of the orderliness and freshness of a Venetian campo in the great times; garden and city you see mingled inseparably, the wild strawberry growing at the steps of the king's court of justice, and their marble sharp and bright out of the turf. Clean everything, and pure;—no cigars in anybody's poisoned mouth,—no voiding of perpetual excrement of saliva on the precious marble or living flowers. Perfect peace and befittingness of behaviour in all men and creatures. Your very monkey in repose, perfect in his mediæval dress; the Darwinian theory in all its sacredness, breadth, divinity and sagacity,—but reposeful, not venturing to thrust itself into political council. Crowds on the bridges and quays, but untumultuous, close set as beds of flowers, richly decorative in their mass, and a beautiful mosaic of men, and of black, red, blue, and golden bonnets. Ruins, indeed, among the prosperity; but glorious ones;—not shells of abandoned speculation, but remnants of mighty

state long ago, now restored to nature's peace; the arches of the first bridge the city had built, broken down by storm, yet what was left of them spared for memory's sake. (So stood for a little while, a few years ago, the broken Ponte-a-Mare at Pisa; so at Rome, for ages, stood the Ponte Rotto, till the engineers and modern mob got at it, making what was in my youth the most lovely and holy scene in Rome, *now* a place where a swineherd could not stand without holding his nose, and which no woman can stop at.)

But here, the old arches are covered with sweet weeds, like native rock, and (for once!) reflected a little in the pure water under the meadowy hills. Much besides of noteworthy, if you are yourself worthy of noting it, you may find in this lovely distance. But the picture, it may be complained, seems for the most part—distance, architecture, and scattered crowd; while of foreground objects, we have principally cloaks, and very curiously thin legs.[1] Well, yes,—the distance is indeed the prettiest part of this picture; and since, in modern art and drama, we have been accustomed, for anatomical and other reasons, to depend on nothing else but legs, I admit the supply of legs to be here scanty, and even of brachial, pectoral, and other admirable muscles. If you choose to look at the *faces* instead, you will find something in them; nevertheless, Carpaccio has been, on the whole playing with himself and us, in his treatment of this subject. For Carpaccio is, in the most

[1] Not in the least unnaturally thin, however, in the forms of persons of sedentary life.

vital and conclusive sense, a man of genius, who will not at all supply you, nor can in the least supply himself, with sublimity and pathos to order; but is sublime, or delightful, or sometimes dull, or frequently grotesque, as Heaven wills it; or—profane persons will say,—as the humour takes him. And his humour here has been dominant. For since much depends on the answer brought back from St. Ursula, besides the young Prince's happiness, one should have thought, the return of the embassy might have been represented in a loftier manner. But only two of the ambassadors are here; the King is occupied in hearing a cause which will take long,—(see how gravely his minister is reading over the documents in question);—meantime the young prince, impatient going down the steps of the throne, makes his own private inquiries, proudly: "Your embassy has, I trust, been received, gentlemen, with a just understanding of our diplomatic relations?" "Your Royal Highness," the lowly and gravely bowing principal ambassador replies, "must yourself be the only fitting judge of that matter, on fully hearing our report." Meantime, the *chargé d'affaires* holds St. Ursula's answer—behind his back.

A piece of play, very nearly, the whole picture; a painter living in the midst of a prosperous city, happy in his own power, entirely believing in God, and in the saints, and in eternal life; and, at intervals, bending his whole soul to the expression of most deep and holy tragedy,—such a man needs must have his times of play; which Carpaccio takes, in his work. Another man, in-

stead of painting this piece with its monkey, and its little fiddler, and its jesting courtiers, would have played some ape-tricks of his own,—spent an hour or two among literal fiddlers, and living courtiers. Carpaccio is not heard of among such—amuses himself still with pencil in hand, and us also, pleasantly, for a little while.

THE MADONNA OF THE DIADEM
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

THE Madonna of the Diadem is a little later than the Aldobrandini Madonna. Supposing that the latter was painted in 1510 or 1511, we may with great probability give the date 1512 to the other. In these two pictures the figures are of almost the same dimensions; but from the first to the second they sensibly gain in idea as they do in style. The picture of the Aldobrandini House showed them only at half length and in a private dwelling; moreover they dealt with individual and incidental circumstances, and the Virgin, in whom we might almost recognize a portrait, only reached the ideal by means of an inner sentiment. In the *Madonna of the Diadem*, these figures assume more picturesque independence and at the same time recover the universality of their moral significance. They appear entire, living and moving freely in the open air, under the horizons of the Eternal City, in the dazzling light of the Roman Campagna, and manifesting the affection of their souls in the presence of nature and ages marvellously interpreted by Raphael's genius. In the *Madonna of the Diadem*, Raphael has again taken up the motive that he had already essayed at Florence in the *Madonna of the Veil*. Only, by compressing his idea into a narrower frame, he

has summarized it under a form the eloquence of which he had not suspected in 1508. The Virgin has made of her shawl a bed for the Infant Jesus to sleep on. In prayer, she watches over the slumbers of her Son, and, carefully lifting the veil that protected the infant, she gazes fixedly at this divine beauty; she adores it but is not at all amazed at it, and remains calm and silent. The little St. John, on the contrary, allows his joy and admiration to break out, and pressing close against Mary, seems to want to spring towards Jesus. Such is this picture, which the masters before Raphael, about him, and after him, have repeated everywhere, and which here attains its most complete expression.

So the Infant Jesus is reposing upon the Virgin's shawl, and upon this blue drapery his body assumes an extraordinary splendour. Nature is observed quite closely. The Son of God is at the same time the Son of Man, and if he beams with a divine brightness he yet satisfies all the human conditions of harmony and sensible beauty. Seated rather than reclining, with his loins supported by the folds of the vesture, his legs slightly spread apart and his left arm falling down along his body, Jesus shows himself facing us so that we may lose none of his traits. Transparent shadows lightly caress him through the white glow that envelops him. What delicacy, notably in the shadow cast by the veil over the right forearm! He slumbers in tranquillity, but his spirit watches and illumines his pensive and grave face. His short blond hair looks like the rays of an aureole gleaming upon his broadly cut brow. His lowered lids

THE MADONNA OF THE DIADEM.

RAPHAEL.

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cover his eyes whence the tears of love are soon to flow; his mouth, of severe lines, although silent, seems already accentuating itself for austere words; and, in this sleeping infant we recognize Him who one day shall dispense mercy and justice. It is the sleep of a God who must die in order to ransom us from Death. We are before one of those marvellous figures that we have already seen in the arms of the Virgin, and who is now going to manifest himself with still greater splendour in company with the little St. John. A grieving shadow hovers over this divine infant, and, without robbing him of any of his calm beauty, impresses upon him something of grandeur that attracts our souls and commands adoration.

The Virgin, in fact, is adoring the Saviour, and from this adoration she draws strength and peace. Kneeling, or rather sitting on her legs doubled up under her, she stretches out her right arm towards Jesus and lifts the veil with her right hand, while she puts her left arm and hand about St. John and draws him lovingly towards her. What precautions, what respect and what simplicity are contained in the gesture with which Mary uncovers the Son of God! What tenderness and gentle familiarity are in the movement that draws the Forerunner to her! But what is indescribable in this picture and suffices to lift us above the earth is the unmixed purity in this Virgin face. The head bending towards Jesus is almost in profile to the left. The brow is high without being excessively so. The hair, parted in bands and raised above the ears, leaves the temples bare and is arranged in thick masses at the back of the head

and down the neck. It is crowned by a blue diadem; and from this diadem falls a veil, or rather a drapery, down the back, covering the shoulders, enveloping the left arm, and forming the background on which the contours of the head and *torso* are outlined. The eyes lowered on the Redeemer contemplate Him without astonishment: they know what they see and, by simplicity, they make us comprehend it also. "Mary loved her divine Son as a mother, but she also loved Him as a Virgin: she considered Jesus Christ as a flower put forth by her integrity." It is with this sentiment that she gazes at Him with more than motherly eyes, since they are the eyes of a virgin mother. All her features, nose and mouth, chin and curve of the cheeks, are of such purity of line as to set aside every comparison and defy every model. The robing of this figure is exquisite, although very simple. A robe, rose in the high lights and red in the shadows, envelops the whole body, leaving bare the neck down to the beginning of the shoulders. The sleeves reach to the wrist; and a simple yellow border ornaments the top of the bodice. Over this robe, a blue tunic, caught at the right shoulder and tied to the body, passes across the breast transversely, covering the left side of it, and falls to the ground, almost entirely concealing the lower limbs, the red robe only being visible on the left leg. Does this vestment conform to the taste of the antique, or does it really belong to Sanzio's day? I do not know. It bears in the highest degree the imprint of a grand style, and if it belongs to Sixteenth Century life, it also comes from Classical tradition. Moreover, what could be more ele-

mentary? Nothing in the form is laboured and there is nothing startling in the tones; but everything in it contributes to harmony. Red, blue and yellow mingle their individual notes in a perfect chord. The blue tunic submits to the influence of the vicinity of the red robe: it shades into lilac in the high lights and into violet in the shadows; and the bright yellow drapery that falls from the blue diadem, as it touches the left shoulder assumes the transparency of a white veil. In this Virgin, Raphael did not copy any living reality: he took his ideal from the depths of his soul. He knew that the Virgin is the most beautiful as well as the most holy of living creatures, and that from the flowers of the field to the seraphim nothing is so beautiful as she; that above her there is only the infinite and creative Beautiful that was the fruit of her virginity. He knew this, and he has expressed it as no one else ever did and as nobody after him ever will.

The little St. John reflects a more human but not less religious poetic idea. Kneeling beside the Virgin, and leaning his right arm against her, he joins his hands in ecstasy in the presence of the Saviour. His limbs are robust and he has strong flesh colours. In him we see the germ of a man created for struggle and for the truth. His head, covered with abundant chestnut hair, is in left profile. At the sight of Jesus, the heart of the Forerunner leaps with love, overflows and breaks out in joyous accents. "He that loveth not, knoweth not God: for God is love." His fixed, brilliant eyes seem to be dazzled by the splendour of the divine beauty. His lips part and emit cries of ad-

miration. An unmixed fervour animates and transfigures this child, who in anticipation enjoys the ecstasy of the saints. Nevertheless he belongs to the earth, and his entirely human sentiment explodes in an accidental, unforeseen, transitory and almost noisy manner. It is not so with the Virgin, who, while living this mortal life, was marked from the beginning to be the sanctuary of sanctity. She is inaccessible to astonishment, because ecstasy is constant in her; as is purity, submission, humility and sacrifice. St. John, on the contrary, who "was not the light," but "the lamp that burneth and shineth," according to the Saviour's expression, is almost fascinated by the splendour of Christ, and it is with high rapture that his eyes are fixed upon Jesus. This therefore is the relation that unites the three personages in this picture. The Infant Jesus is "the true light that lighteth every man coming into the world." The Virgin is thoroughly penetrated with this light because she has conceived and borne it. Finally, in the little St. John the Baptist, "the light shineth in the darkness," but this darkness is illuminated by it "so that we may understand that if the Forerunner shows Jesus Christ to the world, it is by the light that he receives from Jesus Christ Himself."

To complete this picture, Raphael has evoked the natural scenery, the ruins and the memories of Rome. The improvised bed of Jesus is backed up against a forgotten block of stone in the foreground of the landscape. Then come substructures which like dismantled ramparts are succeeded by half fallen arches and vaults. Vegetation, which is the life of ruins, has invaded these glorious fragments. Three

little human figures appear in the distance as if to accent the disproportion that exists between the stature of man and the proud grandeur of his views. On the right, rises a solid and sombre flank of wall that, with the ruins on the opposite side, serves to frame the apparition that presents itself at the back of the picture. There mount one above another the palaces, thermæ, basilicas and visions of the past mingled with the dreams of the future, and farther off, towards the horizon, the high mountains covered with the eternal snows. What a lovely country! What passionate admiration it arouses in us! How we love it! This is because in Rome and her surroundings, to delight, move and subjugate us, there is more than the beauty of line, more than the combined harmony of the heavens and the earth, there are the majesty and the history of thirty centuries that have rolled away. Poor Italy! how she has suffered! What carnage! what blood! what tears! And yet, from the heart of all these ruins, from the midst of the extinct embers of so many successive generations, eternal hope always springs up. There it is alive, religious, poetic and charming in the figures of the Word, the Virgin and St. John. The colour of the sky dominates this picture throughout. The drapery upon which the Saviour is reposing is blue; the Virgin's diadem is also blue; Mary's blue tunic almost extinguishes the red in her robe; and finally the atmosphere that bathes the city and the horizon is entirely blue. The whole creation seems to be rejoicing in this ideal light that penetrates all things and yet has nothing wounding in its brightness.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN
(*Rembrandt*)

ÉMILE MICHEL

THE fine portrait, of which an excellent reproduction is given here, belongs to the Museum of the Hermitage, where it was entered in 1771, with the Crozat collection acquired at this time by order of the Empress Catherine II. through the agency of Diderot. For a long time this portrait was called that of Rembrandt's mother; the new catalogue that appeared in 1895, written under the care of M. Somof, the learned and conscientious director of the Hermitage, has rendered justice to this purely gratuitous denomination. They were accustomed in the last century to these more or less fantastic titles, which, they believed at that time, bestowed an additional interest and value upon the picture. Therefore, in many collections you still meet with a whole series of portraits, for which, if we may believe the catalogues, Rembrandt's nurse, his coachman, his cook and his *maître d'hôtel* posed. Rembrandt, it is true, did not neglect using the models that were about him and, without mentioning himself, his brushes were exercised in turn upon his parents, his sister, his brothers, Saskia, his first wife, and Hendrickje Jaghers, the faithful companion of his old age, his friends and his kinsmen. But the numerous authentic portraits of his mother,

engraved or painted by the master in his youth, oppose in a positive fashion the appellation formerly attributed to the picture in the Hermitage, which bears, moreover, with Rembrandt's signature, the date 1654. However, the person represented certainly was one of the persons that belonged to the artist's intimate life, for, in the same museum in Saint Petersburg, three other portraits made by him in the same period, another of almost equal worth and in excellent preservation which is in the Moltke gallery in Copenhagen, and finally a fifth quite damaged which is in the Musée d'Epinal,—it came from the collection of the Comtes de Salm—show us also the features of the same old woman, in whom we may perhaps see Hendrickje's mother, or some one of his relatives, who according to his native kindness, Rembrandt had at this time welcomed to his hearth.

But no matter how this may be, if the name of the model has not been fixed upon, the opinion regarding the worth of the picture is unanimous. Artists and critics agree in recognizing it as one of the master's *chefs d'œuvre*. To judge from the simplicity of her costume, the person is in a very modest condition, and neither her type nor her pose is designed to attract our attention. Seen almost in full face and seated in an arm-chair, with folded hands, the good dame is clothed in a reddish dress upon which is thrown a brown cape; a white fichu covers her breast and a black hood throws a strong and transparent shadow upon her forehead. Her poor withered and drawn features, her wrinkled skin, her wearied and sunken eyes would not seem to offer any great picturesque resources to the artist. One

does not, however, dream of asking him how with such ordinary materials, he has known how to produce a work which attracts and deeply moves us.

The magic of Rembrandt's brush has transformed this humble model; and the simplicity of the pose, the strength and suppleness of the composition, the largeness of the modelling, and above all the frankness and nobility of expression attest the full maturity of the master. To see this manner of consulting nature, at once so respectful and free, one feels, in reality, that at this moment of his career he was in the full strength of his talent and the complete possession of his genius. About forty-eight years of age, living in retreat, and entirely for his art, he enjoyed, without having to share with any one, the only pleasures that had value in his eyes: the satisfaction of an opinionated work and the love of his home; thus by the side of a wife who was entirely devoted to him, he could satisfy his mania for collecting and amassing, in true prodigality, those objects of art and curiosity which made his delight, but which, after his downfall, were soon dispersed. Indifferent to criticism, which thenceforth was not spared to him, he never cared much about public opinion. With the exception of a few rare friends who remained faithful to him, he did not have much to do with his contemporaries; and he isolated himself more and more from his associates. When, in the very year that he painted this portrait, in the month of October, 1654, the members had reconstructed the guild of Saint-Luke, he withdrew himself, and his name never appears upon the lists of that association.

Holland was not then lacking in distinguished portrait painters, and the qualities of a penetrating observation and deep sincerity in the study of nature which characterize her school found their best employment in this branch of art. After Schoorel and after Antonio More, who, truly speaking, was a cosmopolitan, one saw a rich blossoming of masters such as Ravesteijn and Frans Hals, at the Hague and Haarlem; also in Amsterdam, the names of Jacobsz, Cornelis Teunissen, Dirk Barentsen and Ketel; and soon after them those of C. Van der Voort, Van Valckert and Nicolas Elias, were justly celebrated. But all had disappeared, and Thomas de Keyser, with whom Rembrandt had formerly disputed his vogue, painted nothing but little canvases. Bartholomew Van der Helst was at that time the most conspicuous portrait-painter. By his absolute correctness and his exceeding scrupulousness regarding likenesses, he pleased more than Rembrandt the reigning taste which was inclining more and more towards a clearer, more equal and more sedate style of painting than his. To satisfy these preferences of the amateurs, Rembrandt's pupils themselves, Govert Flinck and Ferdinand Bol, seemed to abandon their first manner so that they might attain as nearly as possible to that of Van Dyck.

If, in the depths of his heart, Rembrandt had reason to be wounded by the neglect in which he was gradually left, it must be admitted that he brought it upon himself somewhat by the strangeness of his fantastic and even savage moods. Incapable of accommodating himself to the caprices of fashion, he would not submit to the slightest

constraint, and away from the beaten paths, he agreed to give free play to the aspirations of his ardent nature, without any other concern than that of satisfying himself. He did not then suffer so very much from a neglect which allowed him to recover his entire independence. Choosing, therefore, his own subjects and models, he was free to pursue at his own pleasure, those disinterested studies, to which he gave himself unremittingly, even in old age and misery. Thenceforth, also, he understood what a fecund and new element he could make with the *chiaroscuro.* Many others, before him, had tried to find in the play of light and shadow the opportunity for piquant and unexpected problems; but none of his predecessors had thought of making the *chiaroscuro* an intimate expression of life and in putting, for which we must thank him, the salient features of a composition or figure in full evidence by subordinating the details according to their respective importance and in such a way as to allow only the most significant ones to dominate.

With a thorough display of drawing and perfect correctness of modelling, the portrait of the old woman in the Hermitage possesses this superior charm of intimacy which belongs to Rembrandt only. He alone has known how to put with such penetration into the physiognomy, and above all into the gaze of his portraits, those mysterious reflections of the inner life that form the individual personality of each human being. This depth of moral sentiment he has expressed beyond all in certain portraits of old people, and of these he painted a great number.

At the beginning of his career, and when he had scarcely arrived in Amsterdam, in a trice and for a brief time he was the favourite of fashion. Young, and elegant women, great personages, statesmen, physicians, ministers of different cults, and rich merchants came with the desire of posing in his studio. But, even at the height of his vogue, he reserved for himself the pleasure of satisfying his tastes, by choosing from the most modest conditions those types of models that fascinated him. Sandrart, who was a gentleman and took pleasure in intercourse with the great, has reproached Rembrandt for seeking the society of humble people. The master had as much horror of the gross pleasures of some of his associates as he had of the frivolous banality of the worldly. But he felt drawn to those simple and loyal souls who, away from polite customs and even good society, knew how to preserve their moral dignity under the most modest conditions. He loved to discern their features and to express in those images which he has shown us that natural grandeur and nobility in a human face which show self-respect and the good use of life. It was by frequenting this humble society that the master discovered some of his simple and august faces, of so poetic and truthful an inspiration, which he has immortalized in such religious compositions as *old Tobias groping along the road*, the Father of the Prodigal Son clasping him to his breast, Manoah praying with his wife, Jacob blessing his sons upon his death-bed, and many others of his most elevated creations. The old Woman of the Hermitage who so often tempted his brush can worthily hold her place

among these. This poor old woman has been through much suffering, but in spite of the misfortunes of all kinds which she has had to undergo, an impressive expression of kindness, of calmness, and of supreme serenity dominates her face. The indifference of the pose, the gentle benevolence of her vague glance, and the marvellous harmony of her features lend to this work of the painter I know not what tender grace that, little by little, grows upon you and commands your respect. You forget to contemplate her and to interrogate her, for in this mute communication you are held by the touching gravity of her confidences. After all her trials, accepted with such an entire resignation, we are happy in the assurance of her near future. After this unspeakable mixture of the real and the ideal, of clearness and mystery which makes it a pure masterpiece, this simple portrait urges and invites us to that secret assistance which the greatest masters only have the power of awaking in us. In opening our souls and in communicating thus with us, they lift us up to themselves by the irresistible fascination of their genius.

THE RAPE OF EUROPA

(*Veronese*)

S. A. RITMAN

THE Ducal Palace still contains the most splendid manifestations of the genius of Paul Veronese. In that sanctuary of art called the Anti Collegio, where his glory might be expected to pale beside that of Tintoretto, four of whose best pictures are here—*Mercury and the Graces*, *Vulcan's Forge*, *Pallas with Joy and Abundance*, and *Ariane Consoled by Bacchus*—it is nevertheless the *Rape of Europa* that commands the greatest attention and admiration from the majority of visitors. This picture was painted by Veronese at the noontide of his powers, and it makes an even greater impression on most people than the gorgeous *Marriage of Cana* of the Louvre. It is the very triumph and perfection of the art of painting, full of splendour and warmth, and animated with life in its gayest and most entrancing mood. It fills the eyes with delight and the heart with sensuous beauty.

At the time when Caliari, better known as Paul Veronese, was born in Verona, a school was rising there whose works were distinguished by a scenic and purely decorative character. Venice had long shown this taste: there the choice of rich adjuncts to the main interest of the work, the introduction of hangings, wreaths, carpets and silks

prevailed. This was the natural result of holding "the gorgeous East in fee." Paul Caliari shows this taste in fuller development perhaps than any other painter. Living amidst the most sumptuous costumes of silk, satin and brocade that fashion ever produced, he filled his great canvases with patricians and their retinues in settings of more than royal magnificence. No matter what the subject—sacred, historical, emblematical or mythical—Veronese found himself forced to make his figures glitter with gems and rustle with silks. In his *Marriage of St. Catherine*, for example, Christ's bride is crowned and amply robed in rich brocade, in which stuff the angel musicians are also gowned; and above them rise marble columns draped with hangings of splendid silks. The *Marriage of Cana* and many another famous painting by this master show the same luxurious revelling. In a mythological subject, therefore, such as the *Rape of Europa*, it is not surprising to see the daughter of Agenor on the margin of the sea near Sidon robed, as are also her companions, in Venetian magnificence.

In his representation of the scene, Veronese has closely followed Ovid's narration. In fact, if we reproduce part of his version, we shall be describing the picture. Jupiter has fallen in love with Europa as she sports with her companions, and at his behest the ever obsequious Mercury has driven a herd of cattle to the meads where the maidens are.

"Mixing with the oxen, he lows, and in all his beauty, walks about upon the shooting grass. For his colour is that of snow, which neither the soles of hard feet have trodden

RAPE OF EUROPA.

VERONESE

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upon, nor the watery South wind melted. His neck swells with muscles, dewlaps hang from between his shoulders. His horns are small indeed, but such as you might maintain were made with the hand, and more transparent than a bright gem. There is nothing threatening in his brow; nor is his eye formidable; his countenance expresses peace. The daughter of Agenor is surprised that he is so beautiful, and that he threatens no attack; but although so gentle, she is at first afraid to touch him. Presently she approaches him, and holds out flowers to his white mouth. The lover rejoices, he gives kisses to her hands. And now he plays with her and skips upon the green grass; and now he lays his snow-white side upon the yellow sand. And, her fear now removed by degrees, at one moment he gives his breast to be patted by the hand of the virgin; at another his horns to be wreathed with new-made garlands. The virgin of royal birth even ventured to sit down upon the back of the bull, not knowing upon whom she was pressing. Then the God, by degrees moving from the land, and from the dry shore, places the fictitious hoofs of his feet in the waves near the brink. Then he goes still further and carries his prize over the expanse of the midst of the ocean. She is affrighted, and borne off, looks back on the shore she has left; and with her right hand she grasps his horn, while the other is placed on his back; her waving garments are ruffled by the breeze."

The painter of this picture charmingly follows the naïve methods of early art, and shows us three separate scenes of Europa's abduction, though the two subordinate ones do

not in any way detract from the interest of the chief central episode. In the foreground, Europa is taking her seat on the back of the kneeling bull; in the middle distance the bull with his precious burden is slowly moving away, preceded by Cupid and accompanied by Europa's companions,—all is still confidence and girlish gaiety. Finally in the background, the bull has gained the strand, swiftly speeding to the deep. Europa already is terrified as she realizes her danger. She is seen turning back, and calling to her playmates, and stretching out her arms to them. They have frantically rushed into the waves after her, but the sea grows smooth before the feet of Jupiter, who leaves them far behind as he fares with unwetted hoofs over the wide waves.

The central group in the foreground is one of rare charm and grace. The divine bull, snow-white in hue, kneels and forms a sort of ivory throne for the temporary queen of his devotion. A smiling landscape stretches all around him, and above him lean trees loaded with fruit. His limbs, head and body are of delicate and beautiful form. His small and shining horns and his ears are garlanded with flowers. His eyes are full of a caressing languor, as he bows his head to lick Europa's left foot. The latter is seated on his back. Her beautiful arms are bare to above the elbows and, with the exception of sandals laced with thongs, her feet and ankles are also bare. Her head slightly bends to the left and upwards, showing almost a full face. Her figure has that opulence of curve and proportion in which Veronese delights. Her robe has fallen away

leaving her bosom bare, and one of her attendants is bending down, showing a beautiful figure charmingly foreshortened, and clasping at Europa's left shoulder a richly jewelled, transverse girdle. Another companion is adjusting Europa's ample draperies and making her position comfortable on the amiable bull's back before starting on the novel ride through the meadows. This attendant is reproving a big, snarling dog, who apparently has penetrated the god's disguise, and wants to save his mistress. Europa's robe is of the rich materials and hues in which this artist delighted. A necklace of pearls, with which Veronese so often adorns his female figures, decks her beautiful neck, a rich bracelet clasps her wrist, and her abundant tresses are waved back from her low broad brow and fall down her back. Above in the air, hovering cupids pluck fruits and extend coronals of blossoms from the trees to two other of the princess's attendants, who raise their hands in graceful attitudes to receive them. The whole sentiment of the scene is reminiscent of the toilette of Venus; and indeed neither the Queen of Love and Beauty, nor her Graces, would be shamed by the lovely forms given by Veronese to Europa and her companions. The bending trees cast an aqueous green shadow over all this group. The whole picture is a marvel of light and colour, and smiles with eternal youth and joyous vitality. Sky, shadows, trees, flowers, meads, waves, flesh tints and draperies all seem to be bathed in the glow of an unknown Elysium. Everything palpitates with life, youth and love; everything is fresh, tender and seductive; everything is joy-

ous, calm and pure. There is nothing mannered in the grace of this composition, and nothing unwholesome in this radiant gaiety. Watteau doubtless derived the inspiration for his *Départ pour Cythère* from this picture; which indeed contains the same elements of fashionable distinction, though of an earlier and less artificial period. The female forms are superb in their opulence; Venetian delight and Greek beauty decked with flowing and lively draperies are here happily mingled. This picture is only one of many examples that show how adept Veronese is in covering the antique with the costume of his day without leaving any feeling of anachronism, awkwardness, or unreality.

There are several variants of this picture; the best known of these are in Dresden, Rome, and London. The picture now in the Ducal Palace in Venice was taken to Paris with other Italian masterpieces when Napoleon looted Italy of so many of its art treasures. In Paris, it suffered considerably from irreverent "restoration." However, a replica of this picture in the Capitoline Museum, Rome, would appear to have suffered still more from this species of vandalism. This picture is considered by some critics to be the first draught of the work. Its colour, however, is completely lacking in transparency; and even the drawing is not distinguished by the elegance that the picture in Venice possesses in such a marked degree. Among the subjects taken from Greek mythology, none has appealed to great painters more strongly than that of the *Rape of Europa*. In addition to the replicas attributed to Veronese himself, the subject was treated by Titian in his old age.

This picture passed from the Orleans gallery into England. Florence also possesses a *Europa* by Albano; and Munich another by Domenichino. Numerous other masters have been attracted by this myth, among whom may be mentioned Rembrandt, Annibal and Ludovico Caracci, Guido, Claude Lorraine, Mignard, Natoire and Boucher. Nor must we forget a charming little bronze by Benvenuto Cellini, which may be seen in the Corsini Palace, in Rome. The principal engravings after the *Rape of Europa* by Veronese are by P. Bettelini, F. Rénaldi, Edme Jeaurat and Reveil.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD
(*Hunt*)

JOHN RUSKIN

MR. HUNT has never explained his work to me. I give what appears to me its palpable interpretation.

The legend beneath it is the beautiful verse,—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii, 20. On the left hand side of the picture is seen this door of the human soul. It is fast barred: its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn,—the wild grass, "whereof the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom." Christ approaches it in the night time,—Christ, in his everlasting offices of prophet, priest, and king. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon him; the jewelled robe and breastplate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold, inwoven with the crown of thorns, but now bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations.

Now, when Christ enters any human heart, he bears with him a two-fold light. First the light of conscience,

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

HUNT.

which displays past sin, and afterwards the light of peace, the hope of salvation. The lantern, carried in Christ's left hand, is this light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary guilt.

This light is suspended by a chain, wrapt about the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ.

The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, on the contrary, is that of the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns, and, though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends.

I believe there are very few persons on whom the picture, thus justly understood, will not produce a deep impression. For my own part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age.

It may, perhaps, be answered, that works of art ought not to stand in need of interpretation of this kind. Indeed, we have been so long accustomed to see pictures painted without any purpose or intention whatsoever, that the unexpected existence of meaning in a work of art may very naturally at first appear to us an unkind demand on the

spectator's understanding. But in a few moments more I hope the English public may be convinced of the simple truth, that neither a great fact, nor a great man, nor a great poem, nor a great picture, nor any other great thing, can be fathomed to the very bottom of in a moment of time; and that no high enjoyment, either in picture-seeing or any other occupation, is consistent with a total lethargy of the powers of the understanding.

As far as regards the technical qualities of Mr. Hunt's painting, I would only ask the spectator to observe this difference between true pre-Raphaelite work, and its imitations. The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature in the position and at the distances which the arrangement of the picture supposes. The false work represents them with all their details, as if seen through a microscope. Examine closely the ivy on the door in Mr. Hunt's picture, and there will not be found in it a single clear outline. All is the most exquisite mystery of colour; becoming reality at its due distance. In like manner, examine the small gems on the robe of the figure. Not one will be made out in form, and yet there is not one of all those minute points of green colour, but it has two or three distinctly varied shades of green in it, giving it mysterious value and lustre.

The spurious imitations of pre-Raphaelite work represent the most minute leaves and other objects with sharp outlines, but with no variety of colour, and with none of the concealment, none of the infinity of nature.

ST. ANNE

(*Lionardo da Vinci*)

F. A. GRUYER

HERE is a work of singular nobility and prodigious virtuosity, but also one in which the recognized religious proprieties are strangely sacrificed. Lionardo left foolish scruples to fools and cared very little about what there might be in his paintings to scandalize common reason, which, moreover, he did not confound with common sense. The *St. Anne* routs criticism and defies analysis. Its conception is odd and improbable. But what does that matter, so long as the beauties revealed in it are great?

The Virgin, sitting on St. Anne's lap, leans over towards the Infant Jesus who with both hands is holding a lamb by the ears and trying to climb upon its back. Whatever interest is found in the figure of this *Bambino* and although its head is very beautiful, yet a pupil or imitator of the master might have painted it. Moreover, it is not finished and many weak points are left in it. It is quite otherwise with St. Anne and the Virgin, to which figures Lionardo has entirely devoted himself. The great interest of the picture lies in these. One is the mother of the other, but Lionardo scarcely pays any attention to that. It strikes his fancy to represent a group of two figures, young with the

same youth and beautiful with the same beauty: that cuts short all objections. From the point of view of the evangelic drama, there was a contrast to be drawn between these two women. St. Anne can smile without any hidden thoughts at the pranks of the *Bambino*, but the Virgin cannot, for, being in the secrets of God, the lamb, the emblem of sacrifice, must awake in her the presentiment of the cross. Lionardo sets this distinction also entirely aside. The Virgin and St. Anne shall be animated with the same joy: his picturesque combinations demand this, and so much the worse for the Christian idea if it does not receive its dues here. Here, therefore, we have neither St. Anne nor the Virgin: the former is far from the Biblical austerity that should belong to the spouse of St. Joachim, and the latter is still farther from the divine humility that is the symbol of the mother of Jesus; but the concord of these two faces is ravishing, and the harmony of their smiles is one of the most harmonious that ever could be dreamed of. Both are enchantresses endowed with that Italian beauty that bursts forth and is always accompanied with majesty. One would credit them with being made of light and shadow. Life flows in them with brimming banks without the appearance of any gross clay. Enigmatic and mysterious, animated by a strange sensibility—I was about to say sensuality—they provoke admiration whilst at the same time troubling the soul with an emotion that almost amounts to enervation.

St. Anne is seated facing us, with her left hand proudly planted on her hip and her right arm enveloped in the

ST. ANNE.

L. DA VINCI.

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violet drapery of her mantle. Her head, wound with thick bands of brown hair covered with a transparent veil, is animated with a gaiety that is charming and full of youth. What is visible of her neck and breast is bare, and bare also are her feet. She is the axis of the picture, to which, very properly, she has given her name. What character there is in her physiognomy! With what native grandeur, nobility and pride she bears herself! The Virgin, sitting on her mother's knees, is three-quarters right face. Her opulent and waving tresses fall down along her cheeks and behind her neck. Her head, her breast, her arms and her right leg and foot are stretched out almost horizontally in front, while her left leg is bent almost vertically backwards. Her robe, very low in the neck, does not hide any of the throat or shoulders; the veilings are present only to enhance her beauty. Her body, moulded in the vesture that harmoniously outlines its forms, has something of the decent boldness of beautiful nudities. And it is quite a profane seductiveness that inflames the face. Nowhere has Lionardo more happily reproduced the type of woman that pursued him. What charm there is in this whole figure! What suppleness there is in its action, and what spontaneity in its gesture! But at the same time, how very far this pretended Virgin is from what she should be! This then is what the greatest of Florentine painters made of the Mother of the Word! What would John of Fiesole have thought in the presence of such an image? The times, it is true, had changed. The Renaissance, having arrived at the apogee of its grandeur, knew too much of the world to

have retained much of God, and certainly it was not upon his knees that Lionardo painted.[1]

But let us not decry masterpieces, and, pygmies as we are, let us not haggle over our admiration of them! What a magnificent equilibrium exists between these two figures of St. Anne and the Virgin! How they hold together, and what elegance and solidity there are in the ties that unite them! They are not above the natural size and yet they appear colossal. And the landscape that serves as a background to them adds something unfathomable to their size. Lionardo's passion for science declares itself in the humblest things. This universal investigator knew plants and stones by their virtues quite as much as he loved them for their beauties. His rocky foregrounds evince an art that desires to penetrate the whole of nature, and his horizons mount to the sublime in poetic picturesqueness.[2] What a striking

[1] Lionardo ventured as far as possible into the domains of religious profanations. Yielding to the sacrilegious demands of Ludovico il Moro, it is said that more than once he took Cecilia Gallevani, the mistress of his all-powerful protector, as a model in his religious pictures. Sometimes he disguised her as a saint and sometimes as a Virgin. Amoretti cites a picture of a Virgin beneath which Lionardo had written these verses:

" Per Cecilia qual te orna, lauda e adora
El tuo unico figliolo, o beata Vergine, exora."

The portrait of Cecilia Gallevani, now lost, during the last century belonged to the Marquis Boncvana.

[2] On the right we see a clump of trees that has not been carried beyond the stage of sketch. In his *Treatise on painting*, Lionardo himself has told us what importance he attributed to landscape. He required a painter to be universal in his art, and denounced those who attached too little importance to the study of landscape to spend any time on it, " like our friend Botticelli, who sometimes said that it is enough to throw a sponge soaked with various colours haphazard at a wall, so that a stain may be printed on it in which with a little imagination one may see a landscape."

opposition there is between the smiling faces of the picture and the gulfs of those fantastic distances in which the gaze loses itself in a sort of vertigo. Do not our souls recognize an incomparable beauty of isolation in those deserts bristling with peaks resembling ruins?[1]

So far, it has been impossible to assign a date to this picture. When Lionardo returned to Florence from Milan about the year 1500, the Servite Friars had just ordered from Filippino Lippi a picture of *St. Anne* for the high altar of the *Annunziata*. The excellent Filippino, having learned that Lionardo regretted not having been entrusted with this work, abandoned it to him, and Lionardo immediately went and took up his quarters with the Servites, who fed him and paid all his expenses. After long hesitation, he made his cartoon, representing St. Anne, the Virgin, the Infant Jesus and St. John the Baptist. This sketch was exhibited, and gained an ovation for Lionardo. It was admired not only by the painters, but the multitude also flocked to look at it. They thronged about it as at solemn festivals. The triumph was complete. Lionardo promised to execute the work, but he did nothing to it. The cartoon, which Vasari describes in detail is in fact one of remarkable beauty. It may be seen at the Royal Academy in London, where one may satisfy oneself that it does not

[1] Several very beautiful designs for this *St. Anne* picture are known. M. Émile Gallichon's collection alone contained two. In another sketch for the same picture, Lionardo tried the employment of a waterfall. We see that science ceaselessly pursued him, and possessed him even when he was painting. Or rather, art and science were never more strictly confounded, or more completely in accord than in this mighty genius.

in the least conform with the picture. However, notwithstanding the differences presented by these two pictures, there are intimate bonds between them. When all Florence had admired the Servites' cartoon, Lionardo found some weak points in it, and became disgusted with it. In this cartoon, the Virgin is half sitting on St. Anne, and their heads are close together, in the same plane and on the same horizontal line. Notwithstanding the charm of this very beautiful sketch, this gives rise to a certain indecision in the attitudes, and a little monotony in the lines. As for the Infant Jesus, who is springing from his mother's arms to bless the little St. John who is kneeling before him, he has nothing in common with the Infant Jesus of the finished picture. Moreover, this group of the two children was a theme that had already been done to death. Lionardo might have done as Raphael did,—repeat it again and again without ever exhausting it; but he found it simpler to renounce it. The cartoon was abandoned, and years passed before the great artist thought again of taking up the idea of painting the *St. Anne*. When he set to work again at this picture, he had without doubt definitely left Florence to install himself again in Milan. It would therefore be between 1507 and 1512 that he executed the picture in which he adopted the great picturesque version that we see in the Louvre. What authorizes this supposition is that we are almost fully acquainted with the use that Lionardo made of his time in Florence between 1500 and 1507. His contemporaries are very explicit in this respect: they state that the cartoon of the *Annunziata* was not followed

by any picture representing the same subject at this period. What makes us think furthermore that the *St. Anne* was executed at Milan is the vogue it had around Milan during Lionardo's lifetime, and the great number of copies that were made from it by the best Lombard painters of the school. It is also to be noted that the work of the master remained in Lombardy until the Seventeenth Century, which constitutes another presumption in favour of its having been painted there. It was in Lombardy that Richelieu found it, when he arrived to command in person at the siege of Casala in 1629. Brought into France by him, the *St. Anne* then found a place in the gallery of the *Palais Cardinal*, and afterwards entered the Cabinet of Louis XIV. Since then it has never ceased to belong to France. It is found in the inventory of the king's pictures at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, and it is now one of the most precious gems in our national museum.

Finally, let us note that this picture is still unfinished. However wonderful it may appear to us, Lionardo was not satisfied with it. The figures of St. Anne and the Virgin did not please him, and their draperies remained partly in the sketch stage. We know that Lionardo never succeeded in contenting himself. Vasari says that this great mind, by means of heaping excellence upon excellence and perfection upon perfection, carried his work to that point noted by Petrarch: "*Che l'opra è ritardata dal desio*," to that moment when every human work is arrested by the *desire*, by something unknown that cannot be attained something of which the soul has a presentiment, but the possession of which is prohibited to us.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL RAPHAEL*
(*Perugino*)

PAUL LAFOND

IS it not strange that the most celebrated works of the great Italian painter Pietro Vannucci, called Perugino, are not to be found in the galleries of Italy and that it is outside his native country, scattered in the great European museums, that one must seek his most perfect works,—those that best exhibit the scope of his wonderful talent? Let us mention the *Apparition of the Virgin to Saint Bernard* in the Pinakothek of Munich; the *Madonna between Saint Peter, Saint Paul, Saint Jerome and Saint John*

* The Hebrew legend of Tobit and his son Tobias (told in the *Book of Tobit* in the *Apocrypha*) was a favourite one with the Mediæval Church, and became therefore a traditional subject for painting. Tobit, a Jewish exile, having fallen also into poverty, and afterwards becoming blind, prays for death rather than life, in noble despair. "To him the angel of all beautiful life (Raphael) is sent, hidden in simplicity of human duty, taking a servant's place for hire to lead his son in all right and happy ways of life, explaining to him, and showing to all of us who read, in faith, forever, what is the root of all the material evil in the world, the great end of seeking pleasure before use" (*Fors Clavigera*, 1877). Here we see Raphael leading the young Tobias into Media, where he was to marry Sara, his rich kinswoman, the daughter of Raguel. But she was haunted by an evil spirit, who had slain her seven husbands, each on their wedding day, and the angel bade Tobias take the gall of a certain fish, wherewith afterwards to heal his father's blindness and hardness of heart and liver wherewith to drive away the evil spirit from his bride. Tobias is carrying the fish, Raphael has a small box for the gall.—COOK.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL RAPHAEL.

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Baptist in the Belvedere Museum, Vienna; *The Ascension* in the Museum of Lyons, which formerly decorated the high altar of the Cathedral of Padua; and the *Sposalizio* in the Museum of Caen, that came from the Chapelle du Saint-Anneau of the same church. These are important works which should be counted among the most delicate and pleasing ones of the master; but it is in the National Gallery in London that his most perfect *chef d'œuvre* is found, the one that best enables us to appreciate the mystical aspect of his genius, the extreme cleverness of his brush and the rare talent which knew how to render the expression of the human form.

This picture is in three compartments, the principal of which shows us the *Virgin* on her knees in a landscape, adoring the Infant Christ who is presenting an angel to her, while above, in the clouds, three angels are chanting the praises of the Saviour; the second, *Saint Michael*, seen full face and standing; and the third which represents the *Archangel Raphael holding young Tobias by the Hand* seems, if possible, superior to the two others and merits all our attention.

The scene is of the simplest. It takes place in a landscape shut in by quite low hills; and the two personages, the Archangel Raphael and young Tobias, are placed exactly in the foreground, upon a hillock sown with all kinds of flowers, their feet almost on the edge of the frame, and standing very high above the horizon. The archangel is represented as a handsome and slender young man with fine blond hair falling over his shoulders; his head is slightly inclined to the right; his half-opened wings seem set with

precious stones; the tunic, a little loose, is confined only at the waist, cut out a little upon the chest, revealing the harmonious lines of the neck, and falling to the feet which are bare and admirably drawn; the cloak is carelessly looped over the hips. In his left hand brought up to the height of his chest, the archangel holds a little box; his right hand, with graceful action, clasps that of Tobias, who lifts his eyes towards his guide and contemplates him with a tender and submissive glance; suspended by a string upon his right wrist, the latter carries the fish, the gall of which is to restore his old father's sight. The painter has represented young Tobias in the elegant costume worn by the Italian nobility at the end of the Fifteenth Century. A nimbus encircles his head.

It would be impossible to carry any further than the old Umbrian master has done in this panel *naïveté* and delicacy of expression, purity and correctness of drawing, grace and religious sentiment, tenderness and beauty of colouring, taste in the attitudes, and a strange and somewhat peculiar charm; impossible ever to find lines that are happier or more delicate. This is certainly Perugino's most finished work,—the one that marks the height of his genius. The painter's talent, which had nothing to do but grow in order to reach this culminating point, began to decline little by little. The coming of a new century,—of that superb and pompous Sixteenth Century,—was for this mystical and tender *quattrocentiste*, an ill-omened date. Was it owing to age—he was about to pass his fiftieth year? Did he doubt himself at the sight of the productions of the new masters?

we know nothing about it. But from this moment all his works are but a pale reflection of those which had shone with so much brilliancy during his youth and his mature years. The gentle genius, which was the glory of the Umbrian School, became obscured and eclipsed. The poor artist even came in his last years to copy and make sad thefts from his former compositions, without even taking any pains to dissimulate.

But let us return to our triptych in the National Gallery, which the painter was pleased to sign, for he has inscribed on the left panel: *Petrus Peruginius pinxit.* Despite the signature which seems authentic, perhaps indeed because of the signature, although in works of art it does not mean very much, certain critics, and not of the least authority, Rumohr, Passavant, etc., are not far from believing that in this work, and particularly for the panel of young Tobias and the archangel Raphael, Perugino was helped by his pupil, the divine Sanzio. To support their opinions, we must notice the analogy that exists between this last picture and a drawing representing the same subject executed upon tinted paper and attributed to Raphael. This design, now in Oxford, was previously in the Lawrence collection. But without casting a doubt upon his prerogative certified by Dr. Waagen, what is to prove that Raphael did not imitate or copy his master? Let us not forget either that he was very young when this panel was painted, that is to say between the years 1497 and 1500. Until the contrary is proved, we shall continue to attribute this masterpiece to the great Umbrian painter.

This superb page is but the half of a vast composition executed by Perugino for the decoration of the high altar of the church of the Chartreuse in Pavia, and formed two triptychs superimposed. These two triptychs are still in their place, but of the six pictures that they contain, only one, representing *God the Father*, is from the hand of the painter, the others have been replaced by copies; other copies also hold the place of the composition now in London.

And this is the way that splendid altar decoration came to the National Gallery. For a long time, it had been in the Palais Melzi in Milan. One of the heads of that ancient family had bought it at the Chartreuse in Pavia from which it was taken in a moment of pressing need for money in 1786. In 1859, Sir Charles Eastlake bought it in his turn from the Duc de Melzi, for the London museum, for 3571 pounds sterling, which in French money equals 89.265 a francs, considerable sum forty years ago, but which certainly would be exceeded to-day, if a work of such value were put up at auction.

Let us finish with a few short biographical details of Perugino, little known, or badly known, until these last years, on account of the calumnies that Vasari has heaped upon his memory. We know that the brutal animosity of the author of the *Lives of the greatest Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* with regard to Pietro Vannucci had its source in the quarrel that the latter, already old, had in Florence with young Buonarroti who, in a fit of anger, had treated him in public like a blockhead, or something equivalent, and for

this behaviour, he summoned him before the Tribunal of the Eight, who did not grant the satisfaction that he had hoped for. But was this a sufficient reason for Vasari to stand up in revenge for Michelangelo, his future master, and to represent the great Umbrian artist without the least appearance of veracity,—as a miser, a vile speculator, and a despicable man?

Pietro Vannucci, called Perugino, was born in 1446, at Citta della Pieve, near Perugia, where he established himself, and from which is derived the name by which he is generally called. His first master, whom he left to study in Florence under the guidance of Andrea Verocchio, is unknown.

His first authentic work is a fresco which he painted in the chapel of Cerquito, near Perugia, in 1478. Then returning to Florence, Perugino executed there various works, most of which have now disappeared, that made him known. His reputation was quickly established and orders were not slow in coming to him from all sides. We know of numerous compositions of his in fresco, distemper and oil, which he was one of the first in Italy to use, in Siena, Vallombrosa, Bologna, Padua and Naples, etc., but very few of them have come down to us intact. Towards 1480, he was called to Rome by Pope Sixtus IV., who was about to erect in the Vatican the famous Chapel that bears his name, and who ordered him to paint some frescoes in it, two of which still exist. This was not the limit of his work in the Eternal City; he painted also in the Colonna Palace, and in the church of Saint Mark; but all of these

works have been destroyed; in the rooms of the Vatican also you can see a fresco by him, but it is of a much later date and far from being one of his best compositions. In 1495, Pietro Vannucci returned to Perugia, and it was there that Raphael, barely twelve years old, became his pupil. A little later, he returned to Florence and it was during this sojourn in the city of the Medici that his quarrel with Michelangelo, of which we said a few words a moment ago, took place. Returning permanently to Perugia, which he never left again except for rare and short intervals, he was charged with the important decoration of the *Sala del Cambio.* When old age came upon him, he did not abandon his brush but remained at his post. The works of his old age unhappily show the effects of his years, among others, his pictures in the Duomo of his native Citta della Pieve; but let us not insist upon these last works, so little worthy of the master; we have already spoken of them.

Perugino died in Castillo de Fontignano in 1524, at the age of seventy-eight; with him ends the Umbrian school of which he was the most brilliant example.

ECCE ANCILLA DOMINE
(*Rossetti*)

JOHN RUSKIN

ROSSETTI'S *Annunciation* differs from every previous conception of the scene known to me, in representing the angel as waking the Virgin from sleep to give her his message. The Messenger himself also differs from angels as they are commonly represented, in not depending for recognition of his supernatural character, on the insertion of bird's wings at his shoulders. If we are to know him for an angel at all, it must be by his face, which is that simply of youthful, but grave, manhood. He is neither transparent in body, luminous in presence, nor auriferous in apparel;—wears a plain, long, white robe;—casts a natural and undiminished shadow,—and although there are flames beneath his feet, which upbear him, so that he does not touch the earth, these are unseen by the Virgin. She herself is an English, not a Jewish girl, of about sixteen or seventeen, of such pale and thoughtful beauty as Rossetti could best imagine for her. She has risen half up, not *started* up, in being awakened; and is not looking at the angel, but only thinking, with eyes cast down, as if supposing herself in a strange dream. The morning light fills the room, and shows at the foot of her little pallet-bed, her embroidery work, left off the evening

before,—an upright lily. Upright, and very accurately upright, as also the edges of the piece of cloth in its frame,—as also the gliding form of the angel,—as also, in severe foreshortening, that of the Virgin herself. It has been studied, so far as it has been studied at all, from a very thin model; and the disturbed coverlid is thrown into confused angular folds, which admit no suggestion whatever of ordinary girlish grace. So that, to any spectator little inclined towards the praise of barren 'uprightness,' and accustomed on the contrary to expect radiance in archangels, and grace in Madonnas, the first effect of the design must be extremely displeasing. . . . But the reader will, if careful in reflection, discover in all pre-Raphaelite pictures, however distinct otherwise in aim and execution, an effort to represent things as they are, or were, or may be, instead of, according to the practice of their instructors and the wishes of their public, things as they are *not*, never were, and never can be: this effort being founded deeply on a conviction that it is at first better, and finally more pleasing, for human minds to contemplate things as they are, than as they are not. Thus Mr. Rossetti, in this and subsequent works of the kind, thought it better for himself and his public to make some effort towards a real notion of what actually did happen in the carpenter's cottage at Nazareth, giving rise to the subsequent traditions delivered in the Gospels, than merely to produce a variety in the pattern of the Virgin, pattern of Virgin's gown, and pattern of Virgin's house, which had been set by the jewellers of the Fifteenth Century.

ECCE ANCILLA DOMINE.

ROSSETTI.

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ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI
(*Rossetti*)

WILLIAM SHARP

THE main colour of this composition is white, but blue and crimson wonderfully add to the general effect of lucency; and it is wrought in such exquisite lightness, delicacy, and beauty as to deserve the highest praise that Mr. Ruskin or any one else could bestow upon it. It seems to me to stand alone amongst this artist's works for perfect clarity, and has even less of the early Italian Gothicism than *The Girlhood of the Virgin*; certainly, whatever other merits his subsequent work may possess, none dwell in such an atmosphere of light. There is great severity, rigidity in form, but the excellence of the three colours of pre-Raphaelitism would nullify still more serious drawbacks. Mr. Ruskin refers to it as differing from every previous conception of the scene known to him, in representing the angel as awakening the Virgin from sleep to give her his message; but in his subsequent remarks as to the angel's non-recognizability as such, "not depending for recognition of his supernatural character on the insertion of bird's wings at his shoulders," or in being "neither transparent in body, luminous in presence, nor auriferous in apparel," he, while noting the pale yellow flames about his

feet, surely forgot to note the aureole that radiates round his head—though on the other hand, it may be that he referred only to personal and not to external signs. The Virgin, clothed in white, is sitting up in her white pallet-bed and reclining forward with eyes awestruck with the premonitory dream that foretold her of God's will; she seems to look backwards into the mystery that came to her in sleep with a yearning questioning as to the reality or non-reality as affecting herself, and forwards into the dim future with the awe of some great thing she can yet scarce comprehend in its significance. Unseen to her, the divine messenger with calm, grave face and clothed simply in white, aureoled and upborne, while apparently standing on the floor, by pale, golden flames just reaching above his feet, stands looking at her, having through her sleep spake the message he came to give; and in his hand is a stem bearing Annunciation lilies, just over which is poised in downward flight the dove of the Holy Spirit. In front of her simple pallet there is an upright piece of crimson cloth in a wooden frame, and worked downwards in it a very rigid but exactly delineated white lily branch; and behind her and the white pillow on her bed there is a light, square curtain of deep cerulean blue, exquisite as anything not nature's own production can be. To the left of this curtain-screen there is the semicircular window-space, wherethrough the scented air can enter freely; but nothing is visible through it save the clear blue Syrian morning sky and the leafy crown of a single palm. On the ledge of the window, above Mary's head, is a lamp with a flame

still burning, but seeming quite white owing to the clear subdued radiance of fulfilled dawn. The drawback to this otherwise exquisite piece of workmanship is its prevailing angularity and uprightness, in the angel, in the embroidery-screen, in the curtain, and, in Mr. Ruskin's words, in "the severe foreshortening of the Virgin herself"; though at the time of its exhibition this was a minor matter compared to the heresy of deviation from sacred tradition *in re* representation of angels and madonnas, and from the traditional choice of time and surroundings for the Annunciation, as also in its realistic tendencies. I confess I can only partially agree with Mr. Ruskin in considering the *Ecce Ancilla Domini* a realistic representation of what actually *did* occur in the dwelling of the Nazarine carpenter, for, though doubtless succeeding better in this than those "jewellers of the fifteenth century," who set the example that became stereotyped, the room, with its screen and embroidery and other surroundings, cannot well be regarded as a probable representation of the very humble abode and corresponding method of life we are taught and infer from Biblical and secular history as likely to appertain to a poor carpenter in a poor, if naturally well-provided, district. But these, after all, are minor points, and are forgotten or put aside when looking at the pure colours and the solemn significance of this most lovely and memorable picture. Its *motif* was given in the same sonnet as was printed in the catalogue recording *The Girlhood of the Virgin*, of which picture it is indeed a successor; so that while the first two-thirds of the sonnet may be taken as applicable to the

earlier work, the concluding three and a half lines refer to the Annunciation :—

> ". . . Till one dawn, at home
> She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
> At all,—yet wept till sunshine, and felt awed
> Because the fulness of the time was come."

CARDINAL RICHELIEU

(*Philippe de Champaigne*)

GUSTAVE LARROUMET

THE greatest minister of the old *régime*, the first of our statesmen who did not reign, the founder of the *Académie Française* and the restorer of the Sorbonne, has not been praised in literature for a long time. Poets, novelists, and historians are equally severe upon the Cardinal de Richelieu. His will hovers over Victor Hugo's *Marion de Lorme* like a nightmare of cruelty; the reflection of his red robe illuminates the drama with a sinister light; and in the last act, the terror of the *dénouement* is obtained by his pitiless voice letting the words "No mercy!" fall from his litter, while Marion expresses the popular horror of the sinister procession by crying:

"*Regardez-tous! violà l'homme rouge qui passe!*"

Alfred de Vigny sacrifices Richelieu to the equivocal and brilliant Cinq-Mars. Between politics working to make France and rashness inspired by vanity, he is unjustly severe towards the former, and unnecessarily lenient towards the latter. If the good Dumas did not treat Richelieu with the same gracefulness as he did Mazarin, and if he did not go so far as to disguise this great Frenchman as a puppet of the Italian comedy, he made his d'Artagnan laugh at him.

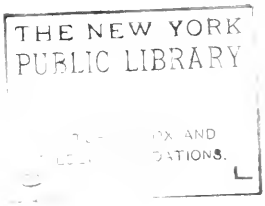
Michelet is too great an historian not to admire the grand man and his work, but he does not like him. In the superb portrait which he spreads across two volumes of his *Histoire de France*, he passes from admiration to invective, and from his greatest eulogies to his gravest accusations. He is possessed by this commanding figure, and is divided between personal antipathy and the superior wish to render justice. If he shows the visible grandeur of his soul and his powerful will, the immensity of his labour and the sinister dignity of his attitude, he judges him "a knave of genius, who originated our vain European balance and the equilibrium between the dead."

It is because Richelieu, ill-treated by his contemporaries for having subordinated private interests to those of the king and of France, entered into modern literature at a singularly unfavourable moment for him. He represented the old *régime* and authority in the eyes of a period that had founded the new order and adored liberty; he was the incarnation of mature age and judgment grappling with youth and love; and he united in his personality all that the romantic lyrism did not like, notably, the sacrifice of the individual for the State.

Moreover, each one of those who from 1826 to 1860, have made him act in fiction or history, have personal feelings of animosity or injustice towards him. Victor Hugo, after his youth as a legitimist, left the king's cause for that of the people. Vigny, a gentleman, took upon himself to revenge the French nobility upon those who had hurled down the pride of the great. To Dumas, Richelieu was

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

P. DE CHAMPAIGNE.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nothing more than the character of a novel: he was less "sympathetic" with him than he was to a "Gascon cadet," or even with Anne of Austria, amorous queen and weak woman. To Michelet, the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, was a nobleman and a priest, and the man who had written: "All politics agree that if the people were too free, it would be impossible to constrain them within the rules of their duty." All of these think that he wronged literature, for although he did protect and pension poets, and even honoured Chapelain, he was the persecutor of the *Cid* and of Corneille.

The recognition due to Richelieu from men of letters was only slightly marked for two centuries by mere conventional compliments in the orations pronounced at the *Académie Française*.

But note that justice for him is gradually beginning. In proportion as romanticism loses its illusions and history grows more conscientious in its methods,—this slow work will be to his advantage. A greater retrospective sense of justice for old France, a clearer idea of the gifts and labour made by the Statesmen, and the knowledge of his original schemes will make reparation for him. At this moment, he is popular among writers and a monument of truth is elevating itself in his honour. In his discourse on being received into the *Académie Française* in 1875, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, took sides for Richelieu against Corneille, and his paradox contained a great deal of truth. In 1879, Renan gave himself the keen pleasure of binding into his subject the academic tradition of beginning his admission

address by: "The great Cardinal Richelieu." In 1894, M. Brunetière happily seized the occasion "of bringing into his academic discourse the formerly obligatory eulogy." At this moment, a young minister who is preparing a history of politics, wishes a history of the Cardinal Richelieu, solid and complete, of sober elegance and worthy of its double subject, Richelieu and France.

Although art is greatly inferior to letters, it has this advantage,—that, dispensing with discussions and arguments, it avoids errors of judgment. It is quite sufficient to be truthful and to represent what is seen. Maltreated by the novelists, the poets and the historians, Richelieu has received far more justice from the sculptors and the painters who have not been so anxious to penetrate into his soul as they have simply to show him as they saw him.

While he was living, Warin modelled a celebrated bust of him and engraved a medal that is a masterpiece. Fifty years after his death, Girardon, in raising to him, after Lebrun's design, the pompous tomb upon which he expires supported by Religion and mourned by History, rendered him a somewhat theatrical homage, but, taking it all in all, worthy of his memory.

Notwithstanding the indifferently expressed character of the head, Girardon was inspired by a masterly canvas,—the portrait painted by Philippe de Champaigne, which is to be seen in the *Salon carré* of the Louvre.

Champaigne, born in Brussels, belongs geographically to the Flemish school. However, he is French, for he developed in our country and is filled with its spirit; he

painted French models in the French style. A lover of Port-Royal, he thought and felt like the religious recluses of that holy house; he had in his art the same serious integrity, cautious energy and moral elevation that they had in literature. His painting is Jansenist, but with more expressive vigour than these moralists, so scornful of *éclat*, ever deigned to show. It is curious to note, while on this subject, that the same strange region gave to France two French things—the art of Philippe de Champaigne and the literature of Port-Royal.

By means of his faith, Champaigne was drawn to religious painting, and his reputation forced him to execute numerous decorations in palaces and castles, but in the depths of his soul he was a realist, a lover of direct truth, respectful towards nature, and tempering his joy in colour and elegance in form by serious thought and moral discipline. Thus he has excelled in portraiture, and for posterity his value lies there. His principal work consists of several fine Crucifixions, in which imagination and wealth of decoration have no place, and that series of portraits containing his two masterpieces, the Two Nuns of Port-Royal—Mère Arnault and the painter's daughter—and Cardinal Richelieu.

Michelet studied the latter a long time, and its contemplation helped him in tracing his portrait of the great Cardinal. With vigorous justice, he remarked the painter's merits, and praised the artist for "that very fine colour, restrained by exact truthfulness." As for the moral impression, he has simply translated what the portrait ex-

presses itself, for he speaks of that "sphinx in a red robe," that "phantom with grey beard, fixed grey eye, and delicate, thin hands." The spectator sees in that head with its broad brow, burning eyes, long straight nose, lips compressed beneath the fine moustache, and chin pointed by the goatee, only genius, will and sadness,—a double sadness of suffering without respite and labour without rest. The walking and gliding attitude is of unequalled nobility; the gesture of the hand, which receives and commands, is an observation of genius. The arrangement of the folds of the red robe crossed by the white rochet and the blue cord of the Holy Spirit, is noble and simple. The whole picture is a symphony in red, where the sheen of the silk and the heaviness of the cloth produce, in their balanced tonality, a learned and simple harmony. Never has the most brilliant and pompous of colours been treated with a more sober and masterly strength.

Midway between Clouet's precision and Rigault's richness, the art of Philippe de Champaigne has endowed the French school with a series of portraits in which perhaps the most essential qualities of our national genius—accuracy and decorum—fixed the spirit of a time and state of the French nation. This contemporary of Richelieu, Corneille, and Descartes is as French as they are.

THE MADONNA DI FOLIGNO
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

IN the first of the great frescoes painted by Raphael at the Vatican, the Virgin appears gloriously seated on the right of Jesus Christ ruling with him all the celestial hierarchies, and shedding light and grace upon the Church by her ministry of intercession. We may almost say, therefore, that Raphael took possession of the Eternal City in the name of the Virgin. That Eucharist upon which the Doctors and Fathers meditate; that mystery, an image of which Zacharias saw in the "wheat of the elect," in the "wine that makes virgins conceive," has its origin in Mary. "Our generation in the bosom of the Church proceeds from the spiritual origin of Jesus Christ in the bosom of a virgin." Thus speaks St. Leo the Great, and it is this doctrine that is developed by Raphael in the Argument of the Holy Sacrament. This sublime page is the most Christian that art has ever conceived, because it is the most penetrated with the mystery of the Trinity. "Before the Mosaic Law," says Hugues de Saint Victor, "God made known his existence to the world; under the Law, his unity; under the Gospel, his Trinity; so that the knowledge of the truth might increase little by little." Now, the Virgin completes the Trinity in its work. It is for her that

this mystery is produced in the world. Spouse of the Father, it is before her also that the Apostle bows when he says: "I bend my knees unto the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, Mother of the Son, by virtue of the Most High who has covered her with his shadow," she has conceived Jesus in time, so as to give the elect to God in eternity. Sanctuary of the Holy Ghost, she is the tabernacle in which the Holy of Holies has made itself pontiff and concentrates in herself the eternal love of which the Word was born. In his fresco, Raphael represents the Virgin under this triple aspect: he associates her with the Trinity by pictorial bonds that appear incorruptible, and confides the intelligence of the Eucharist to her prayers. Seated upon the clouds by the Saviour's side, she bows humbly before him, and derives her power from her very humility. It is true that this figure does not strictly belong to our subject, but it seems to detach itself from its frame and hover before us at the moment when Raphael arrives at Rome under the inspiration of the Virgin in Glory.

During the first three years of his residence in Rome, Raphael was entirely absorbed in his *Segnatura* frescoes. From time to time, he managed to steal a few moments to devote them to more intimate labours: it was at this time doubtless that he painted the portraits of Julius II., the Marquis Frederick of Mantua, himself, and that Margarita whom he has immortalized under the name of the *Fornarina*. In 1511, the works of the first Vatican chamber were completed; the alliance between Science and Faith

MADONNA DI FOLIGNO.

RAPHAEL.

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was concluded, the chain of tradition was mended, all its links were rivetted so as to defy henceforth all the efforts of barbarianism. Universally admired, Raphael could for a moment give rein to less solemn though not less elevated aspirations. The *Alban Madonna*, the *Aldobrandini Madonna*, the *Madonna of the Diadem*, and the *Holy Family of Loretto*, which without doubt, belong to this period; seem rather to be before than after 1511. It is to 1511 also that the *Foligno Madonna* belongs. In fact, it was painted for Sigismund Conti, who died Feb. 23, 1512. Since, moreover, it reveals colour leanings that, as we shall see, were not unknown to Sebastiano of Venice, it is certain that it is posterior to the Venetian painter's arrival in Rome. Now, Sebastiano having been called to Rome by Augustino Chigi at the beginning of 1511, it results that the *Foligno Madonna* must have been painted towards the close of that year. The Contis of Anagni had given one pope, Innocent III., to the Church, and since that time had fixed their abode in Rome, where they had not ceased to afford magnificent patronage to the arts. Sigismund Conti, who belonged to this illustrious house, was born at Foligno, in the first half of the Fifteenth Century, and devoted himself particularly to letters. In particular, he had written a history of his own times, and Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi, in his dedicatory epistle to the Duke of Urbino, names him as a distinguished writer. Having become secretary under Julius II., he occupied a high position in the pontifical court at the moment when Sanzio arrived at Rome. In 1511, Sigismund Conti was getting very old, and the disease

that was to carry him off already tormented him. Desiring to offer an *ex-voto* to the Virgin, he applied to Raphael. Let us see with what simplicity of genius Raphael carried out the donor's wishes.

In the opening skies, the Virgin and the Infant Jesus appear in the middle of a circle glittering with light, outside of which an innumerable company of angels is thronging. On the earth, transfigured by the radiation of the eternal beams, the donor contemplates the divine vision, in company with St. John the Baptist, St. Francis of Assisi and St. Jerome, who are recommending his prayers to the Virgin and Saviour. One angel, detached from the celestial train, also adds his voice to those of the saints, and holds a tablet on which was to be mentioned the destination of the picture.

That is the motive repeated a thousand times for more than two centuries by the Italian Renaissance. Raphael takes possession of it in his turn and does not break with the past in the least; but if he adopts all its traditions, it is only on condition of elevating and reconciling them. Without making any pretense at new systems, he purifies and reconciles the strayings of the old schools as well as the impatient aspirations of contemporary masters. Great audacities were forming around him; but he took care not to imitate them. Whatever is truly inspired with the Spirit of God is simple, and so Raphael approaches his subject with entire simplicity. The greatest homage we can render to liberty is to submit; and so Raphael finds the most complete independence in submission. He honours

the Virgin as much as he adores the Infant Jesus. For him, "Mary is the cause of safety for the whole human race." God only pardons us through the merits of his Son who never hears us better than through the voice of His Mother. Such is the Catholic doctrine of which Raphael was an indefatigable interpreter through every period of his life. And not satisfied with not departing in any way from the strictest orthodoxy, he preserves even the traditional arrangement of form. At the top and in the centre, the Virgin dominates the whole composition. At the base, and on either side, the donor and the saints are grouped symmetrically in pairs. On the left, St. John the Baptist is standing and St. Francis of Assisi is kneeling in front of him; on the right, St. Jerome corresponds to St. John, and Sigismund Conti to St. Francis. These four figures that are endowed with adorable mastery of expression balance and, without any loss of power, contribute to an identical resultant. Animated with the same love and the same faith, they seem to be already transported into the celestial realms and, although they still touch the earth, they dominate it from the same point of view whence the eagle sees it aloft in the air. Penetrated with an ardent and generous flame, this picture speaks to our imagination as much as to our emotions. Gazing at it, we recall the words of Isaiah: "Distil, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open that it may bring forth salvation, and let it cause righteousness to spring up together!" How did Raphael find some of the noblest accents of religious speech in this picture? By what

power did he rise to the antique simplicity of the Scriptures? That is what each of the parts of this admirable whole will teach.

The Virgin, sitting on the clouds and holding her Son in her arms, hovers over "the saints and the household of God." In consequence of a surprising knowledge of the subject and a marvellous grasp of aërial perspective, she seems to be at a great height, when she is really almost on the level of the earth, so that, notwithstanding the necessarily very restricted limits of the picture, we fancy we see the heights whence benediction falls. Without lowering herself, Mary seems to want to place herself on our level; the saints who are praying to her, and the donor who is imploring, could almost touch her with their hands, and yet we feel that their souls alone can reach her. Mother of the living, she yet remains the Queen of the angels who saluted her upon earth and afterwards carried her into the highest heaven. Her head, gently bending over her left shoulder, is draped with a veil that falls along her right cheek and is raised by the Infant Jesus at her left cheek. This veil is at the same time very soft and very rich in tone: it is of a yellowish white, shaded with blue reflections, and the reverse is of red embroidered with gold, being most noticeable above the Saviour's head. Covering the Virgin's hair without entirely hiding it, this alone forms the most humble and most beautiful of ornaments, for to chastity it adds an incontestable element of beauty. Two blonde bands crown the forehead, which is pure, intelligent and well formed. The brows are admirably

arched. The sweet and sad eyes are lowered upon the Word and combine in the same thought the love of the Christ and the love of mankind. The nose is very well drawn. The mouth is of medium size and almost of a grieving expression. The whole face very clearly indicates the painter's meaning. The Virgin is there as the intermediary between man and God, at the same time reflecting human suffering and divine splendour. The vesture is one of rigorous chastity; for a robe of beautiful clear red, and a mantle of almost equally clear blue form the whole. The robe, very modestly cut, leaves the neck bare to the beginning of the shoulders, and severely envelops the breast and arms; the bodice is trimmed with a gold embroidery that gives a truly royal appearance to that humble purple.

From the pictorial point of view, the Infant in the *Foligno Madonna* is in perfect accord with his Mother: he is held to her by the strictest bonds and seems almost to form one with her; but he remains more exclusively than she confined within the domains of sensible form, and does not at once arouse that great idea of Godhead that Raphael is soon to give its highest expression in the *Sistine Madonna*. As yet we are only in 1511, and before arriving at that summit we shall find several intermediate stages where we shall have again to halt.

The Infant Jesus has heard the prayer of the donor, and hastens to meet him. His arms are outstretched and with his hands he opens his Mother's veil. Ready to spring forward, he is held back only by the red scarf that girds his body and is held by the Virgin's right hand. His right leg

is bent and still rests upon Mary's left knee, while his left leg is advanced and already touches the cloud. This little figure is of rare elegance; but the gesture is of such a familiar nature as to injure the sentiment of Divinity. The head is only beautiful, and we could wish for something more. We should like to see in it some of that compassion, that grief and that kindness that give such a touching character to the features of the Virgin.

Above the clouds that form the aërial throne of the Virgin, and beyond the circle of golden light surrounding the divine group, the eye loses itself in the midst of a glory formed by a gathering of the most beautiful angels. These mysterious infants that throng around the Virgin and the Word swim in an atmosphere of an inexpressibly soft azure. Some are pushing aside the clouds, to get a better view of the divine spectacle; others give themselves up to prayer, or abandon themselves to ecstasy; some, with closed eyes, seem in their sleep to be visited by celestial dreams; and others are embracing one another in fervour and love. These admirable infants appear to be penetrated with "the divine light that glows upon the whole of Nature."

Of the four personages here, who place earth in communication with heaven, the first, St. John the Baptist, points out the way; the second, St. Francis d'Assisi, seeks by means of love to interest God Himself in our misery; the third, St. Jerome, directly presents the fourth, who is the donor, to the Virgin and her Divine Son.

St. John the Baptist is there as sent by God. "The same came for witness, that he might bear witness of the

light, that all might believe through him." With his left hand raised to the level of his shoulder, "the illustrious citizen of the desert" (in the words of St. John Chrysostom) holds a long and slender cross, upon which he leans, and points the first finger of his right hand at Jesus, "the same was in the beginning with God." His face is full, and while the left side is in high light, the right is bathed in transparent shadows. His eyes, fixed upon the spectator, are well drawn, and full of fire, penetration and authority. His lips are very expressive, and closed though almost speaking. A sparse beard covers the lower part of his face without at all hiding the fine modulations of his lips, chin, or cheeks. On his emaciated face glows the internal flame of a soul inspired by God. In the Forerunner, we must see "the last and greatest of the prophets; the first and greatest of the apostles." He possesses the Mosaic austerity, and the Christian grace and suavity: he is worthy to announce the religion of sacrifice and love. His neck, on each side of which his hair falls, stands out well. A lamb's fleece, cut like a tunic and slightly blonder than his hair, covers his shoulders and breast and descends to his knees. As a foil to this rustic garment, a red cloak, the emblem of spiritual sovereignty, is thrown over the left shoulder. In all this figure, there is something rough and savage that recalls the Dantesque image: this is "the great John, who, ever saintly, suffered solitude, martyrdom and chains for two years."

St. Francis d'Assisi, kneeling in front of St. John the Baptist, is at the apogee of his terrestrial vocation. "This

Sun is not far from its setting, and it makes the earth feel all the effects of its great virtue." This is indicated by "the stigmata which he received from Christ on a rugged rock between the Tiber and the Arno, and which his limbs bore for two years." This is particularly shown also by that emaciated face of clear and almost transparent flesh tints, radiating with pure light and raised towards the sky, the splendours of which it seems to reflect. The head, seen almost in right profile, is shaven, but enough hair remains to crown the brow as with an aureole. The eye, limpid and brilliant, is illumined with the vision it contemplates; and the parted lips breathe forth the divine trouble that possesses the entire spirit. Here is indeed the gaze intoxicated with God, of which his contemporaries speak. As for the body, it disappears and is lost in the long grey robe of the poor. Francis and the poor loved one another more from day to day. Holding in his left hand a little cross which he raises towards Jesus, he stretches out his right hand towards us and recommends us to the Divine kindness. Here he is in one of those ecstasies of charity that were the joy of his heart. Raphael has finally parted with routine and convention. He has broken with the traditional type that up to that time he had accepted. There is nothing in this figure to remind us of the stereotyped images of Perugino or any *quattrocentista.* It is an absolutely new and original creation. Raphael has placed the apostle of poverty immediately under the eye of the Infant Jesus. It is with St. Francis above all that the Word is in communication in this picture. Their

glances meet; they understand each other; and the saint, plunged into ecstasy, is in complete possession of his God.

On the other side of the Virgin, facing St. John the Baptist, St. Jerome is standing, presenting the donor to the Virgin. He wears the rich costume of the princes of the Church: a white rochet, that shows on the fore-arms, a long blue cape shading into a neutral tint, with a broad amice doubled with ermine and turned down upon his breast. All this is conventional, without doubt, and the founder of the religious houses at Bethlehem never wore this sumptuous garb; fond of mortification, he would have disdained these adornments. But let us not forget that here we are in full apotheosis and that anything that contributes to the pomp of such a spectacle is not only allowable but advisable. Moreover, in adopting this costume, Raphael has only conformed to tradition, and has drawn the most beautiful pictorial effects from it. With his right arm and hand extended respectfully towards the Madonna, St. Jerome lays his left hand familiarly on Sigismund Conti's head. His features are marked by nobility, grandeur and beauty. They have lost their natural ruggedness, and all their violence is purified by a divine flame. The cranium, completely bald, is radiant with light. Through the eyes, shadowed by heavy brows, the soul soars in prayer; the curves of the lips assume an expression of great sweetness; and on this face, furrowed by wrinkles and partly covered by a long beard, there is room for nothing but kindness. The time of struggle is over; ardour and hatred are extinct; the friend

of Paula and Eustochium is in possession of the calm of eternity, and the lion couched at his feet is only there now to recall one of the qualities of his heart.

As for Sigismund Conti, he is kneeling in left profile in front of his patron saint. With hands clasped on a level with his breast, he lifts his head and eyes towards the Virgin, whom he contemplates and to whom he prays. His costume is the same as that still worn by the *cameriere* when they are on duty in the Papal chapel: black soutane trimmed with fur, surmounted by a long red pilgrim's cape without sleeves, and a broad amice, the ermine of which comes over the shoulders and covers the breast. It is only a portrait; but what a portrait, and how nature, while keeping within her province, has gained in nobility and grandeur! What simplicity of attitude and physiognomy! How easily we recognize the habits and functions of the individual, and read his character! It is less literal than a portrait by Holbein, but just as true. The features are vigorously accented; the cheeks are bony, and withered with sickness and suffering; the hair is flat; the mouth is large and fallen in; the line of the nose is prominent and thin, and the chin juts strongly. But these discords disappear in a harmony superior to reality. Far from being extinct, the eye is brilliant. However, between the donor and the saints with him, Raphael makes us feel the difference that separates a private interest from a general idea. The saints are already living in Eternity, where they represent the different orders of virtue; the donor still exists only in time, where he dwells subject to all the exigences and

accidents of life. However, although his devotion is entirely personal, it is so simple, so naïve, and so true, that it already hovers in the higher spheres. Life is leaving the donor; and not being able to retain it, he implores the Virgin for it. Then, thanks to the intervention of the saints, thanks especially to Mary and the Infant Jesus, hope opens radiant horizons before him till they are lost to sight.

Below the Virgin and the Infant Jesus, and between St. John the Baptist and St. Francis, St. Jerome and the donor, a full-face angel is standing, with his head and eyes raised towards the Madonna. With both hands, he holds a tablet the inscription of which has long disappeared, if it was ever written. (No author makes any mention of it.) In painting this little figure, Raphael has taken pleasure in displaying all the contrasts of his art. The beauty of the face, the purity of the lines, the fervour of the features, the arrangement of the hair and the wings, the truth and simplicity of the nude, the strength of the modelling, the brilliance of the light and the harmony of the *chiaroscuro*, all this is inimitable and adds to this work, which is otherwise so complete and so marvellous, a particularly just and sentimental note. "Faith and innocence are found only in little children," says the poet on seeing the angels in Paradise; and Raphael proves this every moment. Admirable from the pictorial point of view, from the religious point of view this angel establishes a direct and palpable relation between the heaven whence he comes and the earth where he is. If he is momentarily among men, it is to teach

them the better to pray, for: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

Lastly, what is quite as marvellous in this picture is the atmosphere and the landscape. The sun sheds its pure and warm rays over the earth transfigured by the presence of the Virgin and the Word. From the blade of grass and the meadow flower dotting the foreground to the summits of the far horizon and even up to the sky, all is full of the glory of God. The saints, the donor and the angel among them stand upon ground that has nothing unreal in it; but beyond the foreground, the apotheosis begins, and everything seems to be bathed in an ocean of azure. The eye then loses itself among ideal meadows, gently undulating, furrowed by streams, and shadowed by tints of infinite sweetness. On these meadows, a flock of sheep is led by a shepherd; two persons are in conversation; and a knight is travelling, preceded by an attendant. Farther away, a city piles its monuments, its shops, its temples and its ruins, one above another. Woods add to the mysterious beauty of this city which nestles against the sides of high peaks, the summits of which are lost in the clouds. The rainbow, with irised fires, serves as aureole for this immensity, in the midst of which the vibrations of an intense light make the sweetest and most brilliant melodies audible. Creation, seized with sublime emotion, seems to be in ecstasy before God. Heaven and earth unite in a great thanksgiving, and we fancy we hear the harps of gold accompanying the words of the sixty-fourth psalm.

The *Foligno Madonna* marks a special place in Raphael's

career. About 1511, new influences were affecting him, and after having successively assimilated the spirit of the masters of Urbino, Perugia, Bologna and Florence, in Rome we find him taking possession of the Venetian genius and appropriating its brilliant and pompous externals. Had he seen some of the works of Giorgione? One might believe so from the boldness, freedom, and particularly the vigour of his brush. In any case, in the absence of the paintings of Giorgio Barbarelli, he was able to make acquaintance with those of Sebastiano del Piombo. It was doubtless from this painter, who had recently arrived in Rome, that he borrowed the richness of the flesh-tints, the splendour of the draperies, the softness of the ambient air, the grace, and the general beauty of colour that render the *Foligno Madonna* one of the most brilliant works of the Italian brush. Would Raphael by himself have attained possession of such colour? What is certain is, whilst this colour recalls the finest Venetians, it is yet quite individual to him. Here, as elsewhere, he has proceeded by way of transformation and complete assimilation. Not Sebastiano, nor Giorgione, nor any other master could have painted this picture.

The *Madonna* painted for Sigismund Conti remained at first at Rome and was placed over the high altar of the church of Ara-Coeli, at the summit of the Capitoline Hill. On May 23d, 1565, one of the descendants of the donor, the nun Anna Conti, obtained from Pope Pius IV. the translation of this picture to the convent of St. Anne, founded at Foligno by the Conti. Carried away by the French, at the end of the Eighteenth Century, this masterpiece arrived at Paris in a

deplorable condition. It was transferred from its old panel to canvas by M. Haquin, and restored by M. Roser, of Heidelberg. In 1815, the celebrated *Madonna* returned to Italy, but did not go back to Foligno. It merely retained the name of the little Umbrian town in which it had sojourned for two hundred and thirty-two years, and passed directly from the Louvre to the Vatican palace.

LAS MENINAS

(*Velasquez*)

CARL JUSTI

THIS great picture, at all times regarded as the master's most renowned work, and most clearly impressed with the stamp of his genius, is strictly speaking a portrait of the Princess Margaret as the central figure in one of the daily recurring scenes of her palace life. The figure agrees perfectly with the Vienna work (No. 619), only it is painted with more fiery rapidity, and the blond complexion looks to better advantage in an environment treated with much dark blue.

Her step-brother, Don Balthasar, had been dealt with in a somewhat similar way in the Riding School. But the daily life of a young princess offered no such favourable scenes to the artist as those suggested by the more varied occupations of a prince fond of horsemanship and field sports. Her existence was passed in the secluded apartments of the *Cuarto de la Reina*, surrounded by all the restrictions of a relentless Court etiquette. Madame de Motteville's *Memoirs* gives us an account of a visit at the threshold of the Infanta Maria Theresa's room: "She is waited on with great respect, few have access to her, and it was a special favour that we were allowed to linger at the door of her chamber. When she is thirsty a *menin* (maid) brings a glass to a lady, who kneels as does also the *menin*:

and on the other side is also a kneeling attendant, who hands her the napkin; opposite stands a Maid of Honour."

The passage reads almost like a description of our painting. Here the central figure is the little idol, at that time in her fifth year, constantly surrounded by ministering elfs, by trusty Ariels and submissive sprites; for she is depicted as the chief orb of a sphere, where light and shade, beauty and deformity harmoniously combine to do her service.

In Spain the picture bears the name of *Las Meninas*, not without reason. The noble damsels were at any rate for the Spaniards the most attractive of all the figures, but they were the dark-eyed daughters of their race, lovely young blossoms of the old Castilian stock. For this office in the royal family beauties were specially selected, and Madame d'Aulnoy who saw them in the year 1680, calls them "fairer than Love is painted." In their curtseying and bending of the knee there lurks an innate grace that triumphs even over the unsightly costume of that period.

So famous was the painting that the names of all the figures were duly recorded. The lady kneeling in profile is Doña Maria Agostina, daughter of Don Diego Sarmiento; she holds a gold salver from which she hands the princess the water in a red cup made of *bucaro*, a fine scented clay brought from the East Indies. The other facing her and curtseying slightly, is Doña Isabel de Velasco, daughter of Don Bernardino Lopez de Ayala y Velasco, Count of Fuensalida. She grew up to a womanhood of rare beauty, but died three years later.

These maids of honour attended on the queen and on

LAS MENINAS.

VELASQUEZ.

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AND
ATIONS.

the princesses from their infancy to the time when they assumed the *chapin*, or slippers worn by the young ladies. The *meninas* themselves wore low shoes and a kind of high-heeled sandals, which like *galoches*, were worn over the others; both in the palace and outside they went without hat or cloak.

On the right and more to the front of Doña Isabel, are two figures of quite a different type, who form in the foreground a group apart, jointly with the sculpturesque-looking mastiff crouched half asleep at the edge of the frame; for these playthings are after all themselves mere domestic animals in human form. With the Cerberus at the threshold are naturally associated the two grotesque figures of Mari Barbola and Nicolasico Pertusato, who serve to complete our master's gallery of Court dwarfs, and who have suggested Wilkie's description of the work as the "Picture of the Children in Grotesque Dresses." Pertusato has planted his foot on the dog, as if to remind him that it is unseemly to slumber in the presence of royalty, while the other, round as a tub, gives the spectator a full view of her broad, depressed, almost brutal countenance.

Farther back, in the gloom produced by the closed shutters, two Court officials are conversing with bated breath—the Señora de honor Doña Marcela de Ulloa in the convent habit, and a *guardadamus* ("ladies' guard"), whose duty it was to ride with the coaches of the Court ladies and conduct the audiences. Then quite in the rear at the open door stands Don Joseph Nieto, the queen's quarter-master, drawing the curtain aside.

Such a grouping as this can have resulted only by chance. Such everyday scenes, even when in themselves suited for pictorial treatment, passed unnoticed because of their constant occurrence, unless indeed the artist be a stranger. Chance alone, which Leonardo da Vinci tells us is so often a happy discoverer, could have here detected the materials of a pictorial composition. It happened that on one occasion, when the royal couple were giving a sitting to their Court painter in his studio, Princess Margaret was sent for to relieve their Majesties' weariness. The light, which, after the other shutters had been closed, had been let in from the window on the right for the sitters, now streamed in upon their little visitor. At the same time Velasquez requested Nieto to open the door in the rear, in order to see whether a front light also might be available.

Thus the king sat there, relieved from councils and affairs of State, and yielding to his paternal feelings in the midst of the family circle. Then it occurred to him, being himself half an artist, that something like a pictorial scene had developed before his eyes. He muttered: "That is a picture:" the next moment the desire arose to see this perpetuated, and without more ado the painter was at work on the sketch of his *recuerdo* (memento). In the case of *recuerdos* details should be faithfully recorded, just as they had been casually brought together.

Hence the peculiar character of the composition, which as an invention would be inexplicable. It is, so to say, a *tableau vivant*, and the figures might certainly have been

more naturally and effectively grouped in a semi-circle about the canvas on the easel. But they were not in fact at the moment mingled in a single group; the royal couple, although invisible to the observer, were in the immediate vicinity. Thus the princess while taking the *bucaro* glances towards her mother; Doña Isabel looks with a curtsey in the same direction; Mari Barbola hangs with the eyes of a trusty watch-dog on those of her mistress; the *guardadamas* while listening to Doña Marcela's whisperings keeps an eye on the king; lastly Nieto turns at the door with an inquiring look.

In a word we see the company as one sees the audience in the pit from the stage, and precisely from the standpoint of the king, who is reflected in the mirror in the wall by the side of the queen. He had seated himself opposite this mirror in order to be able to judge of his posture. It may, however, be incidentally remarked that nothing is known of any work in which he appears actually on the same canvas with Mariana.

In this instantaneous picture the artist himself had also of course to be taken. He stands at his easel, but slightly concealed by the kneeling figure in front, his head dominating the whole group. In his right hand he holds the long brush, in his left the palette and painter's stick. The hand, like those of this picture generally, is exquisitely painted, the motion of the fingers being distinctly indicated by four strokes of the brush.

On his breast he wears the Red Cross of Santiago. According to the legend Philip, on the completion of the

painting, had reserved a royal surprise for its creator. Remarking that it still lacked something, he seized the brush and added this Red Cross. The anecdote has been questioned, because the preliminary formalities connected with the conferring of the Order date from two years later. But although according to Palomino the Cross was added by order of the king after Velasquez' death, it may still have possibly been associated with the work at the time. Certainly this was the first precedent for the figure of a painter, even though a palace marshal, to be introduced in a canvas depicting the intimate family circle of royalty. Hence it may have seemed proper for him also to be promoted to a higher degree of nobility for the occasion.

Such might seem to be the probable history of the Meninas. Here is consequently the apparent paradox that one of the most original creations of modern painting is more than any other the fac-simile of a casual incident. It is the picture of the production of a picture. The subjects of the latter are kept out of sight, for if introduced they would have to turn their backs on the observer; nevertheless their presence is betrayed by the mirror. The observer sees what the royal couple see, not what the painter sees, for he would see his *meninas* in a mirror hanging over against him. And it is quite possible that he really made use of such a mirror.

There is otherwise a superfluity of frames in the picture —frames of the mirror, of the door, of the easel, many (all these black) of oil paintings, perhaps those copies of works by Rubens, the Heraclitus and Democritus and the Saturn

and Diana, which according to the inventories hung between the windows. The same inventories mention animal paintings and landscapes above the windows. Yet no picture is more calculated than this to make us forget that it is a picture. "*Où est donc le tableau?*" asked Théophile Gautier.

This passing incident would naturally have at first been fixed by a sketch. This sketch, which is still extant, is the only undoubted one known to us of any painting carried out by the master on a large scale. And even this perhaps owes its existence to the circumstance that it was the original intention to execute the work in more modest proportions.

The sketch, which in Caen Bermudez' time belonged to Don Gaspar de Jovellanos, is undoubtedly the same that is now owned by Mr. Banks of Kingston Lacy (size 56x48 inches). Its accordance with the large canvas is almost complete. Under the pigments we see the delicate and distinct lines of the infanta's oval face, of her eyes and loose hair, drawn with a pencil. The couple in the mirror is still missing, although the red curtain is already there.

Regarding this sketch the most diverse views have been advanced. The thoughtless and jealous declared it to be a copy. Waagen (*Treasures*, IV., 581), considered it incredible that such a spirited work (delicate silver tone, clear deep *chiaroscuro*) could be a copy, and even a greatly reduced copy. At the exhibition in Burlington House (1864) it was pronounced to be an original sketch. On that occasion the opinion was expressed (*Athenæum* I., 811) that Velasquez made this sketch for the purpose of securing the

king's approval, and thus obtain his sanction to execute it on a large scale as something unique in portrait-painting.

In the sketch, where ground colours prevail, the light seems to fall somewhat less abruptly; the black figure of the artist, who already wears his decoration, stands out more conspicuously between the bright and coloured figures, while the ceiling with its greenish grey tone and the yellow floor is more distinct.

That such a picture should be due to a momentary fancy was naturally owing to the circumstance that the material accidentally presented to the painter was specially calculated to stimulate his peculiar powers, reviving the memory of the motives in the works he most admired, such as Tintoretto's *Marriage of Cana* with the sunlight falling sideways on the fair-haired heads, and his *Washing of the Feet* with its marvellous perspective display.

Assuredly Leonardo da Vinci's dogma that *relief* is "the soul of painting," that "the beauty and first wonder" of this Art lies in the appearance of the figure raised and detached from the surface, has never been more convincingly understood, adhered to with more force of learning, more approvingly admired in all its accuracy by artists and non-professionals alike, than in this work. Waagen remarked that one here seems to observe Nature as in a *camera obscura;* to Stirling-Maxwell it looked like "an anticipation of Daguerre's invention"; Mengs calls it "the proof that the perfect imitation of Nature is something that equally satisfies all classes of observers."

The nine figures of which scarcely two occupy the same

perspective depth, are each toned according to their respective positions, and modelled in the continually shifting accidents of the light effects. The light falls fullest on the princess, radiating back from the white satin and golden blond complexion. Other figures are distributed between light and shade; others again are completely plunged in the gloom, and as at first a light figure stands on a dark ground, at last a dark figure, little more than a *silhouette*, stands against the clear sunlight.

The strongly foreshortened wall with the three rows of pictures one above the other helps to measure the space. The obtrusive monotonous reverse of the large easel-piece serves to conveniently disturb the sense of an apparently studied arrangement of the composition, and thus aids the illusion. Then the dim empty space above the groups, occupying far more than half of the canvas, lends animation to the groups themselves by the force of contrast. Here also, where he had a free hand, we see how at last Velasquez studied the just relation between the height of the figures and that of the whole.

To prevent the surface of the background from closing in abruptly and confining the eye the dark wall opposite was broken through in two different ways. In the treatment of this motive Velasquez, as well as his pupil Murillo, came in contact with Peter de Hooghe, the greatest contemporary painter of sunlight. The open door lets the daylight in and reveals the sunshine outside. Then the mirror brings in a measure on to the scene the perspective depth towards the rear as well as the forward depth.

The mirror plays this part also in De Hooghe's works, as in the *Pianist* in the Van der Hoop Museum. Nor should the blank space be overlooked in the mirror itself in the left corner below.

Light and shade mutually aid each other. A sunlight such as that streaming in through the door has a dazzling effect; this rectangular white patch affects us so overpoweringly that we take the vagueness of the objects on the wall (for instance, those undistinguishable oil-paintings, copies of Ruben's Mythologies, amongst others apparently the *Apollo and Marsyas*) as the effect of the glare, and accordingly estimate the intensity of that light as much stronger than any colours could produce. Here not only are the objects painted, but the artist has also depicted the very strain of the eye to discern them through the gloom. In a good light the groups appear veiled as if with a delicate luminous gossamer web. This is due to that dispersion of the radiations, which is caused by the proximity of a strong light over a dimly illumined space.

All this dawns only gradually on the eye. Few pictures demand such a continuous study, the more so that at first the attention is too much absorbed in the wonderful figures themselves. As is often the case with Rembrandt, we fancy at first that we see nothing but colourless gloom interspersed with a few luminous oases. But as we linger a mysterious life seems to stir on the surface; the vagueness clears up, grows distinct; the colours come out; one figure after another emerges in relief; nay, some seem even to turn, the features, the eyes appear to move. The golden

frame becomes a setting for a magic mirror which annihilates the centuries, a telescope for distance in time, revealing the spectral movements of the inmates of the old palace over two hundred years ago. In this picture the ideal of the historian has become truth and reality.

And with what expedients has all this been realized? when the eye is brought close to the surface, we are amazed at their simplicity. The picture is broadly painted, as if with reckless haste, on a coarse canvas with long bristly brush, although of all his works it produces the softest and most tranquil impression. In no other are the processes laid so completely bare. In the shadows we distinguish the brown parts of dead colouring rubbed in; the grey surfaces in white blends applied over this ground; the local colours and lights in one place dashed off with rich, angular, formless touches, in another softly blended.

The figures are formed with such broad grey touches, and then full bodily substance and the pulse of life are imparted to their still dim existence, often with a few sharp strokes. The local colouring is kept in reserve, the artist operating chiefly by means of light and shade; a deadened greenish blue, dark green, or white is lightly applied above, while here and there small red patches come to the front. The secret lies in that thin superposition of dark on light, light on dark, unblinded, hovering one above the other, the outlines receiving an appearance of quivering motion by broad brown strokes of the brush as if stippled. But the essential point is the nuances improvised on the spur of

the moment, by the fire of the hand struggling with the impression of the eye.

Peculiar to Velasquez' genius was this delicate sensitiveness to the differences of the *chiaroscuro*, and the processes by which Nature models. He saw what no one had hitherto seen. But does not the true artist always find the means to effect his purpose, this being the special privilege of genius? An artist possessing the receipts for every trick of Titian's or Rembrandt's brush would still make nothing of them without their eye.

The earliest known remark on this painting is that of the Italian Luca Giordano, who is said to have observed to Charles II.: "Sire, this is the theology of painting!" What are we to understand by this enigmatical expression? It is scarcely to be supposed that he thereby meant to pronounce it "the first in the world, as theology is the foremost of the sciences," as a Spanish commentator interpreted the saying. To a Frenchman it occurred that the point of comparison lay in its "subtlety." For, "what in fact is more subtle than theology and the impalpable air, although itself touching, and enveloping all things" (Thoré, *Salons*, I., 225).

One might fancy he wished to single out the work as a standard for the treatment of relief and *chiaroscuro*, just as Polycletus' Lance-bearer was accepted as the "Canon" of proportions. But in that case, why did not Giordano use the word *philosophy* rather than *theology*, as did Lawrence in his letter to Wilkie of November 27, 1827: "In all the objects and subjects of his pencil it is the true philosophy

of Art—the selection of essentials—of all which, first and last, strikes the eye and senses of the spectator." Theology is the science of revealed truth in contra-distinction to that acquired by the natural powers of the understanding. Hence the point of comparison would seem to lie in the directness, the inspired character of the work, such as Mengs remarks upon in another of Velasquez's paintings, in the execution of which the will alone, and not the hand, seemed to have had any part.

In the inventory of 1686, where it is first mentioned, the Meninas is valued at ten thousand doubloons, and under the Bourbons (1747) the price rose to twenty-five thousand doubloons. It was etched by Goya, but the plate was destroyed, having been injured in the process of rebiting. Only five impressions are known, one of which is in the British Museum, acquired for £21. The original was said to have been injured by the fire that destroyed the Alcazar (1734), and afterwards repaired by Juan de Miranda. The general tone may perhaps thereby have become somewhat darker.

THE SYNDICS

(*Rembrandt*)

ÉMILE MICHEL

WE may find some solace for our regrets at the mutilations undergone by such works as the *Night Watch* and the *Conspiracy of Claudius Civilis*, in the perfect preservation of another canvas of this period. Commissioned by the Guild of Drapers, or Cloth-Workers, to paint a portrait group of their Syndics for the Hall of the Corporation, Rembrandt in 1661 delivered to them the great picture which formerly hung in the Chamber of the Controllers and Guagers of Cloth, at the Staalhof, and has now been removed to the Ryksmuseum. As in earlier days at Florence, the wool industry held an important place in the national commerce of Holland, and had greatly contributed to the development of public prosperity. At Leyden, where the guild was a large and important company, we know that the Drapers decorated their Hall with pictures by Isaac van Swanenburch, representing the various processes of cloth-making. At Amsterdam, they formed a no less conspicuous body, and an admirable work, also in the Ryksmuseum, painted by Aert Petersen in 1599, has immortalized the *Six Syndics* of the Cloth Hall of that date. On this brilliant and perfectly preserved panel, the arrangement of the six figures has, it is true, a somewhat accidental appearance, and evidently cost the artist

THE SYNDICS.

REMBRANDT

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little trouble. But the frankly modelled heads have a startling energy and individuality, notably that of the central figure, a middle-aged man with grizzled hair, and a face of remarkable intelligence and decision. The following inscription on the panel sums up in a few words the duties of the administration: "Conform to your vows in all matters clearly within their jurisdiction; live honestly; be not influenced in your judgments by favour, hatred, or personal interest;" such a programme of loyalty and strict justice was the foundation of Dutch commercial greatness. The model traders of Holland combined with their perfect integrity a spirit of enterprise which led them to seek distant markets for their produce, and a tenacity which ensured the success of the hazardous expeditions they promoted. They brought the qualities they had acquired in the exercise of their calling to bear upon their management of public business, and it was not unusual for the most prominent among them, who had proved their capacity in the administration of their various guilds, to be elected councillors and burgomasters by their fellow-citizens, or to undertake the management of those charitable institutions which abounded in all the Dutch towns. As was the custom among the military guilds, which gradually declined as the civic corporations increased in importance, it became a practice among the latter to decorate their halls with the portraits of their dignitaries. Whatever the character of the Company, the manner of representation differed little in these portraits. Save in the case of the *Anatomy Lesson*, painted for the guilds of Physicians and Surgeons, or some

few awkwardly rendered episodes inspired by the distribution of alms to the aged and the orphaned, the painters of these compositions contented themselves with arranging their patrons round a table, making no attempt to characterize them by any sort of accessory. The balancing of accounts, an operation common to all the Companies, had become a favourite motive in such groups. The administrators would appear seated at a table, covered with a cloth, busily verifying their accounts, and the contents of their cash-boxes, and explaining with gestures more or less expensive, that all was in order, and that they had faithfully fulfilled their trust. In the background, standing apart with uncovered heads, some subordinates awaited their pleasure, or aided them in their task. Such was the trite theme, which was adapted to each of the societies in turn, and to which all the painters of corporation groups conformed with more or less exactitude. The only modifications of treatment arose from the varying degrees of talent in the executants. But in all we find that same spirit of conscientious exactitude and absolute sincerity which had brought wealth to their models, and was the first foundation of Dutch greatness alike in commerce and in art.

Such a spirit had already manifested itself in the *Regents of the Asylum for the Aged*, by Cornelis Van de Voort, and in the pictures of Werner Van Valckert, an artist who had won a well deserved reputation by his studies of life in the Municipal Orphanage, and who painted a portrait-group of *The Four Syndics of the Mercers' Guild*, in 1622. In the hands of Thomas de Keyser and Nicholas Elias the

genre had reached its full development. Proclaimed their painter in ordinary by the leading citizens of Amsterdam, Elias was commissioned in 1626 to paint the *Regents of the Guild of Wine Merchants*, and in 1628 produced his fine work, *The Regents of the Spinhuis*. Santvoort in his turn—though his talents lay chiefly in the direction of female portraiture—displayed his powers very creditably in his *Four Regents of the Serge Hall* of 1643, a serious and well-considered work, finely modelled and very characteristically treated. But to Haarlem belongs the honour of having produced the finest corporation picture executed before Rembrandt's masterpiece. Too much stress has perhaps been laid on the manifestation of his influence in Frans Hals' *Regents of the Hospital of St. Elizabeth*, painted in 1641. The Haarlem master may, we think, justly lay claim to the full glory of his achievements. As if grateful in anticipation for the succour he was afterwards to receive from his models, Hals here combines with the magnificent technique usual in his works, a precision and dignity to which he had never before attained.

At this period, Dutch art had reached its apogee, and corporation pictures were beginning to show symptoms of decline. The unquestionable talent of Ferdinand Bol, one of Rembrandt's best pupils, had not preserved him from a certain mannerism in his *Regents of the Asylum for the Aged*, dated 1657. The six persons are seated in the usual manner round a table. The heads are somewhat round and soft in the modelling, and have little of the strong individuality that impresses us in the works of Bol's predecessors.

The composition is lacking in simplicity, and the painter's anxiety to give variety to the attitudes is somewhat distractingly obvious. Each figure seems to claim exclusive attention, and this neglect of artistic subordination injures the unity of the composition, though it was indeed one of the main causes of Bol's success, for each model was flattered by the importance of his own figure in the group.

Such were the most important productions in this *genre*, when Rembrandt was commissioned to paint his group of *Syndics*. It is not unlikely that Van de Cappelle had used his influence on the master's behalf. He was on terms of friendship with Rembrandt at this period, and had dealings with most of the principal drapers, in connection with his dye-works. It is therefore possible that he recommended the master to their patronage. On this occasion Rembrandt made no attempt to vary traditional treatment by picturesque episode, or novel method of illumination, as in the case of the *Night Watch*. As Dr. Bredius remarks: "He recognized, no doubt, that such experiments were far from grateful to his patrons, or it may be that they themselves made certain stipulations which left him no choice in the matter." [1] Be this as it may, Rembrandt accepted the convention of his predecessors in all its simplicity. The five dignitaries of the Corporation are ranged round the inevitable table, prosaically occupied in the verification of their accounts. They are all dressed in black costumes, with flat white collars, and broad-brimmed black hats. Behind them, and somewhat in the shadow, as befits his office,

[1] *Les chefs d'œuvre du Musée d'Amsterdam*, 26.

a servant, also in black, awaits their orders with uncovered head. The table-cloth is of a rich scarlet; a wainscot of yellowish brown wood, with simple mouldings, forms the background for the heads. No accessories, no variation in the costumes; an equally diffused light, falling from the left on the faces, which are those of men of mature years, some verging on old age. With such modest materials, Rembrandt produced his masterpiece.

At the first glance, we are fascinated by the extraordinary reality of the scene, by the commanding presence and intense vitality of the models. They are simply honest citizens discussing the details of their calling; but there is an air of dignity on the manly faces that compels respect. In these men, to whom their comrades have entrusted the direction of their affairs, we recognize the marks of clean and upright living, the treasures of moral and physical health, amassed by a robust and wholesome race. The eyes look out frankly from the canvas: the lips seemed formed for the utterance of wise and sincere words. Such is the work, but, contemplating it, the student finds it difficult to analyze the secret of its greatness, so artfully is its art concealed. Unfettered by the limitations imposed on him, the master's genius finds its opportunity in the arrangement of the figures, and their spacing on the canvas, in the slight inflection of the line of faces, in the unstudied variety of gesture and attitude, in the rhythm and balance of the whole. An examination of the various details confirms our admiration. We note the solid structure of the heads and figures, the absolute truth of the values, the in-

dividual and expressive quality of each head, and their unity one with another. Passing from the drawing to the colour, our enthusiasm is raised by the harmony of intense velvety blacks and warm whites with brilliant carnations, which seem to have been kneaded, as it were, with sunshine; by the shadows which bring the forms into relief by an unerring perception of their surfaces and textures; and, finally, by the general harmony, the extraordinary vivacity of which can only be appreciated by comparing it with the surrounding canvasses.

The execution is no less amazing in its sustained breadth and sobriety. As Fromentin justly observes: "The vivid quality of the light is so illusory that it is difficult to conceive of it as artificial. So perfect is the balance of parts," he adds, "that the general impression would be that of sobriety and reticence, were it not for the undercurrent of nerves, of flame, of impatience, we divine beneath the outwardly calm maturity of the master." No criticism could be more admirable, save for the terms "nerves" and "impatience," which seem to me to be peculiarly inappropriate. I appeal to all students of this great work, in which there is not the slightest trace of precipitation or negligence, in which the "flame" is the steady fire of an inspiration perfectly under control.

That phase of Rembrandt's development in which he had yielded an almost slavish obedience to Nature had long passed away; but his assurance has none of a virtuoso making a display of his proficiency. His is the strength that possesses its soul in patience, and attains its end with-

out haste or hesitation. Never before had he achieved such perfection; never again was he to repeat the triumph of that supreme moment when all his natural gifts joined forces with the vast experiences of a life devoted to his art, in such a crowning manifestation of his genius. Brilliant and poetical, his masterpiece was at the same time absolutely correct and unexceptionable. Criticism, which still wrangles over the *Night Watch*, is unanimous in admiration of the *Syndics*. In it the colourist and the draughtsman, the simple and the subtle, the realist and the idealist, alike recognize one of the masterpieces of painting.

We know not how the work was received. But the absence of any evidence to the contrary seems to prove that it made no great impression on Rembrandt's contemporaries. Its virile art was little suited to the taste of the day; an enamelled smoothness of surface, and elaborate minuteness of treatment alone found favour. The master's broad and liberal manner must have seemed a direct challenge to his contemporaries. At Rembrandt's age, and in the conditions under which he was living, it was impossible that he should long sustain the high level of excellence he had reached in the *Syndics*.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

(*Reynolds*)

F. G. STEPHENS

WE believe Reynolds, of that English school of portrait-painters of which he was the founder, was the happiest in introducing backgrounds to his figures; to him we are indebted for that suitability of one to the other which has so great an effect in putting the eye and mind of the observer into harmonious relationship with what may be called the *motive* of the portraits, a relationship which elevates a likeness to the character of a picture, and affords a charming field for the display of art in pathos, which is often neglected, if not utterly ignored by Reynolds's successors. We think he exhibited more of this valuable characteristic than any other contemporary artist. Lawrence aimed at it, but with effect only commensurate to his success in painting. Of old, as before the Seventeenth Century in Germany and Italy, the art of landscape painting *per se* was inefficiently cultivated, at least it was expressed with irregularity, although occasionally with force enough to show that the pathos and the beauty of nature were by no means unappreciated or neglected to anything like the extent which has been commonly represented by writers on Art. Reynolds probably took the hint, as he did many others of the kind, from Van Dyck, and gave apt

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backgrounds to his figures: between these painters no one did much, or even well in the pathetic part of the achievement. Since Reynolds, none have approached him in success. It will be understood that the object of these remarks is not to suggest for the reader's consideration who painted the best landscape backgrounds as landscapes, but who most happily adapted them to his more important themes. We believe Reynolds did so, and will conclude our remarks by another example. The landscape in the distance of *The Age of Innocence* is as thoroughly in keeping with the subject as it can be: there are fields easy to traverse, a few village elms, and just seen above their tops the summits of habitations,—the hint is thus given that the child, all innocent as she is, has not gone far from home, or out of sight of the household to whom she belongs. This picture—which is now in the National Gallery—was bought at Mr. Jeremiah Harman's sale in 1844 by Mr. Vernon for 1,520 guineas. It was exhibited at the British Institution in 1813 and 1843. Another, the property of the Earl of Lonsdale, was also exhibited there in 1833.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

ANONYMOUS

IT is rather singular that, though the *Age of Innocence* is one of the painter's most familiar works, little or nothing seems to be known respecting it. In the Catalogue appended to his *English Children as Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds*, Mr. F. G. Stephens is unable to assign a date to this picture. In the Index to Leslie's *Life of Reynolds* no mention of it is to be found; but Mr. Tom Taylor, the editor of Leslie's unfinished work, is inclined to assign many pictures of the class to which it belongs to the year 1773 and the following years.

"The average total of sitters for the year had now fallen from the hundred and fifty, forty, thirty, at which it stood between 1755 and 1765 to sixty and seventy. The intervals left by sitters Sir Joshua occupied by fancy subjects. 'Boy,' 'Girl,' 'Shepherd-boy,' 'Shepherd-girl,' are now continually recurring entries. It is to this stage that we must refer some of his most ambitious historical pieces, as the *Ugolino*, as well as most of those charming little pictures, so many of which contest places in our memories with his finest portraits, as much by virtue of their character and grace as by their power and ease of execution. Many of these belong to this year."

One is the famous *Strawberry Girl*, one of the "half-

dozen original things," which the painter declared that no man ever exceeded in his life's work. "To the same style belong *Muscipula* holding up the mouse-trap, while the cat eagerly sniffs at the poor little prisoner; *Robinetta* feeding her bird, perched on her shoulders; and *Dorinda*, sadly crying over her pet's body by the side of its empty cage."

Some hint of the tact which contributed to Reynolds's success in depicting the restless, ever-varying graces of childhood, is conveyed in the account that has come down to us of the circumstances under which his well-known picture of *Miss Bowles* was painted: the painter sitting by the little girl's side at dinner, making her look at something distant from the table and stealing her plate, pretending to look for it and contriving that it should come back to her without her knowing how; amusing her with tricks and stories till she thought him the most charming man in the world, and was delighted to be taken the next day to his house, when she sat down with a face full of glee, the expression of which he caught at once and never lost. Something of the same skill in seizing a fleeting grace is to be seen in the picture before us in the unaffected pose of the arms, which the little sitter doubtless maintained for very few seconds, but which contributes so much to the expression of simplicity and innocence.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
(*Titian*)

J. A. CROWE AND G. B. CAVALCASELLE

HISTORIANS are not agreed as to whether Laura Dianti, whose likeness Titian painted, was the wife or the mistress of Alfonso of Este; yet a record exists which seems to prove that Tomaso and Agostino Mosti, both well-known writers at Ferrara, confessed to have been present at the Duke's marriage. In her lifetime Laura was known as "the most illustrious Signora Laura Eustiochio Estense"; and when she died and was buried in Sant' Agostino of Ferrara, Alfonso the Second and Cardinal Luigi of Este accompanied her son Don Alfonso to the funeral.[1] Vasari tells us it was a "stupendous portrait" that Titian painted of the Signora Laura, "who was afterwards the Duke's wife." It has not been suggested though, it may be, that this masterpiece was the "portrait of a lady with an Ethiopian page." The fashion of late years has been to identify Laura d'Este with the picture of a girl at her toilet attended by a man holding two mirrors in the Louvre. In confirmation of this it has been said that the man in the background is Alfonso of Este, and there is no doubt that the round forehead with the cropped hair in a peak down its centre, the short and finely

[1] The burial took place June 28, 1573.

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chiselled nose, and the cut beard, are very like similar features in Alfonso's portrait at Madrid; yet this much, if accepted as correct, would not prove beyond question that the lady to whom Alfonso is holding the mirrors is Laura Dianti; and we may fairly doubt whether a girl, beautiful indeed but simple in attire, could be the mistress of a Duke like Alfonso. It is known, however, that Laura was the daughter of a citizen of modest station, and it may be that Titian was called on to portray this citizen's daughter when as yet she had not risen from the humbleness of her original position. It is certainly striking that the shape which Titian has painted should not only be beautiful, but of extreme simplicity in its attire, added to which a generous breadth of form, ruddy health and firm flesh, indicate a nature altogether foreign to the air of courts. It is true this innocent-looking maid has already learnt the arts familiar to ladies of that age. Her hair has been washed, plaited and bleached to a ruddy tone by lotions and exposure to the sun, and has thus acquired that artificial golden tinge which we look for in vain in the Venice of our day; the wave is in it which plaiting gives, and an ointment is ready on the table to smooth and perfume it. But these innocent arts might be known to the daughter of a citizen as well as to the mate of a prince; and there is nothing in them to diminish the impression of simplicity which the picture otherwise conveys. The girl is represented standing behind a table or slab of stone dressing her hair, whilst a man in the gloom behind her holds with his left hand a round mirror, the reflection of which he catches

with a square mirror in his right. Into the second of these the girl gently bends her head to look, eagerly watched by her lover as she twists a long skein of wavy golden hair. Over the white and finely plaited linen that loosely covers her bosom, a short green bodice is carelessly thrown; and a skirt of the same stuff is gathered to the waist by a sash of similar colour. A broad white sleeve hangs in a rich festoon from the right shoulder, exposing the whole of a grand and fleshy arm; whilst a bright blue scarf winds round the left wrist and leaves nothing but the hand to be seen as it rests on the ointment vase. The left side of the girl's head is already dressed, she is finishing the right side, and a delightful archness and simplicity beams in the eyes as they turn to catch the semblance in the mirror. The coal-black eye and brow contrast with the ruddy hair; the chiselled nose projects in delicate line from a face of rounded yet pure contour, and the lips, of a cherry redness which Titian alone makes natural, are cut with surprising fineness. The light is concentrated with unusual force upon the face and bust of the girl, whilst the form and features of the man are lost in darkness. We pass with surprising rapidity from the most delicate silvery gradations of sunlit flesh and drapery, to the mysterious depths of an almost unfathomable gloom, and we stand before a modelled balance of light and shade that recalls da Vinci entranced by a chord of tonic harmony as sweet and as thrilling as was ever struck by any artist of the Venetian school.[1]

[1] The earliest reference to this picture is Bathoe's catalogue of Charles I.'s collection: "No. 16, Titian and his mistress by himself, appraised at

How this depth of shade and flimmering of reflections in darkness, how this breadth of light were attained, is a secret which defies us the more as it defied the closest observers of Titian's own time. How he worked the strong *pasta* of his pigments or modified them with countless varieties of rubbings, subject to a final general glazing, it is hard to say; but he had now succeeded in producing that combination of colour and fairness which we notice in all the pictures of this time,—a combination equally conspicuous in the *Bacchus and Ariadne*,[1] the *Madonna with the Rabbit* and those grander but later marvels of technical execution, the *Entombment* of the Louvre and the *Virgin and Saints* of the Vatican. Traditions of an early time did not, as we saw, connect this picture with Alfonso of Ferrara; on the contrary, when it passed into the collection of Charles the First of England, it was known as Titian and his Mistress; and strange to say, though a likeness is not to be traced between the man in the background and Titian, the name still clings, as names will strangely do, to the canvas which displays, if not his figure, at least his art in its grandest form. What distinguishes the canvas at the Louvre from others in which Titian has depicted with a certain freedom the charms of women, is the semblance of chasteness and

and sold for £100." Jabach bought it, and afterwards sold it to Louis XIV. It is now No. 471 in the Louvre, on canvas, m. 0. 96h, by 0. 76. If there be anything in the picture less commendable than the rest, it is the rendering of the right arm, which, together with the drapery about it, seems not quite to fit to the shoulder, but this defect is scarcely visible in the midst of the beauties which abound in every part. A fine contrast is that of the red damask dress of the man with the cold, dark background.

[1] See *Great Pictures* (New York, 1899), facing page 72.

candour in the persons whom he delineated. When he chose he could easily create a more complex impression; as he does in the *Flora* of the Uffizi, a figure which presents form of similar scantling with a mould of head and movement not essentially different. But here instead of vivid colour and powerful effect of light and shade, we have all light, all softness, and a suffusion which is not without dazzling brightness though it is without strong contrasts. Here in fact Titian evidently desires to suggest another phase of life—not the maiden, but the woman—with the roses which she has plucked, the woman whose skin is fair, but blanched by art, whose shape is softened by seclusion, a woman of delicate whiteness, seductive and lightly clad. Tradition again suggests Titian's mistress; and Sandrart embodied this tradition when he wrote in the Seventeenth Century:

> "*Vere viret tellus placido perfusa liquore,*
> *A Zephyro et blando turgida flore viget*
> *Flora modo veris, Titiani pectus amore*
> *Implet, et huic similes illaqueare parat.*"

It might occur to many to think that the *Venus* of the Uffizi was a portrait immortalizing the charms of a young and beautiful woman dear in a passing way to the Duke of Urbino. But this need not necessarily be true, if the figure be but an embodiment of a new type which struck Titian's fancy at the time the figure as a whole, was frequently copied by contemporaries and later artists; and of this we have examples in the replica by a Venetian of

Titian's age at the Uffizi, and adaptations such as are seen in the Butler Johnstone and Hampton Court collections. But the face was also one which reappeared in diverse forms in pictures of varied character, and this we observe in a portrait of a young woman at the Pitti which goes by the name of "La bella di Titiano," and two or three fancy pieces in the galleries of St. Petersburg and Vienna.

"La bella di Titiano" at the Pitti, is one of Titian's likenesses in which every feature tells of high lineage and distinction. The pose, the look, the dress are all noble. We may presume that the name was accepted for want of a better. The face was so winning that it lurked in Titian's memory, and passed as a type into numerous canvases in which the painter tried to realize an ideal of loveliness. The head being seen about two-thirds to the left, whilst the eyes are turned to the right, the spectator is fascinated by the glance in whatever direction he looks at the canvas. The eye is grave, serene, and kindly, the nose delicate and beautifully shaped, the mouth divine. Abundant hair of a warm auburn waves along the temples, leaving a stray curl to drop on the forehead. The rest is plaited and twisted into coils round a head of the most symmetrical shape. A gold chain falls over a throat of exquisite model, and the low dress with its braided ornaments and slashed sleeves, alternately tinted in blue and white and white and purple is magnificent. One hand—the left—is at rest; the other holds a tassel hanging from a girdle. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and subtlety with which the flesh and dress are painted; the tones being harmonized

and thrown into keeping by a most varied use and application of glazings and scrumblings.[1]

From the palace—for here we are surely in the best and highest of company—we descend the social scale to the "Mistress of Titian" at the Hermitage of Petersburg; a half length of a slender girl in a red hat prettily decorated with a white feather—a double string of pearls, and a jewelled clasp, earrings of pearls, and necklace of the same, enhance the charms before us. But instead of a dress to match this gala head, we find the form all but unclad, the muslin under-garment hardly showing at the shoulder, the frame but loosely covered with a green pelisse lined with ermine. We might think this is a young lady whose head is dressed for a ball, waiting for her maid to complete the toilet; but the face which vaguely recalls the Venus of the Uffizi, is too gay, too arch and too provoking, and women who are dressing are not necessarily in this best of tempers.

[1] This picture is a half-length of life-size on canvas. It measures 1 brac. 14in. in height, and 1.6 in breadth; and is numbered 18 in the Pitti collection. Some of the finish has been removed by cleaning, and the abrasion of the finest glazings makes the surface look comparatively cold. This coldness is most apparent about the throat, but may also be seen in the hair, which is partly retouched, and in the warm, dark background.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST

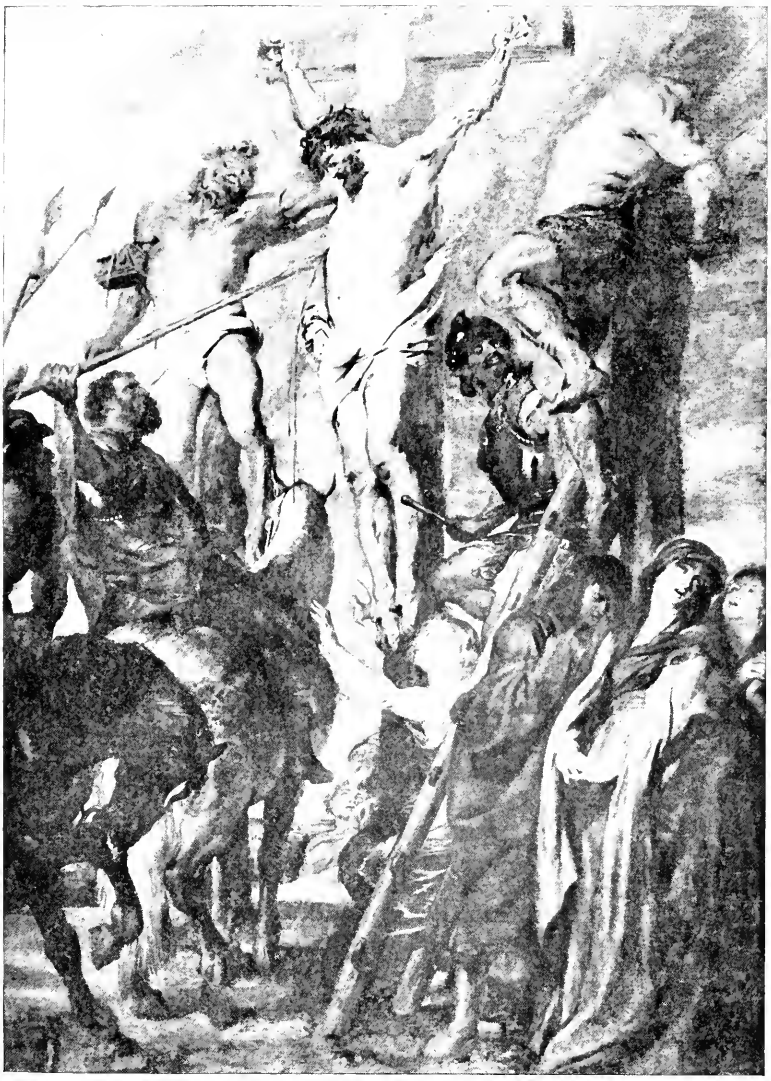
(*Rubens*)

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

THE altar of the choir is the famous Crucifixion of Christ between the two Thieves, by Rubens. To give animation to this subject, he has chosen the point of time when an executioner is piercing the side of Christ, whilst another with a bar of iron is breaking the limbs of one of the malefactors, who in his convulsive agony, which his body admirably expresses, has torn one of his feet from the tree to which it was nailed. The expression in the action of this figure is wonderful: the attitude of the other is more composed; and he looks at the dying Christ with a countenance perfectly expressive of his penitence. This figure is likewise admirable. The Virgin, St. John, and Mary, the wife of Cleophas, are standing by with great expression of grief and resignation, whilst the Magdalen, who is at the feet of Christ, and may be supposed to have been kissing his feet, looks at the horseman with the spear, with a countenance of great horror: as the expression carries with it no grimace or contortion of the features, the beauty is not destroyed. This is by far the most beautiful profile I ever saw of Rubens, or, I think of any other painter; the excellence of its colouring is beyond expression. To say that she may be supposed to have been kissing Christ's feet, may be thought too refined a criticism;

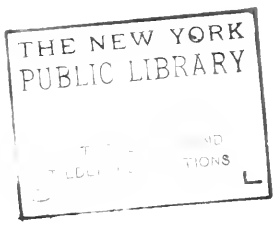
but Rubens certainly intended to convey that idea, as appears by the disposition of her hands; for they are stretched out towards the executioner, and one of them is before and the other behind the Cross; which gives an idea of her hands having been round it; and it must be remembered that she is generally represented kissing the feet of Christ; it is her place and employment in those subjects. The good centurion ought not to be forgotten, who is leaning forward, one hand on the other, resting on the mane of his horse, while he looks up to Christ with great earnestness.

The genius of Rubens nowhere appears to more advantage than here: it is the most carefully finished picture of all his works. The whole is conducted with the most consummate art; the composition is bold and uncommon, with circumstances which no other painter had ever before thought of; such as the breaking of the limbs, and the expression of the Magdalen, to which we may add the disposition of the three crosses, which are placed prospectively in an uncommon picturesque manner: the nearest bears the thief whose limbs are breaking; the next the Christ, whose figure is straighter than ordinary, as a contrast to the others; and the furthermost, the penitent thief: this produces a most picturesque effect, but it is what few but such a daring genius as Rubens would have attempted. It is here, and in such compositions, we properly see Rubens, and not in little pictures of Madonnas and Bambinos. It appears that Rubens made some changes in this picture, after Bolswert had engraved his print from it.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

RUBENS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The horseman who is in the act of piercing the side of Christ, holds the spear, according to the print, in a very tame manner, with the back of the hand over the spear, grasping it with only three fingers, the fore-finger straight, lying on the spear; whereas in the picture, the back of the hand comes under the spear, and he grasps it with his whole force.

The other defect, which is remedied in the picture, is the action of the executioner, who breaks the legs of the criminal; and in the print both his hands are over the bar of iron, which makes a false action: in the picture the whole disposition is altered to the natural manner in which every person holds a weapon, which requires both hands; the right is placed over, and the left under it.

This print was undoubtedly done under the inspection of Rubens himself. It may be worth observing, that the keeping of the masses of light in the print differs much from the picture: this change is not from inattention, but design: a different conduct is required in a composition with colours, from what ought to be followed when it is in black and white only. We have here the authority of this great master of light and shadow, that a print requires more and larger masses of light than a picture.

In this picture the principal and the strongest light is the body of Christ, which is of a remarkable clear and bright colour; this is strongly opposed by the very brown complexion of the thieves (perhaps the opposition here is too violent), who make no great effect as light. The Virgin's outer drapery is dark blue, and the inner a dark purple; and

St. John is in dark strong red; no part of these two figures is light in the picture, but the head and hands of the Virgin; but in the print they make the principal mass of light of the whole composition. The engraver has certainly produced a fine effect; and I suspect it is as certain, that if this change had not been made, it would have appeared a black and heavy print.

When Rubens thought it necessary in the print to make a mass of light of the drapery of the Virgin and St. John, it was likewise necessary that it should be of a beautiful shape, and be kept compact; it therefore became necessary to darken the whole figure of the Magdalen, which in the picture is at least as light as the body of Christ; her head, linen, arms, hair, and the feet of Christ, make a mass as light as the body of Christ: it appears therefore, that some parts are to be darkened, as well as other parts made lighter; this consequently is a science which an engraver ought well to understand, before he can presume to venture on any alteration from the picture which he means to represent.

The same thing may be remarked in many other prints by those engravers who were employed by Rubens and Van Dyck; they always gave more light than they were warranted by the picture: a circumstance which may merit the attention of engravers.

I have dwelt longer on this picture than any other, as it appears to me to deserve extraordinary attention: it is certainly one of the first pictures in the world, for composition, colouring, and what was not to be expected from Rubens, correctness of drawing.

PARNASSUS

(*Mantegna*)

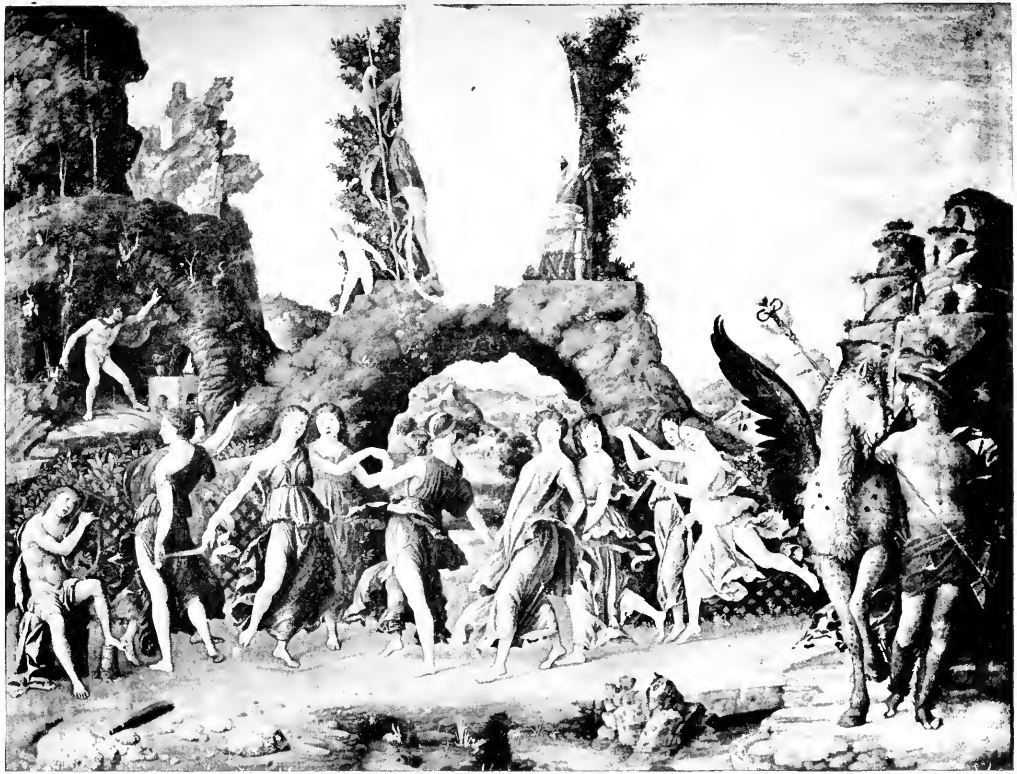
JULES GUIFFREY

AFTER a visit of four years in Rome, Mantegna returned to Mantua in 1490, the day after the magnificent feasts in honour of the marriage of Giovanni Francisco de Gonzaga, Duke regnant, with the Princess Isabella d'Este, who, in the history of the Italian Renaissance, has the reputation of being one of the most interesting of women for her beauty and still more for her intelligence, and her taste for art and philosophy. From her arrival in Mantua, Isabella endeavoured to establish in the enormous ducal palace a *studiolo*, where she could receive the *savants*, the poets and the artists, and converse with them. She ordered the most renowned painters of her day to decorate it and gave the subjects for these compositions first to Mantegna, and then to Perugino, Giovanni Bellini, Francia, and, finally, to Lorenzo Costa.

Doubtless Isabella d'Este, great friend of art that she was, knew Mantegna through his reputation which was already considerable, and through his works which she could have seen at her father's court; she was certainly astonished also upon her arrival at Mantua by the paintings of this great master spread in profusion upon the walls of the palaces and ducal villas, the very rare remains of which allow

us to catch a glimpse of their grandeur. It was then very natural that the duchess called first upon Mantegna to decorate her salon. But as he was living in Mantua, the command was given by word of mouth, and no written document has come to light regarding the preparation and execution of these two pictures. This was not the case with the other artists established outside of the domains of the Duke Giovanni. Fifty-two letters exchanged between Perugino and Isabella d'Este are in existence, which show that Mantegna's two compositions served as models for later works with regard to dimensions, procedure, the number of personages in the foreground, etc. A similar correspondence, but not so important, was exchanged between the princess and Giovanni Bellini in Venice, on the one hand, and, with Francia in Bologna, on the other, and very uselessly, moreover, for they sneaked away from the requests of Isabella d'Este and would not execute her commands.

These letters show us how exacting the Duchess of Mantua was; she not only gave the subject of the picture, but she indicated also the way in which she wanted it treated, the number of personages and their attitudes, the episodes in the middle distance, and, finally, fixed all the details, and even accompanied her orders by a sketch, so that the painter could not possibly mistake the meaning of her instructions; and if, embarrassed by so many restrictions, he asked for a small variation in the programme, every change and every modification was refused. The Duchess was obstinate in imposing her own ideas. Moreover, she was not always satisfied, for she tells us in one of



PARNASSUS.

MANTEGNA.

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her letters that Perugino's picture, *The Combat of Love and Chastity* did not please her.

This was not the case with the two paintings by Mantegna, one representing the *Combat of the Virtues with the Vices;* the other, *Parnassus.* The first is addressed to the philosophers, the second to the poets that frequented the *studiolo.* As for the date of their execution, it is certainly before 1505; a letter of Perugino's proves this. Very probably Mantegna painted it from 1493 to 1497; for in 1493 Isabella sent to Venice quite a large supply of ultramarine, then a rare and precious commodity, "for Mantegna's pictures," and in 1497 a varnish, with which the master had previously declared his satisfaction.[1]

It was under these conditions that one of the purest masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance was produced, *Parnassus,*—that picture where, in a landscape that one only sees in dreams, the nine Muses, in light tunics, of varied and changing hue, gaily dance and sing upon the grass to the sounds of the lyre with which Apollo, seated on the left, accompanies his own songs. Pegasus is on the right, and Mercury is standing near him; while in the middle distance, on a rock, cut out in the form of an arch, and showing in the distance the green and flowery declivities of Helicon, Mars and Venus are revealed, standing in front of a mass of orange trees. Near them, Cupid annoys with his arrows Vulcan, who appears, furious, at the entrance of a grotto where his furnace flames.

[1] See *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* (1895); and *Isabelle d'Este et les Artistes de son Temps* by Charles Yriarte.

Let us now remark that nowhere else, in all the work of Mantegna, does woman hold so great a place as in this picture, inspired by a woman as attractive by the charms of her beauty as by the cultivation of her mind. These Muses, in their varied attitudes of healthful grace, without affectation or archness, reveal memories of antique sculpture; and we believe that we can see the inspiration, or the copy of a Greek marble, in the beautiful body of Venus, who is the one nude female preserved to us in all the works painted by Mantegna.

If it was Isabella d'Este who decreed the details of this composition, she was certainly well inspired; she did still better, too, in charging Mantegna with its execution. He was, moreover, particularly adapted to revive this vision of antiquity, for not only was his knowledge of archæology very extensive for the period in which he lived, but his knowledge of letters was not less; and already, at the time of his visit to Rome, he had drawn in numerous compositions, destined to serve as cartoons for tapestries, the triumphs of Julius Cæsar, in which he endeavoured to get as near as possible to antique models in regard to the costumes, arms, caparisons, and trophies of a victorious army returning to Rome.

Here the knowledge of the learned man was useless and had to give place to the imagination of the poet. This was perhaps something quite new for Mantegna, whose talent had rarely been employed up to this time on a similar subject. But notwithstanding this, how much at ease is he in this domain, still so new to him! It is because he had

a tender soul, although a somewhat difficult character, and, doubtless, he was fascinated by the grace of the classic legend, which, by means of his conversations with a learned woman and with philosophers and poets of the Renaissance, he endeavoured to recall and to make correct in every detail.

The Duchess of Mantua showed herself well satisfied with this picture and the master himself was, doubtless, very well pleased. We may be allowed to think this because he either engraved himself, or had engraved in his studio, the charming group of Muses, and this he only did for a very small number of his pictures.

But the days of prosperity were succeeded by a dark period of reverses for Mantua and its dukes. The fortunes of war introduced troops from Germany and France. The mural paintings which the Gonzagas had, with the lavishness of Mecænas, decorated their palaces and villas, were almost entirely destroyed, and the objects of art,—furniture, pictures and statues,—went to enrich the collections of other princes who had acquired, by their frequent intercourse with Italy, artistic tastes which they satisfied, in consequence, at the expense of Italy herself. Those which did not become the spoil of the conqueror, were sold by the Duke Vincent to meet some indispensable expenses. This happened in 1632. Some negotiations were begun between Mantua and London. Richelieu heard of these, and intended to take his part. He charged one of his agents, already sent to Rome to get some statues and antique busts, to go to Mantua, where he bought the five

pictures which had decorated the *studiolo* of Isabella d'Este, and which therefore did not have to be separated, even in the evil days.

Parnassus and the four other pictures came to France with the marbles of Rome to enrich the beautiful collections which the great minister of Louis XIII. had gathered in his *château* of Poitou.

M. Bonnaffé, who has made these details known to us in his book, *Recherches sur les Collections des Richelieu*, has also told us that during the Revolution these pictures were removed, the Duke de Fronsac, great nephew of the Cardinal, having emigrated. A transaction with the heirs assured them to the Government. It was thus that the *Parnassus* and the *Combat of the Virtues with the Vices* by Mantegna, the *Combat of Love and Chastity* by Perugino, and the two pictures by Lorenzo Costa entered the Louvre, their last resting-place, in 1801. To-day they are grouped around another of Mantegna's pictures, ordered by the husband of Isabella d'Este, Giovanni Francisco de Gonzaga, who is there represented at the end of the undecided battle of Fornona, where he wished to be the conqueror.

It is a claim to glory for a museum to be able to show an authentic work by Mantegna; the Louvre has reason to be proud of the works of this master which it possesses and which are ranked among his most precious and important ones. *Parnassus* and the *Combat of the Virtues and Vices* are the only painted allegorical scenes by Mantegna in existence. It is then in the Louvre that he can

be seen under the most diverse and unexpected aspects and nowhere else does the painter of the Gonzagas show as he does here the many sides of his great g[illegible]s.

LA NOTTE
(*Correggio*)

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

ANTONIO ALLEGRI was born in Correggio, from which comes his name, about the year 1494, (the date is not very certain), the son of Pellegrino Allegri and Bernardina Piazzoli. According to the tradition of his country, he was taught the first rudiments of art by his uncle Laurent, and then he went to the school of Francesco Bianchi, called le Frari, in Modena. He learned at the same time to model in clay, and he worked with Begarelli upon that group of *Piety* in St. Margaret's church, the most beautiful figures of which are attributed to him. From Modena they made him go to Mantua, to Andrea Mantegna, but, as it has been since discovered, Mantegna died in 1506, this supposition has been destroyed, somewhat *materially* at least, for it is necessary that an artist should be living in order to form disciples: his works reveal his place and frequently in a more eloquent manner than even words could do. Thus we may admit very well Mantegna as one of Correggio's masters, no matter if the dates oppose any direct instruction. Correggio took inspiration from Mantegna with the liberty of genius, and made perfect that which he had borrowed, mingling it in intimate amalgamation with his own natural qualities.

LA NOTTE

CORREGGIO.

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It is rare happiness to find in this world of form which seems limited and where the human body is the eternal theme, an individual inflexion, a line as yet unknown, a charm revealed for the first time. This happiness Correggio possesses in the highest degree. He knew how to extract from both women and children a grace that no one had ever suspected, a tender, lovable and smiling grace, and which we do not know how to designate better than by using the name of the painter himself as an epithet: Correggian Grace. Nothing else could give an idea of it. It is not the mysterious, deep, and almost disquieting and supernatural grace of Lionardo da Vinci, nor the calm, virginal and celestial grace of Raphael; it is an indefinable voluptuousness, a perpetual caress, an irresistible seduction, where there is, however, nothing lascivious; nakedness with Correggio has the ingenuous candour of infancy; like Eve before she sinned, it does not know that it is unveiled. We insist upon this grace, because it is the distinctive character of the artist, the charm that draws and keeps souls to him. But it must not be imagined that Correggio is a painter exclusively preoccupied with the beautiful, the amiable and the smiling: he was an artist whose muscular boldness and audacity rivalled Michelangelo; and, in order to convince oneself of this, it is necessary to see the cupola of St. John and the Duomo of Parma. This suave and delicious Correggio possesses the most solid instruction of the picturesque, and thoroughly understands geometry, and perspective, and this enables him to execute with mathematical precision these foreshortenings whose boldness is astonishing. This

science created the style of his drawing with its varying infinity of movements and points of view. While most painters are satisfied with rendering faces as they appear to the eye, Correggio always paints his heads raised or lowered; they are looking up or they are looking down, the lines descend or mount upward with deflections or unexpected turnings, which reveal in their outlines aspects of a strange and charming novelty: it is the same with his bodies, where this knowledge of foreshortening and perspective produces attitudes, forms and profiles which no pencil nor brush had ever expressed before. The custom of modelling in clay gave to Correggio this perfect feeling for relief which we admire in him. The figures are not enclosed in a rigid outline; they are painted, so to speak, in round humps drawn in light and shade, and seem to leap out of their surroundings. Like objects in the atmosphere, they swim in fluid outlines, toned down and vaporous, that bathe them, envelop them and seem to whirl about them. The brush, in his hand, is a kind of sculptor's tool modelling in masses and producing the roundness of the forms upon the canvas as if made with clay. Sometimes, indeed he painted after a clay model, to get a better idea of the foreshortening and the projection of the shadows, a method used by the divine Lionardo. There have been preserved a few of the figurines that he used when he worked upon the frescoes of the Duomo, and which explain those attitudes impossible to imagine or to copy from nature. However, all this knowledge is adorned with grace; never does any effort make itself felt, even in the excesses and *tours de force*;

a divine harmony envelopes everything like a light and flexible drapery that floats around a beautiful body.

An Italian critic calls Correggio a *clarified* Lionardo. This remark is not unjust. The painter of Parma, like the painter of Milan, leads from light to shade by degrees of infinite delicacy, but the quality of the shadow is not the same. Black or violet, or, at the very least, neuter in tone with da Vinci, Correggio's shadow is silvery, transparent, illumined with reflections, and would really serve for light with many painters; the artist has carried to the last illusions the magic of *chairoscuro*, a magic of which he is a kind of inventor, for before him the palette had no knowledge of these marvellous resources. But these lights of shadow, these clearnesses of shadow take nothing from the solidity of the bodies. They play upon their surfaces and do not penetrate into them. They have indeed a relative intensity which leaves all their value upon the parts touched by the light. The local tone of the objects pursues it and finds it, without attracting the eye. The whitenesses of the flesh are not surrounded by those swarthy or wood-coloured zones which too often represent the shadow in pictures that are otherwise admirable and full of sublime qualities. This perfect homogeneity of the bright parts and the dark parts give to Correggio's figures a rare power of relief; they detach themselves from the block of the background spread out behind them and exhibit themselves to the eye with all the appearance of life-like objects perceived in a mirror. At the approach of twilight, when the canvasses in the galleries extinguish themselves one by one,

and present themselves only as confused blots, Correggio's pictures keep the light and seem to illuminate themselves; the personages assume an intense and mysterious life, one would say they mean to come out of the frames like *tableaux vivants* when the effect is produced, and that they must take new poses for another group. As the sun lingers upon the high mountains long after night has bathed the valleys, light abandons these high summits of art regretfully.

It is in Dresden that this fascinating picture, so inappropriately called Correggio's *Night* and to which the name of *Aurora* would be more suitable, is to be found. Nothing in this radiant canvas gives you the idea of darkness; dawn is breaking behind the distant mountains that you see through the stable door, constructed of frame-work resting upon the ruins of an ancient edifice: and the whole picture is illuminated by a supernatural light that is emanating from the body of the Infant Jesus. The new-born child in the lap of Mary gives out such brilliancy that, like the sun, he illuminates all the objects surrounding him. The Virgin's face, lovingly bending towards him, receives silvery reflections of an ideal transparency and freshness. The smile of the happy mother causes its rosy line to wave across the whiteness of mother of pearl, milk, or opal, where the long lashes of lowered eyes are slightly traced in light shadow. Touched by this celestial splendour, the humble straw of the manger shines like the golden threads of an aureole. The splendour flashes upon the handsome shepherdess who is bringing a couple of turtle-doves in a

basket and makes a naïve gesture of wonder at the divine baby: it enlightens the young herdsman, who, with one hand on the edge of the manger and the other on the back of a large dog, raises his head in ecstasy and seems to be contemplating with a visionary glance the group of angels who are balancing themselves on a cloud in the ceiling of the stable; and finally it comes up to that old shepherd of Herculean build, holding a stick that looks like a club or an uprooted tree, and who is scratching his head with an embarrassed air like a peasant in the presence of a king. One cannot imagine with what miraculous art that light leaving its peculiar source is conducted, diminished and melted from the centre to the edge of the picture. All these figures are bathed in it as if in the atmosphere of paradise. Never did a colourist play more powerfully with such a difficult problem, and this is not a vain *tour de force*, but it is the triumphant expression of an idea, perfectly charming, perfectly poetic, and full of tenderness, which could only belong to the happy genius of Correggio. That feeble little one, that baby crying on the straw and shedding about him in the stable even now that light whose radiance will illumine the whole world! The Virgin is not astonished, perhaps, indeed she does not see anything;—every child is glorious to its mother!—and with a passionate caress she makes a cradle for him with her arms, and presses him to her heart.

In the corner towards the top of the picture, the angels fly about joyfully in those foreshortened ceiling attitudes so loved by Correggio, and which take nothing from their

celestial grace. They support themselves by their very lightness and even if they should forget to move their wings they need not fear falling. The clouds with their bluish flakes not only give them support, but form for them an atmosphere and separate them from the human beings.

In the middle distance, Saint Joseph is clutching the ass by the mane to lead him to the manger. Further away, two young boys hold the ox by his horns. Is it not necessary that the dumb creation should have these two witnesses to the birth of our Saviour? Good and gentle beasts touched dimly in their souls that are warming the child with their breath! This familiar and tender detail, of pure naturalism, gives to the scene an appearance of real life without detracting from the divine side. Nothing strained, nothing forced, and nothing of false grandeur, but everywhere the most lovable grace.

ŒDIPUS

(*Ingres*)

CHARLES BLANC

IN the second year of his sojourn in Rome, after having painted Mme. Devauçay, Ingres produced a masterpiece, *Œdipus explaining the Riddle*, in which for the first time he affirmed his individual manner of understanding and feeling.

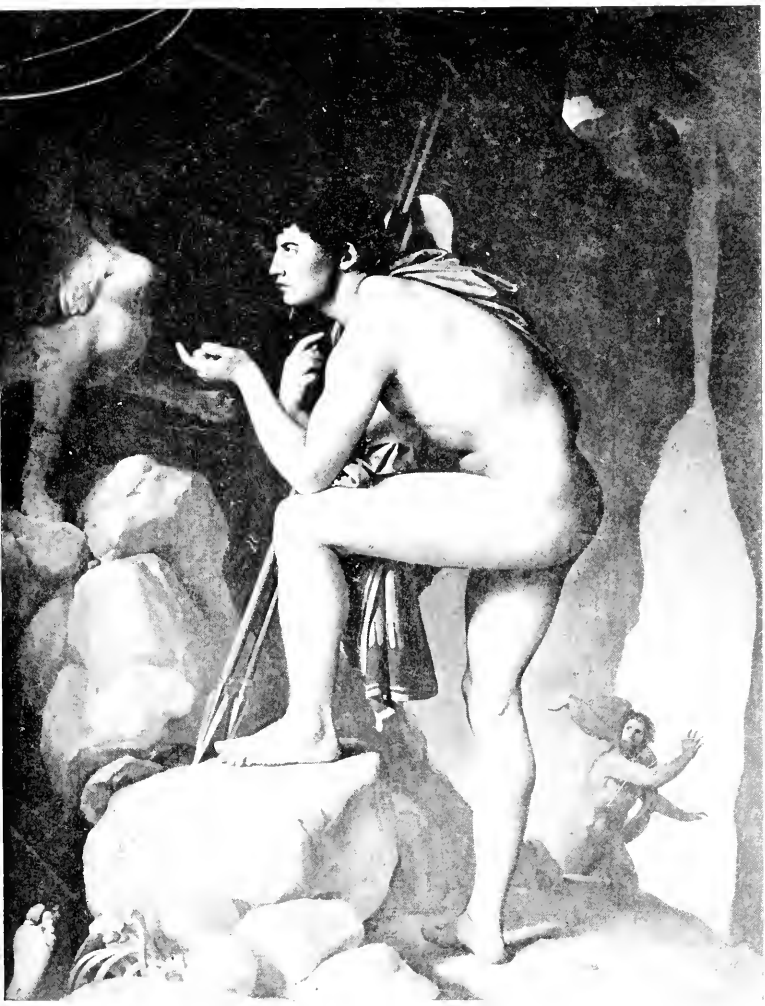
In order thoroughly to appreciate this admirable painting, it is well to ask how David conceived it. If I am not mistaken, he wanted to present this strange and mysterious myth of Destiny under chaste and pure forms, all of which should be borrowed from archaic sculpture, or engraved gems, or Greek vases; and it seems to me that his *Œdipus* was to be nothing but an abstract image of the ancient Fatality. More of an artist than his master, and more emotional, Ingres has represented not only a mythological emblem, a legend, but also a man, a certain man whose form is sufficiently individual to have lived in former times, and sufficiently ideal for him to keep up the prestige of a fabulous being seen through the ages that have elapsed.

At once dignified, familiar, tranquil and sure of himself, Œdipus has entered the cavern in which lie the bones and dreadful fragments of those whom the Sphynx has torn to

pieces. He has advanced towards the monster, set his foot on a slab of rock and resting his elbow upon his knee, he is explaining the riddle whilst keeping his eyes fixed in a penetrating and firm gaze on the daughter of Typhon. Instead of being severely straight, his profile is slightly curved. His youthful beard interferes with his resemblance to a statue. With an energy that leaves the habits of the school far behind, the painter accentuates most strongly the fold that forms the muscle of the neck on the raised head of the hero, as well as the vigorous calf of the young Theban so well accustomed to all kinds of fatigue. By these unexpected accents the artist has sufficiently individualized his figure till there is nothing conventional, nothing vulgarly familiar in it; and it appears to us as if it were that of a man who had really been hung from the tree on Mount Cithæron, who really tore out his own eyes, and who indeed expired at Colonna, in the grove of the Eumenides. It is thus that where others would have only dressed a work with frigid rhetoric, Ingres has managed to find expressive eloquence and touch our hearts.

And yet in some parts this modelling makes us feel that the individual is apart from prose history, and remains intangible in regions to which we are forbidden to attain otherwise than by the gaze.

This unforeseen mingling of life and immortality, this happy fusion of the mythical and the real, are especially striking in the figure of the Sphynx, a figure at the same time alive and symbolical. Divine in the purity of its features, infernal in the action of its protruding claws, it



ŒDIPUS.

INGRES

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expresses the genius of evil governed by the intelligence, beauty conquered by the mind. At the back of the cavern into which Œdipus has ventured, the painter has not hesitated to let us see the feet of a corpse and the skeletons of those who have been devoured by the Sphynx: another even more powerful means of adding to the interest of the scene, and to human emotion, so as to put his finger upon all that was tragical in the situation in the son of Laius, so tranquilly face to face with a frightful death.

If we can form a just idea of Greek painting from the frescoes of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and from mosaics, nothing more certainly resembles it than the painting of Ingres, so far as execution and style are concerned. As for the style, it is not strained nearly so far in this picture as in certain of the other works of this master: it is elevated but natural; heroic but human. Ingres has managed to mix together in small doses the familiar element that preserves one from inflation of style, that tempers decorum, and that he employs perhaps unknown to himself, like those common expressions of which Bossuet makes use with such genius in order to humanize the sublime. It is even to be noticed that where the painter lays most stress on the individuality of his hero, for example, in the shape of the nose, the muscles of the neck or leg, he does so with a spice of exaggeration and a certain passionate accent that without doubt belong to the modern spirit, but which are particularly characteristic of his personal humour,—the temperament of Ingres himself.

The execution is simple, frank and limpid; moreover, it

is carried out with great spirit, and almost looks as if it had been painted from a single palette. In it, we feel the enthusiasm of youth restrained by the painter's respect for his work. To-day, even when more than half a century has passed across the canvas, we can see how advantageous it is to employ pure and strong colours which tranquillize without fading with time and grow reconciled to one another without weakness, rather than to paint with colours that are already tempered for the sake of harmony, and are therefore already smoked. The tone of the *Œdipus* now is superb, its primitive intensity having calmed down without however disappearing. Just as distance tones down to our ears the rude and jarring sounds of martial music, so the years soften to our eyes the violence and harshness of colour. Ingres is all of a piece : his colouring is sometimes startling in order to render the beauties of form more sensible ; and sometimes it is sacrificed to the grandeur and triumph of his idea : that is to say that he gives exactly the colouring that is demanded by a desired, well thought out and expressive design, and one that is made to be deeply engraved in the memory and upon brass. The *Œdipus* and the *Bather* (back view) are of the same year (1808). One would not be able to cite many pensioners who have sent in two such works at the same time !

THE ANNUNCIATION
(*Fra Lippo Lippi*)

COSMO MONKHOUSE

IN Room No. 1 you will see on the west wall a sad-coloured picture, robbed by time and over-cleaning of all its once-beautiful surface, or may we not say complexion, of paint, and immediately below it another, long and narrow, which still gleams and glows with nearly all its pristine fire, as though it were painted over gold with translucent enamel. The former is Fra Lippo Lippi's *Vision of S. Bernard* (No. 248), and the latter is *The Adoration of the Magi; or the Wise Men's Offerings* (No. 592), which is ascribed in the catalogue to Filippino Lippi, the son of Lippo, but is thought by many good judges to be by Botticelli, the pupil of Lippo and the master of Filippino. At first sight there is not perhaps much that is common to the two pictures, but if we carefully compare them with those earlier Italian paintings in the Gallery, the works of the Giotteschi, of Fra Angelico, and even of his pupil Benozzo Gozzoli, we shall be conscious of the presence of a new element of interest of a more familiar and companionable kind, which may be shortly and broadly described as "humanity." It is easy enough to find this element in the picture of *The Adoration*, for every figure of the motley groups that follow "the kings" is an individual whose per-

sonality is distinctly, sometimes humorously and even whimsically, marked; but there is "character" also in Fra Lippo's picture of S. Bernard's vision. His S. Bernard is no conventional saint, whose traditional features are a mere mask to express a given feeling. He is not only a saint, but a man, and his painter was interested in him personally, and did his best to realize how such a man and none other would look as, lifting his eyes from his desk, he saw the Virgin and her attendant angels between himself and the wall. He has truly made the face the window of the soul, if not for the first time in art, at least for the first time in art as represented in the National Gallery.

If we pass into Room 2 we shall see this human quality in Fra Lippo's art still more fully displayed. Here we have two of the most characteristic and exquisite works of his earlier period, *The Annunciation* (No. 666) and *S. John the Baptist with six other Saints* (No. 667). It is naturally in the latter that his keen observation of his fellow-men, and his sympathy with their individualities, are the more fully displayed. All these saints are also men, clearly characterized. Their heads are, indeed, more or less typical, but they are individual also. They are like portraits "idealized," as we say, in conformity with the traditions of the particular saints. The features and gestures of some of them, we may assert with confidence (and this we could not do with regard to any of Fra Angelico's saints), were studied from men who were alive in Florence when the picture was painted, probably intimate acquaintances of the painter, if not monks in that Carmelite con-

THE ANNUNCIATION.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI.

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vent which he entered at an early age. They have all different modes of expressing their attention to the golden words which fall from the mouth of the Baptist. S. Cosmo looks up, S. Damian looks down, the eyes of S. Francis are fixed on S. John, those of S. Lawrence on the ground, or perhaps on the "stigmata" of S. Francis, S. Anthony stretches his right hand towards the speaker, S. Peter Martyr holds his up to his ear as if in fear to lose a word. Without undue familiarity there is a sense of society; the feeling as well as the composition is bound in one by a tie of human sympathy. It is a holy "conversation piece," to use a term employed in the Eighteenth Century to denote a portrait composition in which several persons are grouped together in a social manner.

The Annunciation is conceived in much the same spirit of tender and poetic realism. Robbed of his nimbus and wings the announcing angel is only a comely, round-headed Florentine boy with closely curling hair, who delivers his message with simple and charming grace, and she, the Virgin who receives it with so sweet and humble a courtesy, might be his sister. But if the types are not very distinguished or the emotion greatly elevated, the whole composition is lovely and harmonious. The gentle bearing of the angel is beautifully echoed by the timid reverence of the Virgin and the note of delightful wonder which these figures strike is sustained at the same pitch throughout by the strangeness, the variety, and the beauty of the details. From the exquisite wings of the angel to the richly coloured marbles which floor the Virgin's little court, everything in

the picture is rare and lovely, and as we stand before it we feel ourselves in an enchanted land, if not in the presence of an awful mystery.

Not the least thing worthy of note in these two priceless pictures is their colour. They have fortunately been well preserved, and show us that Lippo Lippi was the first of the great painter-colourists. No one before had devised schemes of colour so personal to himself, a palette so completely his own; no one had so felt the beauty of "broken" colour, of the lovely modifications of which a pure colour was capable by reduction with white or mixture with other colours, or the endless harmonies which could be produced by weaving them together. Many of the colours he obtained, as for instance his shoaling pinks and dewy blues, were new to painting, and for the prevalent tint of the rich arrangement of reds in the Virgin's chamber, we may almost seek in vain elsewhere in the National Gallery. With the aid of his greys and semitones he enforced his stronger colours, and at the same time made them live together in a harmony which in its combination of softness and lustre has seldom been equalled.

These two pictures once belonged to Cosimo de' Medici (1389-1464), and remained in the palace which he built at Florence (to which the name of his family has again been restored, after passing for more than a century under that of its last private owners, the Riccardi) till the year 1846. Signs of their former ownership are visible in both pictures. S. John Baptist the patron saint of Florence, is seated between S. Cosmo and S. Damian, the patron saints of the

Medici, and on the plinth, which upholds the Virgin's vase of lilies, is carved the badge of Cosimo, three feathers tied together in a ring. Cosmo and Damian, according to the legend, were brothers famous for their skill in medicine, which they practiced, without recompense, for charity and the love of God. Arabs by birth, they dwelt in the town of Algœ in Cilicia, and suffered martyrdom under Diocletian (245-313) and Maximian (286-308). These two "Santi *medici* Arabi" are always represented together, in the habit of physicians, with loose red robes, and generally red caps, as in this picture. The robes are usually trimmed with fur. They occur most frequently in Florentine pictures in the time of Cosimo, but we shall find them on the frame of the Landini (No. 580), and in the late Greek picture by Emmanuel (No. 594), which, though supposed to have been executed in the Seventeenth Century, belongs to a stage of art anterior not only to Fra Lippo Lippi but to Giotto.

These pictures of S. John and the Annunciation, though religious (even more, perhaps, because they are religious) in subject, show what a change came over the spirit of the artist in the Fifteenth Century. Though by no means casting aside all tradition, he was no longer bound by it, as with swaddling clothes. He no longer looked on the pictures of bygone artists as the only source of art, but turned boldly to nature for his models and his inspiration. He marched out from the cloisters into the world, and enjoyed for the first time its freshness and its wonder. Life was not only new and beautiful to him, but it was full of

romance wherever he turned. The long-pent intellect and imagination of mankind poured forth in a stream which turned every object into gold. Before the clear, strong, but unsentimental eyes of a man like Benozzo Gozzoli, the world was a panorama of endless variety, a pageant of inexhaustible interest; to the poetic dreamer like Lippo Lippi it was a perpetual source of sweet vision, a boundless playground of the fancy. In this age of search and invention, of discovery and rediscovery, when every step was on virgin soil, or on ground unbroken for centuries, the painters were not the least to be envied. For them, unlike the painters of to-day, no glorious array of masterpieces stood like the giants of old across the road, intimidating their enterprise and forestalling their conceptions. Their forerunners had only shown the way into an untrodden country of inexhaustible beauty and romantic interest. For these had been the journey through the desert, led, indeed, by pillars of smoke and fire, but not for them the promised land.

Fra Lippo Lippi, if we may judge from his works, was thoroughly equipped by Nature to enjoy all the good gifts of the earth. Richly dowered as an artist with the sense of colour and of decorative beauty, he had also the temperament of a poet, keenly alive to all that was interesting in human life, sensitive to the different moods of different men, following and noting the subtlest shades of expression which flitted over their faces, especially when they were transfigured with a fine emotion. But he was not a saint for all that. His sympathies with his fellow-creatures

extended indeed to their moments of religious enthusiasm, and there can be little doubt that he had such moments himself, but he was a man of ill-regulated life, and a scandal to the Order to which he belonged. The scandal was, perhaps, not entirely his fault, for, if he had been left to his own free will, it is very unlikely that he would have chosen to become a monk. But he had practically no choice, for his parents being dead, he was consigned, when eight years of age, to the Carmelite Convent of the Carmine at Florence, where he was brought up and educated, and at the age of fourteen or fifteen took the vows. This was in the year 1421, when Masaccio began to paint his famous frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel of the Church of S. Maria del Carmine adjoining the convent. The young monk, who soon showed a greater disposition to paint than to pray, no doubt watched the wonderful young genius, may have received lessons from him, and certainly studied his work with enthusiasm. It is very probable that a warm friendship may have sprung up between the two youths, for, after all, there were but five years between them, although Masaccio was already a master—and the greatest that had appeared since Giotto. In a few years he went away to Rome, and Lippi saw him no more, for he died there about 1428, at the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven. Three years after this, Lippi was allowed to leave the convent, having in the meantime probably executed some works in the Carmine (now destroyed), which gained him great reputation. According to Vasari, many said that "the soul of Masaccio had flitted into the body of Filippo."

Though he left the convent, he was not released from his vows, and, still wearing his monastic habit, went about pursuing his profession as a painter. Also according to Vasari, he met with strange adventures in his wanderings—was seized by Barbary pirates at Ancona, and obtained his release by painting the portrait of his master. Though this story is now discredited, his doings during the years following his exit from the convent are not so fully filled up as to leave no room for romantic conjecture. The first time we hear of him again is in 1434, when he is said to have worked at Padua. The next in 1438, when he was painting for San Spirito in Florence a picture which is now in the Louvre.

At this time his "wanderings" were probably over, as he was in full employment at Florence, though still very poor. There is a letter from him extant, dated the following year, in which he applies to Pietro de'Medici for bread and wine, "on account" of an unfinished picture, "as he is one of the poorest monks in Florence, and has to provide for six poor nieces, still minors." Down to this time (and later) there is no evidence of those "scandals," which have so much affected poor Lippi's character, and the testimony of his earlier pictures, including those in the National Gallery, which are so pure and reverent in spirit, is strongly in his favour. At all events, it is only fair to him, if we reject the evidence of tradition with regard to his romantic adventures, to give him the benefits of any doubts as to his moral conduct, which are founded on no stronger evidence. Although the times were tolerant in

this respect, it is not probable, if he had then been a very notorious evil liver, that Pope Eugenius IV. would in 1442 have appointed him Rector of S. Quirico in Legnaia, especially as he deprived him of this office in 1450 for misconduct. It must, however, be confessed that this misconduct, if proved, was of a nature not easy to forgive, as it consisted of refusing to pay a pupil a sum of forty golden florins, which he owed him, and, what is worse, of forging a receipt for the money. The proof, however, was his own confession extorted by torture, and he appealed against the sentence. It is one of the inexplicable facts of his history that, though the sentence was confirmed by a brief of Pope Calixtus III., in 1455, in which the painter is accused of "numerous and abominable wickedness," he reappears in the following year as chaplain of the Convent of S. Margherita at Prato. Here he sadly abused his privileges, for, having persuaded the superintendent of the convent to allow a beautiful nun named Lucrezia Buti to give him sittings for a picture of the Virgin, he made use of the opportunity to engage her affections, and contrived, during a religious ceremony, to carry her off to his lodgings. It was some years before the scandal was allayed, but at last the Pope, partly, no doubt, through the intervention of the Medici, absolved both nun and friar from their vows, and recognized their marriage.

Whatever errors Fra Lippo may have committed in his life, they, at this distance of time, appear trivial in comparison with the virtue of his work. With him, it may be truly said, that the evil perishes and the good remains. He

may have been a scandal to his Order and a trouble to his friends, but he has been a benefactor to the world. Even the greatest of his enormities, his elopement with Lucrezia, had no worse result for us who live now than the birth of Filippino Lippi, the exquisite painter who inherited his father's genius, without, so far as we know, his weaknesses of character, and dowered the world with works of imperishable beauty. If Lippo was not always just to his pupils in pecuniary matters, he at least taught them well, for he was one of those comparatively few good painters who have also been good masters.

THE CARDINAL-PRINCE FERDINAND
(*Velasquez*)

CARL JUSTI

IN the *Torre de la Parada* and in the same apartment containing the series of large hunting-pieces there hung three figures, the King, his brother Don Ferdinand (the cardinal) and his little son Balthasar, in hunting costume and with dogs. After the fire they passed to the Bourbon Palace, Madrid, and are now in the Prado. But the palace inventory itself for 1686—that is, for the same period—mentions two hunting-portraits of the king in the apartment of the tower facing the park, which was also set apart for hunting-pieces. Replicas must consequently have existed of both, possibly of all three, and in fact, such replicas are still extant.

Although the three portraits are exactly the same height (1.91 metre), agree somewhat closely in arrangement, costume and scenery, and seem to supplement each other in various details, yet they cannot all have been produced simultaneously. According to his stated age (*anno aetatis suæ vi.*) the young prince was taken in 1635, and his father about the same year, that is long after Ferdinand had left Spain (1632). Judging from his very juvenile features, Velasquez must have painted him even before the first Italian journey. This passionate lover of sport, arch-

bishop and primate while in his teens, had probably been anxious for once to see himself in the garb of a hunter. Then during his long absence abroad, this portrait may have suggested to the king to have himself painted in like costume, as a pendent piece, in memory of the happy days they had both spent together in the hunting-grounds of El Prado.

This is the only known portrait of Prince Ferdinand by our master; all others, and they are numerous enough, were executed during the last years that he spent in Flanders (1636–41), by such famous Flemish artists as Rubens, Van Dyck, and Gaspar Van Crayer. Ferdinand, third son of Philip III., was born in 1609, and in his ninth year received the archbishopric of Toledo, and two years later (1620) the red hat. He was thus one of the eight who were made cardinals before their fourteenth year, and who, all but one, flourished in the first half of the Sixteenth Century.

On the death of Albert (1621) the intention was entertained of sending one of Philip IV.'s younger brothers, at first Carlos, to be brought up in Flanders, and in due course succeed the Infanta Isabella as Stadtholder of the Low Countries. In 1623 Ferdinand was designated, but owing to Olivares' intrigues, the matter was postponed for years. At last Isabella, who felt her end approaching (she died in 1633), wrote that unless he be sent at once Flanders would be lost to Spain. He accordingly started for Barcelona in 1632, in order to prepare himself by a year's adminstration of Catalonia, and then left Spain forever.

THE CARDINAL-PRINCE FERDINAND.

VELASQUEZ.

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He was the handsomest and the most richly endowed of the three brothers, without a trace of that indolence which, since the death of Philip II., seemed to have clung to the family. His activity in business and in the field was amazing; he shared with the king his passion for sport, and in 1639 slew a wild boar in the Brussels woods, which had killed eight dogs, wounded four, and ripped up two horses. Those in his immediate intimacy called him "the kindliest and most courteous prince that Heaven has sent us for centuries."

In our portrait, however, not much more than the head belongs to the likeness taken in 1628. Here he appears as a slim, beardless youth, whose pale face is relieved by narrow shadows accentuated especially by the strongly curved nose, while the cap projects on the forehead a shadow which is lightened by reflected light. The hair, which later in life fell in light gold waves on the shoulders, is here cropped short, and a touch of languor, caused by fever, lies on the large bright eyes, and on the features, which are more intellectual than those of his brother. Although he seems physically more delicate than the king, he still betrays more of the stuff of a ruler in his resolute, intelligent expression.

The rest of the figure bears the stamp of a later period. Thus, the *golilla*, or horizontal collar, has supplanted the wide pointed *valona*, which had been covered over. The landscape in a cool light blue-grey tone, is treated with great breadth and freedom, but the effect is such that we fancy we can breathe the very atmosphere of yonder hills.

The thick application of colours with abundant mixture of white was probably employed in order judiciously to conceal older pigments.

The question suggests itself whether the two other portraits may not also have assumed their present condition at some time posterior to 1635. In that of the king there are not lacking traces of repainting and revision. The left leg had originally been brought more forward; the fowling-piece was longer; the trunk-hose fuller. Under the left hand planted on the hip there peeps out what looks like a large hunting-bag. Lastly, the picture of the young prince, compared with the equestrian portrait of nearly the same age, is considerably more free and solid, like a rapid recast executed more from pure fancy than after Nature.

Both figures and surroundings look as if they had been brought more in harmony with the repainted portrait of Ferdinand. All stand under an oak tree, the weather is fine, and the dogs are in attitudes of rest, awaiting the shot. Ferdinand's is a powerful cinnamon-coloured animal of that formidable breed which is the terror of tramps and loafers about the Andalusian farmsteads. The king has a magnificent mastiff, and the prince an Italian greyhound and a beautiful setter stretched out for a sleep. Judging from these specimens it would be difficult to name a painter with a more thorough knowledge and observation of sporting dogs.

All the costumes are also the same, even to slight details —hunting-caps showing one ear pressed back or turned up; vest of dark figured silk under a leather jerkin or short

cloak with false sleeves, long leather gloves, white knee-breeches, military boots. The prince rests his little gun jauntily on the sward; the king's long heavy piece is held under the left arm hanging by his side; Ferdinand holds his in both hands ready to take aim.

The scene lies amid the hills, perhaps in the neighbourhood of the Escorial, the sierra showing in the distance. The view is most open in Don Balthasar's picture, where we see in the middle distance a hill with a castle and thin undergrowth of oak, beyond it a stretch of level ground with a little tower close to the foot of the range. Everywhere harmony between figure and environment, in the distribution of forms and high lights. The glimpses of sunshine flashing in the clouds and piercing through the foliage stand in nicely calculated relation to the high lights on the faces, and the white spots and bright patches on the trusty companions at the feet of the sportsmen.

THE MADONNA OF THE BALDAQUIN
(*Raphael*)

F. A. GRUYER

AT the beginning of 1508, the Dei having ordered an altarpiece from Raphael for their chapel in the church of San Spirito, he began the *Madonna of the Baldaquin;* but, being called suddenly to Rome, he could not finish this picture, which has remained in the sketch stage.

The Virgin, holding her Son in her arms, appears on a throne surmounted by a conical baldaquin suspended from the vault of a sanctuary in which are visible the composite columns, the pilasters and the entablature. To this baldaquin are attached curtains enveloping the throne, which is of antique form, and to which three high marble steps lead up. Two seraphim, hovering in the air, raise the curtains and reveal the spectacle that they themselves view with happiness. At the foot of the throne, two angels, entirely nude, are holding a banderole, from which they are reading and singing the mysteries of God. To the left, stand St. Augustine and St. James the Greater; to the right, St. Peter and St. Bruno. What distinguishes this picture from those that preceded it, is the independence shown in the grouping of the figures. Not that the ancient symmetry is abandoned or broken; it could never be more rigorously observed. The Madonna and Infant are still a sort of

THE MADONNA OF THE BALDAQUIN.

RAPHAEL.

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mathematical centre whence start equal and similarly placed rays leading to the seraphim, the angels and the saints that correspond two and two. Only the Virgin, without losing any of her dignity, assumes a more human grace, and without becoming worldly tries to mingle more with the world. The Infant, even more than in the past, proceeds from Nature; but there is more discernment and taste in the choice of the forms with which he is clothed, and approaching closer to reality he thereby borrows the means of more deeply charming us without being less convincing. With less grandeur, the angels possess an analogous attraction. The seraphim, abandoning the traditional poses consecrated by Perugino, descend from Heaven with a rush that would have terrified the old masters. In the fulness of their action and freedom, instead of being placed one above another and hiding each other from the sight of the spectator, as we see them still in the *Madonna* of the Convent of St. Anthony, the saints are placed in accordance with the laws of a learned perspective and bound together by ties of composition that nothing could ever break. The general aspect is more familiar without being less solemn; and if the religious idea is asserted with somewhat less authority, it perhaps reveals itself with more poetry.

The Virgin is seated facing us, clothed with a robe which is open in the front and low on the neck, recalling the robe of the *Belle Jardinière*. A mantle, thrown over the left shoulder, leaves the robe uncovered over the breast, then falls over the right knee, envelops the right leg, leaves the end of the foot bare and spreads in heavy folds

over the base of the throne. Mary passes her left arm around the body of her Son and presses him against her breast, holding the arm of the Infant with her right hand. Her blond tresses are in charming taste. Parted in the middle and held by a band crowned by a plait in the form of a diadem, her hair is cut short on the temples and spreads in light waves that flow gracefully along her cheeks and neck. These arrangements are almost coquettish, and, without being anything but chaste, they mark a transition between the archaism of the fervent schools and the return to classic methods. At the beginning of the year 1508, Raphael felt an abundant sap rising in him, and he tried to find his way without yet succeeding. The primitive traditions did not suffice for him; he was not willing to deprive himself of Nature; and he called upon his imagination for new combinations. He has a presentiment of vaster horizons; he is impatient to see them; and, while waiting until he may contemplate them, he dreams about them. If I may say so, this is the romantic period of his life. But even then, Raphael never departs from the truth, or from right, and while yielding to the caprice of a moment, he does not cease to borrow his inspiration from the Christian dogma. It is thus that here we see the Virgin's face preserving that calm, that freshness and that bloom that no external or terrestrial cause could affect. The features are pure and the expression is perfectly kind; the brows and nose are exquisitely proportioned; the eyes humbly lowered upon the Redeemer, shine with unmixed happiness; the lips, that are loving without having anything

sensual in them, express the same happiness mingled with an infinite gentleness. This last Florentine Virgin has not the imposing grandeur that the Roman Virgins are soon to assume: she is more human, less plastic, more personal and yet there is nothing too individual in her. She is happy, but without earthly emotion, or worldly exaltation. No sadness, no trouble, no presentiment of any kind has left the slightest trace upon her. The *Mater speciosa*, whose youth has not withered in the least, has conquered perfect tranquillity, and found for all Eternity the Divine Son with whom she has sacrificed herself for the salvation of the world. That is the religious idea contained in this image.

The Infant Jesus also shows Himself under externals of natural and living verity; nevertheless He rises to the ideal, and if He does not impose Himself as God, He makes Himself so loved as a child that by that love alone He still leads to God. Sitting on the left knee of His Mother, He abandons Himself to the charm of life. He looks pleasantly at the saints, smiles on them, and gives Himself familiarly to them. His hair is blond and thin; eyes brilliant; and mouth amiable in expression. Without doubt the face is too lively, too full of spirit; more calm would have been preferable. It is the fact seized direct from Nature and rendered by a superior artist who has not yet taken the time to gather and fix his ideas. Let us not forget that here we have only a sketch; that Raphael would certainly have added something to this Infant; and that nowhere in this picture has he put the

finishing touch. The body of this *Bambino* is none the less admirably drawn. On examining this picture we are especially reminded of the Infant of the *Niccolini Madonna*. We recognize the same principles, the same way of looking at things, the same alliances, the same mingling of picturesque beauty with religious ideas. We also find, as in almost all Raphael's *Madonnas*, the same characteristic resemblance between the mother and child. As yet it is only a sketch; but beneath the individual vivacity of the natural sentiments, we already perceive an entirely impersonal impression. This *Bambino* is not yet the Son of God; he would have become so without doubt if Raphael, now being sure of the form, had had time to free his idea from the trammels of the living model.

The two seraphim who are raising the curtain of the baldaquin are two similar figures opposed to one another, completing without repeating each other, without monotony creating the idea of a higher order and harmony. They swoop down at full speed and unite in drawing aside with a gesture full of grace and authority the curtains that conceal the heavenly vision from profane view. The one on the left appears in profile, and is looking at the Virgin: with his left hand raised above his head, he raises the upper part of the curtain, while with his right hand he holds up one of its lower folds. The one on the right is placed in the same way, only his head is turned to the right, almost full face, and he fixes his eyes upon St. James and St. Augustine. In these celestial messengers, we see the reflection of that love that first descended and spread its

wings before the Virgin, singing: "*Ave Maria gratia plena.*" Their hair, ruffled by a rapid flight, stands up like flames on their inspired brows; their features are pure, stamped with eternal youth, and seem to be impregnated with divinity; their bare feet elegantly protrude below long and floating tunics; great wings of a thousand hues crown and frame these admirable creatures that are sexless and have ever been unsullied. What a beautiful flow of drapery! With what art Raphael makes us feel with one stroke that these aërial beings have no weight, and that, while they possess bodies similar to our own, they are nothing but pure spirits, independent of all laws of matter and gravity! We are already far from the analogous figures, evoked every moment in the school of Perousa and hitherto still reproduced by Raphael himself! Instead of the timid and almost undecided pose that they affected five years before in the *Coronation of the Virgin*, see with what enthusiasm and irresistible ease here they accomplish their vocation, and how, in this supernatural function, Nature, closely held and faithfully observed, always remains the supreme guide! The more Raphael wants to rise above reality, the more necessary he feels it is to lean upon it and to gain from that support the indispensable force for proceeding further.

The two angels who, standing at the foot of the Madonna's throne, occupy the centre of the foreground, also belong to the ideal, and are still more directly related to natural and living facts. They are only two beautiful nude children, furnished with two little wings. One faces

us full, and is modelled in high light; the other, three-quarters right, leaning on his companion's shoulder, offers sharper modulations, and more accented and violent oppositions of light and shade. In the state in which the sketch presents them, I much prefer the first. His position has the greater ease and nobility, and his features are more expressive from the religious point of view. The little head also is charming, and his features are entirely devoted to praise and adoration. Raphael alone knew how to paint children thus, and to evoke the enchanted dreams of the celestial world from the simple truth.

Among the saints gathered together at the foot of the Virgin's throne, St. Peter and St. James the Greater were the contemporaries and friends of Jesus. St. Augustine belongs to the Fourth Century, and consecrates to the Mother of the Word all that is highest in the science of theology. Finally, St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusians, also offers to the Virgin the noble aspirations that appealed to the world after the foolish terrors of the year 1000. Animated with the same spirit, they mutually pay honour to the Virgin in the sight of Jesus Christ. The God that is offered to their eyes sheds upon them rays of different degrees and characters.

St. Augustine, who comes first on the left, holds a book in his right hand, and with his left hand he points out the Virgin and Child to the spectator, whom he looks at with authority.

This figure is eminently picturesque and the way in which the head is dressed is inimitable. The bishop's

body, although clothed in Episcopal robes, is draped with remarkable independence. The dominating character of St. Augustine's figure is placed in perfect light in Raphael's picture. The features of the saintly bishop are lively and full of that reflective intelligence that gains and makes followers of men. His heart, all on fire, seeks to touch even as it has been touched. In him, pride has been transformed into humility, and it is even humility that he preaches and that he points out in the Virgin.

St. James the Greater is beside St. Augustine. This apostle who has been so keenly adopted by popular imagination is here represented very simply. His head is bare, and seen three-quarters right; his features are strong and even a little rugged, but not without gentleness, sharpened by fatigue, still crowned with black hair, and framed in a beard already white. Clothed in a long tunic that leaves only his feet bare, and in a mantle that leaves almost the entire tunic visible, he holds a long walking-staff in his hands. We think of his fabulous perigrinations, and remember that Spain, proud of dating from the earliest Christian antiquity, has adopted as her apostle the son of Zebedee, the brother of St. John the Evangelist, that James whom Jesus associated with himself in the splendours of Tabor and the agony in the Garden of Olives.

On the opposite side, St. Peter occupies the foreground. Like St. James, he is clothed in a long tunic and a mantle that falls from his right shoulder and envelops only the lower part of his figure. In his right hand, held against his breast, he clasps the keys of Paradise; and in his left,

hanging alongside his body, he holds a closed book. He is conversing with St. Bruno, and his head turned towards him shows only a lost profile. Abundant white hair covers his cranium, and a beard, also white, hides the lower part of his face. His eye is bright and ardent; his lips speak with animation.

Finally St. Bruno appears by the side of St. Peter. Completely enveloped in his white Carthusian robe, he holds an open book in his right hand, and lifts his left towards the apostle with whom he confounds his love for Jesus and his admiration for Mary. His body, turned towards the Virgin, is three-quarters full to the left and his head is three-quarters to the right. His features, framed in the white hood of his robe, are open to the divine and radiant intelligence of the light. We may apply to him St. Paul's words: "The world hath been crucified unto me and I unto the world;" but while sacrificing his body, the austerities have beautified his face with that resplendence that is beauty itself. In the conversation that he is holding with St. Peter, he seems to be transported with a celestial ardour. He speaks like a man who has come from Heaven and is jealous for the honour of Jesus.

As the *Madonna of the Baldaquin* was not completed, it did not reach its destination. After Raphael's death, Baldassare Turini bought this picture and gave it to the church of Pescia where it remained till 1697. Then Prince Ferdinand, the eldest son of the Grand Duke Cosmo III., acquired it from the Bonvicini family, who, on becoming proprietors of the chapel, had at the same time

taken possession of the picture. Now the Pescians were greatly attached to this treasure. Getting wind of the affair, they raised a riot and became threatening. It was necessary to employ ruse, to carry off the picture by might, and to flee as if with the proceeds of a robbery. The dispossessed Pescians could then do nothing but protest, and that they did in terms whose very violence does them honour. The *Madonna of the Baldaquin* then entered the Pitti Palace. To adapt it to the place intended for it, it was enlarged by some *centimètres* on either side, and it was moreover restored by the painter Giovanni Agostino Cassana. Thence arises the error, widely credited, that Cassana finished this picture, left by Raphael in a state of sketch.

SAINT HELENA

(*Veronese*)

J. BUISSON

AMONG the great masters of Italy, and even those of Venice, Paul Veronese is the one whose work best serves to particularize the art of painting, not solely in the various methods of expressing the human figure, but in the special domain of the *Beaux-Arts*. His triumph is the real triumph of the painter.

When we study his paintings, it is necessary to bear in mind the frequently quoted letter that he wrote to Gennaro Lauretti regarding the *Marriage in Cana:* "In executing this great picture, I have endeavoured far less to render a Biblical scene than a great Venetian feast. It seemed to me that to paint the costumes of my own time would be performing not only an artistic, but above all an historical work. And, in order that it might be easier for me to make it accurate and true, I have represented my best friends, those whose features and manners were the most familiar to me."

These lines furnish us with the key for a thorough comprehension of his work; he did nothing but this all his life long, in connection with his antique, religious and allegorical subjects; he simply made History, observing it from a height, and depicting day by day, without fatigue,

SAINT HELENA.

VERONESE.

without faltering, and with a full command of himself, the life of the incomparable Venice of the Seventeenth Century, in subjects that were antique, religious, or allegorical. In reality, he has painted the visible Venetian Beautiful that he saw, just as the Greeks sculptured the Hellenic Beautiful, for the eternal feast of the eyes.

All the great writers of the first order have mingled in their poetical or philosophical fictions the impressions, men, characters, ways, customs, and the intellectual atmosphere of their own time with the things of the Past. Is it necessary to recall the example of Dante? That is the secret of the strong power of superior minds over their contemporaries, the secret of the intensity of life that makes their works immortal. Veronese has employed this *mélange* of periods even more widely than the men of letters, with the deliberate purpose which is characteristic of his genius, his art lending itself more favourably to this. He knew intuitively that painting with its own powers, exalted to a superlative degree, was sufficient for itself and that, to a certain extent, the rest was a matter of superaddition.

Would the other great Italian schools of Umbria, Rome, Florence, Milan and even Venice and those masters who were his precursors, and several of his contemporaries, who had made so many discoveries in the expression and the moral presentment of man by means of painting, have unreservedly accepted the thesis of Gennaro Lauretti's correspondent? We doubt it. This implies so bold and so novel a view of the distinction, of the respective domains of reason, faith, history, and the arts of design. The

admiration of the world and modern analytical criticism have pronounced Paul Veronese right.

There are two kind of geniuses: those with whom production is a painful labour, an effort, a fever, and a natural or provoked excitement; and those, on the other hand with whom it is nothing but a simple and joyful exercise of their natural strength, the flowing of a prodigious spring which in their maturity gains the force of a fever. Paul Veronese is the type of the latter. Engaged in his profession from his birth, as was common during the Renaissance, you cannot find one trace of serious hesitation in his manner regarding the path he should follow; and he never lost a single moment of his life.

What are the intrinsic and technical merits of this Venetian master that justify his success and renown? They have been noted in every period by the historians of painting: all we have to do is to recapitulate them. The first, which contains the germ of everything, is the perfection of the ensemble. Paul Veronese is of all the colourists, without a single exception, the one who has most unity. No one ever rendered before him or after him the synthetic impression of the human eye before scenes of nature with such certainty. Also, among the great men of the palette, there is not one from whom it is so hard to extract bits. To select a detail from one of his canvasses is like mutilating or amputating the member of an organic body.

If he has the most unity, he is also the simplest, the most truthful, the most accessible, and above all the most

ethereal of the colourists. He is the painter of the air, both out-of-doors and in-doors. His values are impeccable and his shadows are at once transparent and full of colour, without any artifice, such as Rubens's exaggerated reflections, or the excessive sacrifices which in Rembrandt are almost equivalent to a monotone in those parts that are lacking in light. His lights are broad and steady although modelled without any gleams, but of so shining a quality that they are positively radiant. Happy artist! He had the eye of the most perfect colourist that Nature predestined to perceive at the same time the different qualities of light and colour, and their variations in intensity and values, and to reveal them with a marvellous art to ordinary mortals. We may boldly affirm that optics applied to his pictures show us no law that he did not know and practise. Veronese is great above all in this. Around this substantial and central kernel, his perfect visions in colour can be determined; his spheres or qualities of imagination, rhythm, taste, elegance, nobility and magnificence in decoration, are nothing but complimentary forces attracted into his orbit by one superior principal and characteristic force.

His hand, moreover, is the equal of his eye; the rapidity of his brush may be compared only to that of Velasquez and Rubens.

In characterizing Voltaire's style, Sainte-Beuve wrote: "He draws at pleasure from the stream of thought without the aid of images; Veronese drew at pleasure from the stream of painting without the aid of the *convenances* of the

subject. A kind of artistic and communicative peace, superior to all accidents and contingencies of History, reigns throughout his work."

It is especially in those great portraits of numerous personages that he exhibits all his genius; there are to be found the most striking exhibitions of his animated fancy, his technical skill, and his inspiration.

The *Saint Helena* in the National Gallery of London cannot therefore enter into comparison with the vast and splendid compositions of the master; but it bears the stamp of his genius, his distinctive and chief mark, his atmosphere.

Veronese could easily have gathered all the historical and emblematical information from the lives of the saints that were widely distributed in Italy; but we have noted that this mattered little to him. Saint Helena having been born in the British Isles, at York or Colchester, of a King or Breton Chief, named Cœlius (Koël), we might believe that this picture was ordered from the artist by some English lord to glorify himself by means of a distant relationship with the mother of Constantine, but its history is less legendary. It adorned the altar of Saint Helena in a church in Venice; after having passed through various celebrated collections, it was acquired from Lord Percy Ashburnham, for the National Gallery in 1878.

Veronese's Saint Helena is a young Venetian lady whose type is well known to us, leaning on her elbow asleep at her window, and in an attitude that is far more familiar than mystical. How will this gentle and modest creature

transform herself into the woman, the mother of the Roman Emperor, the wife of Constantine Clovis, the mother of Constantine? How will she become that saint predestined to accomplish a great design of Providence and towards the end of her life to discover in Jerusalem among the rubbish of Golgotha the True Cross upon which Jesus Christ died? Two cherubs appear in the sky bearing the sacred wood; the sleep of the young woman is a prophetic sleep which determines the life, the *rôle*, the religious and historical importance, the human and divine glory of Saint Helena.

Let us return to the picture: the head of the saint is resting gracefully upon her right hand; her profile is delicious; and from her parted lips escapes the soft breath of slumber. Her expression is of the greatest purity. All the charm of the woman is revealed in the curve of her neck, her ear and in her rich hair, a tress of which is falling upon her shoulder. The harmony of the lines and the harmony of the colours are one; the careless attitude delights us; and the work, wrought according to the relative importance of each of its parts, for the pleasure of the eye is complete. But, is there nothing here but what gives pleasure to the eyes? Around this window, opening upon the heavens, a soul is fluttering; life, human life, tethered to the earth and yet winged, clearly manifests itself. An impression of silence, of peace and ideality, rests upon the mind, without revealing that the artist sought for anything more than the satisfaction of his art. As we indicated in the beginning, these kinds of effect are the excesses of painting; a fatal

excess, for in reproducing objects, the artist does nothing more than make use of the faculty they possess in awakening moral ideas in ourselves. He reveals to the generality of mankind the symbolic reality of forms and figures.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS
(*Ribera*)

TOUSSAINT BERNARD ÉMÉRIC-DAVID

JOSEPH DE RIBERA called "Spagnoletto" (the little Spaniard), was born at Xativa (now San Felipe in Valencia) in 1588. His father took him at an early age to Gallipoli in the kingdom of Naples, where he was employed as a soldier in the service of the King of Naples. After having learned the first principles of his art under Ribalta, young Ribera was placed in Caravaggio's studio in Naples. The lessons that he received from this master must have been of short duration;[1] but he resembled him so greatly in his moral qualities that he soon acquired his manner. He then attempted to imitate the works of Raphael in Rome and those of Correggio in Parma and Modena. This elevated style suited him little; the prevailing taste of the day, moreover, presented an obstacle in that line that was difficult for him to overcome. As long as he devoted himself to the study of these immortal geniuses, he lived in profound misery. His friends advised him to return to Naples and to apply himself afresh to Caravaggio's style. This apostasy totally changed his fate. His works were sought with avidity, and his Spanish quality made him so

[1] Ribera should be placed close to Caravaggio in 1606, at the period when that celebrated painter, forced to leave Rome, sought a refuge in Naples. Caravaggio left for Malta a short while afterwards.

valued by the viceroy that in a short time he enjoyed great wealth.[1]

[1] As soon as Ribera experienced this change of fortune, his proud character, restrained so long, knew no bounds. The desire to support immoderate display resulted in corrupting him. History accuses this ambitious man of having plotted with Belizario Corenzio. Greek of origin were these conspiracies that shortened the days of the virtuous Domenichino. Ribera found a well merited punishment in the consequences of his pride. He was sufficiently vain to invite the famous Don Juan of Austria, son of Philip IV., to a ball. This prince fell in love with one of his daughters, seduced her and ran away with her. Ribera, dishonoured by an affront, upon which it was impossible to revenge himself, gave himself up to despair: one day he deceived his family by pretending that he was going to his country house, and disappeared forever, exiling himself voluntarily, or, what is more probable, he threw himself into the sea.

This last fact occasions a very important remark. This picture that we are describing bears the following inscription: *Jusepe Ribera, Espagnol, Academico romano*, f. 1650. Dominici, in relating the circumstances of Ribera's death, will have it that Don Juan ran away with his daughter in 1648, and places his death in the spring of the year 1649. If Ribera died in 1649, it follows that the picture in the Louvre is not from his hand, or, at least, that the signature is a counterfeit. But Dominici seems to have been mistaken about his dates. Don Juan went to Naples twice. He went there first when the city was surrendering to the Spanish army, April 6, 1648. He embarked to Messina, to quiet the troubles in Sicily, September 22, of the same year. In the month of May, 1650, he came with a portion of his flotilla to gain the Spanish viceroy, who was about to descend into Tuscany, and he returned to Sicily in the following September. There is reason to believe that he remained in Naples for some time upon this last occasion, and it was then that he ran away with Ribera's daughter. In admitting that the latter died in the spring following this event, his death must be placed in the month of May, 1651. Another fact comes to support the latter supposition: the existence of a picture by Ribera representing *The Last Supper*, placed in the choir of the church of the Carthusians in Naples, dedicated to Saint Martin. This picture bears the inscription: *Joseph de Ribera, Hispanus, Valentinus, Academicus romanus*, f. 1651. The touch of the picture in the Louvre, moreover, is sufficient to prove that it is from Ribera's hand.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

RIBERA.

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Generally speaking, his pictures offer a faithful and lively imitation of nature. His drawing is usually correct; his colour is almost always masculine and true; his touch broad, mellow and bold. He loves to treat tragic and sombre stories; this natural disposition should have led him to the beauty of a superior order; but one notices but little invention and little variety in his works. He excels only when he represents persons of mean birth: shepherds, butchers, soldiers and anchorites emaciated by years. Amenity and grace are strangers to him. When he wishes to paint women, his drawing becomes impoverished; his colour cold: one would say that he has ceased to consult nature.

If this observation is correct, the subject of *The Adoration of the Shepherds* should reveal striking beauties and faults equally remarkable beneath the brush of "the little Spaniard." Such, in reality, are presented to us in the capital picture that we are examining. Nothing could be more vigorous and true than the faces of the shepherds, which, full of respect and emotion, bend over Jesus to adore Him; the drawing, the colouring, the touch, and the heads and costumes have a vigour that one can never admire sufficiently: the head of Mary and that of Jesus, on the other hand, lack dignity, grace and even relief. The most brilliant light, which ought to illuminate the principal personage, strikes the shepherd who is furthest in the foreground. One is, however, forced to pardon these faults, when one considers the character of this shepherd, the religious expression suffusing his face, and the warm colours of his draperies. Neither Caravaggio, nor any one of our

most skilful colourists have ever painted a more masculine and astonishing figure.[1]

[1] Ribera painted the *Adoration of the Shepherds* many times. A replica of our picture exists in the Escurial. We are assured that there is another in Cordova in the sacristy of the Augustine convent. M. Le Brun thinks that the picture in the Escurial is a copy (*Rec. de grav. au trait*, II., 18). The one in the Louvre belonged to the duke *della Regina* for a long time. It was ceded to France by the King of Naples, in exchange for some other pictures belonging to the French which the Neapolitans had carried away from Rome.

THE DOGE LOREDANO

(*Giovanni Bellini*)

CHARLES YRIARTE

GIOVANNI BELLINI, so celebrated by his Madonnas and saintly pictures, was in his own day the master of portraiture also.

During his long life, he saw six successive Doges, and four of these,—Giovanni Moncenigo, Marco Barberigo, Agostino Barberigo and Lionardo Lorendano—sat to him for their portraits. If we consider that his elder brother, Gentile, a very great painter, who perhaps was not gifted with all the unction and sympathetic grace of Giovanni, but who was his equal in strength, and surpassed him in the flexibility of his talent and breadth of conception, also painted Lorenzo Giustianiani, the Comaros, and other princes of the Serenissime, we shall look upon the two Bellinis as the official painters of the Doges of Venice during almost the whole of the Fifteenth Century.

When the Doge Loredano posed before him, Giovanni had already reached his eightieth year. People admire the longevity of his talent in Titian; in Bellini, this was still greater if we compare the nature of their respective work. The latter, grave and severe, restrained in form and yet drawn with precision; the former ever noble and genial,

but free in expression as it is broad in touch, living by its genius rather than its sharpness and penetration.

We have just spoken of the longevity of Bellini's talent: but we know by the letters that he wrote to Isabella d' Este, Marchioness of Mantua, who had requested of him a picture to decorate her *studiolo*, where she had taken pleasure in gathering together works by Mantegna, Perugino, Lorenzo Costa and Lionardo da Vinci, and had even tried to obtain the collaboration of the youthful Raphael, that Giovanni excused himself for a long time for his tardiness in sending to her his work by alleging the necessity of finishing for the Doge the portrait that he had ordered. This occurred between 1502 and 1506. About the same time, Albert Dürer came to visit him at Rome and had the opportunity of seeing the famous altar picture of San Zaccharia; he retained such a strong remembrance of it that all writers on art agree in recognizing that he preserved traces of the influence exercised upon him by the aged master. In 1513, at the age of eighty-three, he executed the great picture of the high altar of St. Chrysostom, and, at the age of eighty-eight, in the *Bacchanal*, painted for the house of Este, and the *Camerini d'Alabastro* of Alphonso d'Este and Lucrezia Borgia, he gave his most joyous note and his freest work, as though, by a veritable miracle, at the moment when the sap of life was about to dry up within him, his genius renewed itself and produced its loveliest blossoms.

The first canvasses by Bellini, who as well as his brother was brought up in the school of his father Jacopo Bellini,

THE DOGE LOREDANO.

BELLINI.

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in his studio at Padua, are painted in *tempera*. Following the example of Andrea Mantegna, who was to become his brother-in-law, he employed that process, so dear to the early masters; but the art of painting in oil, introduced into Germany by Van Eyck, and carried thence to Venice by Antonio of Messina, was already tempting the young school. Giovanni passionately abandoned himself to it; Giorgione and Titian, his pupils, were to draw their richest effects from the new process, and the distemper, so tender and clear, was abandoned. To the very end of his career, however, Mantegna still used it, and it dominates in his work. A correspondence between the master and Lorenzo de Pavia, who also corresponded with the Marchioness of Mantua at Venice, proves to us that, in order to heighten the somewhat faint brilliance of that colour of simple medium and soft effects, Andrea employed a wonderful varnish, the effect of which is such that after four centuries have passed, it is still hard for us to believe, when we gaze upon the *Parnassus* of the Italian Gallery in the Louvre, so full of relief and so dazzling, that that admirable canvas was executed with this medium.

The personality of his model was sufficiently elevated for an artist of Giovanni's talent to apply himself to the task of bequeathing Loredano's likeness to posterity. No Doge ever assumed a heavier responsibility, nor accomplished a more fruitful task. The twenty years during which he wielded power, from 1501 to 1521, without his resolution and ability might have become the most fatal to the republic. It was the moment of great invasions.

Charles VIII. had indeed recrossed the Alps after the rude shock at Fornoul, where the Venetian troops, joined with the Imperial forces and those of Milan and Florence, under the leadership of Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, uselessly disputed his passage; but the French returned led by Louis XII., and Francis I. in his turn wanted to complete their work and conquer the Milanais. Venice, ever menaced, because she had joined the league even more than because her power seemed that it ought rather to be employed on the sea, had to bear the burden of the defence, and in the midst of incessant vicissitudes, he knew how to maintain himself on the level of his task.

The likeness that Bellini has left us of this great Doge worthily reflects the serenity of his soul and the strength of his will. His aspect is dignified, his physiognomy is grave, and his mouth is firmly closed as if the lips were contracted, indicating decision. From the point of view of the matter of the painting, Time, that becomes the collaborator of men of genius, gives to their works that admirable tone that, so to speak, embalms and consecrates them, has preserved intact the very flower of this painting, and we may also say its soul. This prodigious portrait is certainly the most beautiful of all the images that remain to us.

ANGELS' HEADS

(*Reynolds*)

PAUL MANTZ

JOSHUA REYNOLDS, in his anxiety to create for himself a language and to conquer a method of execution that the masters of the Eighteenth Century could not teach him, had given a great deal of study to Rembrandt. Thence comes that firmness of stroke that we are so willing to admire and that solid layer of pigment that seem to be so easy that we may regard him as one of the most brilliant *virtuosi* of the English school. But although he multiplied the resolutely written and strongly characterized works, sometimes he did not disdain to seek sweetness and melting tenderness, like one who is fond of modelling, and as that species of impression had been rendered by Correggio. The painters who have been inspired by this manner have been the exception; and almost all of these have taken as their starting point the department to which he devoted himself with so much ardour and success—portrait-painting.

Towards the close of his life, about 1787, when he had passed his sixtieth year, and felt a lessening of the generous enthusiasms of the ripe age, he received from Lord William Gordon the request to paint the portrait of his charming daughter, Frances Isabella, who, in her childish freshness, had an adorable face. Reynolds began his studies, and,

finding a vaguely angelic character in his youthful model, whilst still remaining faithful to the English type, he resolved to represent the amiable child as an angel. All that was necessary was to add wings and to preserve what Nature had given,—the charm and spontaneity of a flower.

From the fresh face of Isabella Gordon, he successively made five studies, one representing the little girl full face, and the others showing her in profile and three-quarters full. Having thus obtained five similar heads, for they reproduced the same type, though slightly differing in accordance with the altered position of the model and the direction of the light, he added a portion of wing here and there, and introduced appropriate light and vaporous clouds here and there, and gathered these heads into a bouquet, like an angelical group worthy of figuring in an *Assumption*, and to mount into the skies in the train of the triumphant Virgin. The combination of the five studies forming a picture, he sent it in 1787 to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, of which at that time he was president. The family, enchanted on recognizing the little Isabella under a disguise that made a celestial being of her, and rendered happy by that unexpected promotion, piously preserved this painting by the master, and, in 1841, Lady William Gordon had the generous thought of presenting it to the National Gallery in London, which now possesses it, and exhibits it under glass as an exceptional work by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In fact, this picture gives quite an exceptional view of the incomparable suppleness of the artist whom people are

accustomed to praise for his strong and sure hand and his robust and proud laying on of paint. In this picture, it would be difficult to recognize the painter of the vigorous picture in the "Hermitage" at St. Petersburg, *Hercules in his Cradle Strangling the Serpents* in which we admire such generous virtuosity and pigment. This composition, that is almost a phantasmagoria by reason of its strong and almost exaggerated lights, was exhibited in 1788, and might be regarded as the type of Reynolds's manner in the last period of his life. In the *Angels' Heads*, the artist has transformed himself: it is an entirely different language. The youthful Isabella, with her divine smile and her celestial purity, has converted the aged painter and inspired him with a veritable passion for sweetness. Reynolds painted children very well, and the world is right in admiring the little princess Sophia Matilda rolling upon the grass with a gryphon. The *Robinetta* of the National Gallery is also praised as a charming image of infantile life. But in the *Angels' Heads*, Reynolds no longer thinks of imitating the Old Masters; he is entirely under the influence of the artists of his own time, and the good workers of the reign of Louis XVI., who, like Fragonard in his lively sketches, sought lightness of touch above everything else. There is no insistence on arriving at characterization of a type, that however remains essentially English, no heavy pigment nor useless layers, but everywhere a flowery freshness and spontaneous suavity in this picture that seems to be composed only of the delicate petals of a flower. It is not at all necessary, in fact it is almost always annoying for the

laboured execution of a painting to give us an idea to difficulty, and to make us intimately acquainted with the agony a painter may have experienced in his work. The *Angels' Heads* with their light touch are the very opposite of a laboured work. Reynolds, that magician of the brush, has forgotten the martyrdom of painting. In this canvas, he seems to teach his pupils that supreme happiness consists in the free expression of form, and in easily translating expression and colour. In this extraordinary picture, so profoundly English, Reynolds shows the tranquil joy and victorious serenity of a Rubens.

And since people have a sad tendency to forget dates, those golden nails that History uses to fix her materials, let us remember that the great artist whose vital intelligence we know by his pictures as well as by his writings, and notably by the fine lectures he gave at the Royal Academy, was born July 16th, 1723, at Plympton in Devonshire, that he studied for two years under Hudson, whose portraits were highly esteemed, and that he died in London, Feb. 23d, 1793.